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A YEAR IN SPAIN,
BY
A YOUNG AMERICAN.

VOL. II.



The padre complied with becoming resignation.

Page 29

New York Harper & Brothers.
1836.

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YEAR IN SPAIN.
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BY

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

Alex. S. Mackenzie

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es
ponele a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un
libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.

CERVANTES.

THIRD EDITION ENLARGED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A YEAR IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO SEGOVIA.

Symptoms of Spring—Travelling Companion—Conveyance—The Galera—Manzanares—The Florida—Galera Scenes—The Bota—The Venta of Guadarrama—The Ventero—The Kitchen—Our Supper—Passage of the Mountains—Segovia—The Aqueduct—The Alcazar.

I HAD been promising myself during the whole winter to quit the city so soon as there were any symptoms of spring, and to make a visit to Segovia, returning by San Ildefonso and the Escorial. Towards the middle of March the trees of the Prado began to put forth shoots abundantly; one or two apricot-trees, sheltered by the palace of a grandee near the Recoletos, showed here and there a scattering blossom, sent as a spy to peep out and see if winter had taken his departure; and one who kept his ears open as I did might occasionally hear a solitary bird trying a note, as if to clear his throat for the overture in the garden of Retiro. Believing that I discovered the symptoms so anxiously wished for, I determined to start immediately.

Nor was I doomed on this occasion to travel without a companion. Fortune, in a happy moment, provided one in the person of a young countryman, who had come to Spain in search of instruction. He was just from college, full of all the ardent feeling excited by classical pursuits, with health unbroken, hope that was a stranger to disappointment, curiosity which had never yet been fed to satiety. Then he had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and a clear

blue eye, all indications of a joyous temperament. We had been thrown almost alone together in a strange and unknown land; our ages were not dissimilar; and, though our previous occupations had been more so, we were, nevertheless, soon acquainted, first with each other, then with each other's views, and presently after we had agreed to be companions on the journey.

The next thing was to find a conveyance. This was not so easy; for in Spain diligences are only to be found on the three principal roads leading from Madrid to Bayonne, Seville, and Barcelona. This inconvenience is partly owing to the little travelling throughout the country, but principally to the great exposure of the diligences to being robbed on the highway. Indeed, these vehicles, starting at fixed hours, and arriving at particular stands at known periods, are thence so easily and frequently waylaid, that all quiet people who are not in a hurry—and there are many such in Spain—prefer a slower and less ostentatious conveyance. Hence, the diligences are poorly filled, and, in fact, are scarcely patronised by any but foreigners and men of business, neither of whom constitute a numerous class. To avoid this double inconvenience to nerves and pocket, the travelling among the natives is chiefly performed in antique coaches, such as Gil Blas and Seraphina rode in when they went to Salamanca, in large covered wagons, called galeras, or on mules that are constantly patrolling the country under the charge of an arriero. These all carry passengers, and the last two also take produce and merchandise, performing, indeed, all the interior transportation of the country. They travel at the rate of seven leagues or twenty-eight miles a day. Having from necessity decided for the galera, and found one that was to start on the thirteenth of March, we agreed with the master of it to carry us to Segovia, which is fifty-six miles from Madrid, and to provide for all our wants while on the voyage;

for which services he was to receive seven "pesos duros," or hard dollars, agreeably to previous stipulation.

Our other arrangements were few and soon completed. One of them was, to buy each an old watch, either of tin or silver, not for the usual purpose of learning the time, but to give away, in case we might meet with any fellow-travellers on the highway who should intimate that such a present would be acceptable. We did not so much make this provision from pure generosity of heart, as because we wanted in the first place to save our gold ones, and in the next to keep our ribs whole; for people who make these modest appeals to your charity, when they meet a person of a certain figure, take it for granted that he has a watch, and if it be not at once forthcoming, think that he has either concealed it or else left it at home, both of which are misdemeanors for which travellers get severely beaten.

On the night previous to our departure we returned home at a late hour, and before going to bed packed a little knapsack with sundry shirts and stockings, not to forget a little Don Quixote, which we looked upon as a talisman to take us safely through every adventure. The next morning we rose at an early hour, and put on our very worst clothes, so as not to make too splendid a figure in the mountains. Then, having taken chocolate, we shouldered our cloaks and knapsack, and took leave kindly of our hosts. They continued to pursue us with good wishes the whole way down stairs, commending us in rapid succession to all the saints. At the street door we turned to beckon a last farewell; Florencia was completely out of breath, and had got to the end of the calendar.

The clocks were just tolling seven as we reached the inn of our galera, and found a crowd of idlers assembled about the door to witness its punctual departure. It was such a group as may be seen any night in a sainete at the Teatro del Principe. There were fat men and thin men,

with sugar-loaf caps and slouched hats, with shoes and with sandals, with gaiters and without them. There were none, however, without the "capa parda," or brown cloak. While these worthies were yet indulging in their solemn wit, the group was joined by a young girl of beautiful features, but wasted and squalid appearance. Her mantilla was tattered, and hung in graceless folds about her head and shoulders, her gown faded and stained, and her dirty stockings in strong contrast with the care which Spanish women usually bestow upon their feet. Enough, however, remained to show, that when the glow of health was yet fresh upon her cheek, when the artless smile of innocence and the blush of conscious beauty still beamed expression upon that faded face, she must have been more than lovely. In a moment the girl was completely at home among these kindred spirits, and the jokes and conversation were hearty and unrestrained. Having handed her snuff round to the by-standers, even to us who stood apart in the doorway, she presently went off, opening and shutting her fan with the swimming grace of an Andalusian.

The galera, or galley, as it was not improperly called, had now been backed out into the street, when the master and his man began to bring out mules, two at a time, and to string them in a row until there were eight of them. They were fat, saucy-looking beasts, with the hair shaved away everywhere except on the legs and the tip of the tail. As for the galera, it was neither more nor less than a huge wagon, or rather small house placed upon four wheels, of such solid construction as to seem built in defiance of time. The frame only was of wood, the sides being hung with mats of sedge, and the bottom, instead of being boarded, having an open network of ropes, upon which the cargo was stowed. The passengers, and we happened to be the only ones, were to accommodate themselves on the load, in such postures as they might find convenient. The whole

was completely sheltered and rendered habitable by a canvass pent-house, kept in place by several wooden hoops, traversed by reeds, the openings at the front and back being closed at pleasure by curtains of straw. The wood and iron work of the galera were of their natural colour, but the canvass roof was painted so as to turn the rain, while on either side were large red letters, saying, "I belong to Manuel Garcia, regular trader to Segovia.—Soy de Manuel Garcia, ordinario de Segovia."

So soon as the mules were harnessed, Don Manuel loosened a big dog, who had been on guard within, and who, whenever we had come to get a peep at our accommodations, had always jumped to the end of his chain, and barked most fiercely. As soon as the chain and collar fell to the bottom of the galera, he licked the hand of his master, then sprang at once to the ground, pawing and snuffing, and fell to racing about the mules as though he had been mad. We were now invited to crawl in. Don Manuel followed, taking a conspicuous station at the front, while the second in command put himself between the foremost pair of mules, with a hand at the headstall of either. "Arre!" said Don Manuel, and we set forward accordingly, the big dog prancing proudly beside us, now barking loudly at other dogs, and, when met by a bigger than himself, placing himself upon the defensive under cover of the galera. Though the vibratory motion of the ropes at the bottom in a measure overcame the jar, we found our vehicle rather uneasy upon the pavement; but on passing the Gate of Segovia its motion became easier, and we rolled onward quietly.

Our road lay for some distance along the bank of the little stream of Manzanares, here furnished with an occasional fountain, and planted with abundance of trees, under whose shade is found one of the most agreeable promenades of the capital. It is known by the pleasing name of Florida.

As from thence Madrid is seen with better effect than from any other point, we abandoned the galera and took to our feet, the better to enjoy the spectacle. Nor could we fail to admire the commanding situation of the overhanging city, its noble palace placed conspicuously towards the Florida, and the numerous spires emerging in every direction from out the mass, tinged as they then were with the lustre of an early sun. The interminable wheat-fields spread out on every side were now, too, beginning to assume a verdant appearance; and the woody groves of the Casa del Campo, the checkered kitchen-gardens which occupy the low banks of the Manzanares, and follow the meanderings of the stream, and the many bridges which connect its opposite shores, all broke agreeably upon the delighted eye, and combined to make up a most attractive picture.

But the scene now borrowed its chief charm from the pleasures of the season. Winter, as I said before, was just resigning the dominion of nature to a happier guidance. The trees were resuming their verdure, and the birds, flying from the ardour of a warmer clime, were just returning to woo and to carol in the place of their nativity. The inhabitants seemed already sensible of the change. A few persons were strolling leisurely along at their early promenade on the Florida, which was further animated by people sallying out on mules or horses to begin a journey, by others more humbly seated upon panniered asses, and hastening to market, or women descending to the river with each a bundle of clothes upon her head. Some, who had risen earlier, were already busy upon the bank, each upon her knees, with her clothes tucked tightly about her, and keeping time with her rapid hands to a wild and half-sung voluntary.

This valley of the Manzanares furnishes the only rural attractions to be found anywhere near Madrid. Hence it is in summer the chosen resort of the whole population.

Here, on the afternoon of a feast-day, entire families come out to taste the joys of the country. Seating themselves in circles under the trees, they spread in the midst such provisions as they may have brought with them, and then make a joyous repast, with the earth for a table and the sky for a canopy. This over, they dance to the music of the voice, the guitar, and the castanet, mingled with the murmurs of the rushing river; and at a late hour each seeks with a lighter heart the shelter of his habitation. While this is passing upon the brink of the stream, the neighbouring road is thronged with horsemen and with the equipages of the wealthy.

At the extremity of the Florida we were met by a trooper coming at the top of his speed; his polished casque and cuirass glittering brilliantly in the sun, and his sabre, the hair of his helmet, and the mane and tail of his horse all streaming backward. This unusual speed announced the coming of some distinguished personage, which the soldier was hurrying to make known to a picket of cuirassiers, stationed at the barrier, that they might form in readiness to pay the customary honours. Presently after we discovered the cause of this commotion in the approach of a gentleman, plainly dressed in a green surtout and cocked hat, followed by his attendants, and mounted on a superb sorrel barb richly caparisoned. It was Don Carlos, heir to the throne. We took off our hats in passing him, as is the custom, and he returned the compliment with a similar salutation, accompanied by one of his most ghastly grins.

On reaching a bridge over the Manzanares, the road turned away to the left in the direction of Segovia. We now took leave of the Florida, and the country opened before us, stretching upward in successive ranges of irregular hills, which, though partially cultivated, were destitute of a single tree. Before us were the mountains of Guadarrama, their summits covered with snow. Whatever might be the

season at the Prado, and upon the banks of the Manzanares, it was evident that winter had still a strong hold upon the mountains, and that however warmly the sun might now play upon our backs, as we moved onwards before him, we should have cold fingers ere we reached Segovia.

Having gained the open country, our host of the galera invited us to enter. He then drew from a canvass bag which hung beside him certain loaves of fine white bread and links of Vique sausages, being the stores which he had laid in for the voyage. The first thing Don Manuel had done, on passing the barrier of the customs, was to fill with wine his bota, or skin bottle, at one of those shops which are found just without all the barriers of Madrid, and where the wine, not having paid a duty of near one hundred per cent., is sold for about half what it costs within. He now took down the bota from where it hung, swinging to and fro, on one of the reeds at the top of the galera; then, leaving the mules to their own discretion, we all drew round and commenced a hearty attack upon our stores, sitting in a circle and cross-legged, like so many Turks or tailors. There was a novelty in this primitive repast which pleased us greatly, and of the bota we became completely enamoured.

The wine in Spain is everywhere transported, and so is oil, in skins that are covered on the hairy side with a coat of pitch. If the skin belonged originally to a goat, the hair, being of no value, is not removed. Wine is said to keep better in skins than in casks; but the more probable reason why this kind of vessel is so universally used in Spain instead of barrels and bottles, may be found in the scarcity of wood, and the great number of sheep and goats that everywhere cover the country. A skin requires very little preparation to fit it for use. It is first tanned a little, then coated with pitch and turned inside out. The hole by which the original owner was let out is now sewed up; so are the legs, which serve as handles to carry the bota to and fro,

with the exception of one, which is tied round with a string, and serves as a spout to draw off the liquor. Another advantage of the bota, in a primitive country like this, is, that it keeps its place upon the back of a mule, and takes care of itself much better than a barrel. The universal use of the bota is one of the first things in Spain to excite the attention of a stranger; and Cervantes, who introduces the most familiar scenes and objects into the life of his hidalgo, has made one of his most diverting adventures turn upon this peculiarity. The reader will readily remember the adventure of the giants.

But to return to our little bota, or borracho, or drunkard, as it is otherwise called; though a mere chicken to those we have just been talking about, one can scarce conceive a more agreeable little travelling-companion. It was somewhat in the shape of a shot-bag, and held the convenient quantity of a gallon. At the mouth was a small wooden bowl, which served as a funnel to pour the wine in, and as a cup to drink it out again.

After passing through a country poorly cultivated and almost without population, we arrived, towards dark, at the small town of Guadarrama, situated in a mountain valley at the foot of the highest range of the chain. The galera was driven into the long courtyard of the principal venta. Jumping to the ground, we stretched our legs, and were ushered into the kitchen, which, in a Spanish country inn, is the common place of congregation. We were at once welcomed to the stone seats, covered with mats, which projected from the wall beside, or rather within, the immense fireplace. In the chimney was a stone shelf, removed a few feet from the fire, which contained large splinters of pine wood. These blazed upward cheerily, sending forth a glare of light which illuminated the chimney and the nearer portions of the kitchen, and shone full upon the faces of the whole party.

The principal figure in the group was the ventero, who occupied the place of honour in the chimney-corner. He was a most hearty-looking little man, and his figure, with the cleanly, well-ordered disposition of the kitchen, gave favourable anticipations of our fare. He was short and very bulky, yet not absolutely ill-made ; indeed, his neatly-turned legs, seen to advantage in velvet breeches, and descending from his rotund body, would have done no dishonour to a more distinguished personage. He wore, over sundry inner garments, an outer jacket of black sheepskin, which did not quite meet in front, but was fastened by chain-clasps of silver ; while his full and jocund face was surmounted by a narrow-rimmed sugar-loaf hat of oilcloth, decorated with a flaming royalist cockade, the badge of his political belief. The ventera was a busy, stirring woman, content in all things to execute the orders of her lord. As for their daughter, who waited upon us, she was well made and quick-moving, a Moorish beauty, in short, whose black eyes could not be gazed upon with indifference. The most singular of the group, however, was a sort of esquire to the ventero, who did not seem to have any precise office in the house, but to whose share fell sundry little indefinite cares, such as carrying the passports of travellers to be signed by the police, and holding the candle. He was a thin, meager little old man, who nevertheless seemed quite as happy in his leanness as the ventero in his rotundity. It was, indeed, an amusing sight, to see the little man seated beside his master, with one arm over his thigh, and looking up to him from his lower seat, as to a superior being, evidently seeking to catch the first expression of his will by watching the movement of his lazy eye.

The society of the kitchen was soon after augmented by other arrivals. The new-comers, after allowing a sufficient time to elapse to show that they were not so undignified as to be in a hurry, called for their suppers of soup and bacon.

When asked by the ventera if they brought their own bread, each answered affirmatively, and went to his cart or galera for a loaf, which he commenced cutting into a large basin, ready for the soup to be turned in upon it. Then, when all was ready, and each was about to sit down to his portion, he would call out so as to be heard by every one, "Gentlemen! who wishes to sup with me?—Señores! quien quiere cenar conmigo?" Being answered by the general thanks for his invitation, usually expressed in the words, "Que le haga, à usted buen provecho!—May it do you good service!" he would then fall to manfully, as if determined to realize the good wishes of the company.

With all the remnants of ancient observances and abuses which remain in Spain, there has also been preserved a fund of that oldfashioned punctilio, which, having been banished from the higher classes, who have adopted the French manners, is still observed by the mass of the nation. The first time you enter a house, you are told by the master that it is yours, to do with it whatever you may please; nor will a Spaniard even so much as take a glass of water in your presence without first having offered it to you. Though there may be something irksome in this overstrained politeness, it gives, upon the whole, a courteous turn to the manners of a people.

As for the master of our galley, he had been accosted, almost immediately on entering the venta, by its well-fed host, to know what the gentleman would sup upon. "Lo que haya—Whatever there may be," was the answer. "Pues, señor," said the ventero, "hay de todo—Well, sir, there is a little of every thing;" and then he began enumerating a long list of hares, partridges, pullets, and bacon. Poor Don Manuel was embarrassed by the superfluity, and seemed to hesitate between the fear of not equalling our expectations, and the opposite dread of paying away too much money. The moment was a critical one, and we

watched the countenance of our master with interest ; for we had been a good deal shaken during the day's journey, and had taken nothing but bread and sausage. Finally he put his foot down with an air of resolution, and ordered bacon and eggs, to be followed by a stewed hare and a desert of olives. Upon this the ventero, who was still seated in the corner, put his hands upon his thighs, and then threw his body forward, so as to rise with ease and dignity. When fairly up, he went to a corner where there were some hares hanging by their hind feet, with ears and tail cocked as if they were still bounding it over the lea. Little John—for such was the name of the ventero's uncle and esquire—attended punctually with a splinter of burning pine, which he had taken from the chimney, and after a short consultation a fine hare was selected. “Que gordo!—how fat!” said the ventero. “Que gordo!” echoed little John. They then brought it over to me ; I felt its ribs, and exclaimed, “Que gordo!”

We spent another half hour most agreeably in listening to the conversation of the varied assembly. Nor were we slightly interested in watching the process of depriving the hare of his skin, of which Don Manuel at once took possession, stowing it away in the galera. The hare was then torn piecemeal and put into a puchero, with plenty of pepper, salt, and saffron, and sundry morsels of garlic and tomato. All this was interesting to us ; and when the dark-eyed daughter of the ventero lifted the lid and put a wooden spoon in, to taste the viand, it became still more so. But this was nothing to the moment when the contents were emptied, great and small, into a large earthen dish, sending up a smoke that filled the whole kitchen with the most grateful fragrance. Those who were busy with their humble soup were too proud to look after the heavy-laden dish as it sailed away into another apartment, leaving a track like a steamer's, only far more savoury. When, how-

ever, the daughter came to announce supper, we gave all who pleased a chance to partake ; for Don Manuel issued a loud and general invitation, by saying, "Señores ! vengan ustedes a cenar con nosotros !"

We followed our supper into the room where my friend and I were to sleep, and there found it crowded upon a small square table. Don Manuel and his man remained upon their feet until we were seated, nor would they put their spoons into the dish to help themselves until we had first done so. It was rather to our situation of guests and strangers that we owed this courtesy, than to any feeling of inferiority on the part of our hosts. A Spaniard, though only an arriero, owns himself inferior to no man. Don Manuel, when he went to the galera to leave the skin of the hare, returned with a loaf of bread and our little bota ; he had likewise loosened the dog from his post, that he might partake of our supper. We had scarcely taken our stations round the table before the animal posted himself beneath, where he was well attended to by the whole party. He seemed to understand perfectly the relation between us and his master, for he took our bones and received our caresses, and was altogether on tolerable terms with us throughout the journey ; but when we met him afterward in the street at Segovia, he took no notice of our whistle. Having eaten of the eggs, the stew, and the bacon, and found all excellent, we amused ourselves a while with the olives, and in circulating the borracho. Presently after our companions asked if we should take chocolate in the morning. We answered, "Con mucho gusto." They then retired, saying, "Que ustedes descansen !—May you rest well !" The wreck of the supper likewise disappeared, and we were left in quiet possession of our chamber.

The next morning, before the dawn of day, we were suddenly waked by the glare of a lamp streaming full in our faces. We should perhaps have been vexed at the unsea-

sonable interruption, had we not discovered, on bringing our eyes to a focus, that the bearer of the lamp was no other than our little Morisca, who was bringing us the chocolate. Having swallowed it and put on our clothes, we said "Adios!" to such of our hosts as were stirring, then nestled ourselves close together upon a bunch of mats at the bottom of the galera, which presently after rolled out of the courtyard, and commenced slowly its winding course up the side of the mountain.

The morning was a cool one, such as we might have expected to find in this elevated region and in the neighbourhood of snow. Hence we were happy, when the sun rose, to abandon the galera and walk. There was something inspiring in this exercise, and in inhaling the unbreathed air of the mountain; so that when we had reached the top of the pass, where New and Old Castile are divided, we were both in full glow, and in a high state of excitement. Then, had there been any fine scenery within our reach, we were prepared to have relished it; but neither of us was called upon to be sentimental either in feeling or expression. There were, indeed, a few young pines shooting up about our road, which was seen winding up the mountain with many a turn from the little village of Guadarrama. Here and there along the declivity were occasional ponds of stagnant water, now sources of disease, though only asking the aid of man to furnish the means of fertility. Over the extensive plains of New Castile, towards the southeast, might be seen some fields cultivated, though unenclosed; but there were more that had been abandoned, and the face of the country was uncheered by the presence of either tree or stream. The view on the side of Old Castile was still more desolate and dreary; for while the sun shone full and brightly upon the rival province, the broad shadows of the mountains of Guadarrama covered all that lay westward with obscurity.

During our devious descent along the side of the mountain, we met several groups of countrymen coming with loaded mules and asses from various parts of Old Castile, and toiling slowly up the acclivity. Their costume, though very singular, was not inelegant. They wore breeches, leggins, and a peaked montera cap of brown cloth; but instead of a cloak, they had an outside jacket, or rather cuiras of tanned sheepskin, strapped closely around the body with a wide girdle of leather, having in front a large iron buckle. This girdle served likewise as a belt to sustain a long flexible cartouch-box, which nearly surrounded the back; for each had a loaded fowling-piece hanging ready at the side of his mule. Some of these people had a dress very like the old Dutch costume. It consisted of a broad hat with a low crown, a jacket and waistcoat without collars, leaving the neck perfectly bare, and immense trunk hose, of the same dark-coloured cloth with the rest, which hung like a sack about the thighs. The lower part of this singular garment formed a leggin, which was wrapped tightly about the calf, and confined with many turns of a green garter. At the bottom it terminated in a gaiter, which fell loosely over the shoe. Some of these men wore ample great-coats, likewise without collars, and not unlike what are ascribed, in paintings and upon the stage, to the inhabitants of Hungary; but a jerkin or cuiras of leather strapped tightly about the loins was more common. Don Manuel told us that these people come from the neighbourhood of Astorga, in the kingdom of Leon; they are called Maragatos, and are the born muleteers of Old Castile. In dress and in physiognomy, they had less the appearance of Spaniards than of Germans or Dutchmen.

Towards three in the afternoon we entered that famous old city of Segovia, of which the curious may find mention, under the very same name, in the Natural History of Pliny. Nor has Segovia failed to make a distinguished figure in

modern times ; for it was a long while the principal manufacturing city of the whole Peninsula. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, we learn from Townshend that there were in Segovia thirty-four thousand persons employed exclusively in the manufacture of cloth ; but now the whole population of the city does not exceed ten thousand. As a compensation for this decline, the number of convents has risen to twenty-one, and there are now twenty-six churches. Industry has fled : the clergy remain and multiply. In the open country between Madrid and Segovia, for one inhabited house that we came to, there were certainly two in ruins ; indeed, it seemed as though we were passing through a depopulated territory. Many of these houses, we were told, had been destroyed in the war of independence ; but it is likely that in more instances, the insecurity of living isolated has led to their abandonment. As the villages in this part of Spain are separated by very long intervals, it generally follows that he who abandons his house, to seek security in the society of his fellow-men, must likewise give up the cultivation of his field. Hence result a diminished production and declining population, and hence, too, the painful sight of wasted lands and ruined habitations.

On arriving in Segovia we took leave of the galera, the mules, the dog, and Don Manuel, and were conducted to the Plaza Mayor by a lad who carried our knapsack, and soon after installed in a narrow room, of which the balcony overlooked the Great Square of Segovia, now no longer the scene of stir and turmoil. Having taken a greasy dinner, we wandered forth to look at the famous aqueduct of Segovia. "So marvellous a work," says Father Mariana, "that the vulgar still believe it to have been wrought by the devil."

This aqueduct is supposed to have been built by the Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. Its object was to convey the water, brought from a great distance,

over a steep ravine seven hundred feet wide, and more than ninety deep, which divided one portion of the city from the other. To effect this, two ranges of arches were thrown across, one above the other. The upper one is on a level with the high land on either side, and has one hundred and fifty-nine arches. Though the middle part of the aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide; a fact which is the best comment upon the beauty, lightness, and perfection of the structure. Indeed, it is even admitted that, though inferior in extent and magnificence to the Pont du Gard, the aqueduct of Segovia is yet the greater wonder. The stones used in the construction of this aqueduct are all of equal size, about two feet square, and are put together without any cement, depending solely upon each other to be maintained in their places. A very few have fallen, but the action of the weather has worn away the edges of all of them, until they now appear nearly round.

Leaving the aqueduct, we went next to the cathedral, an immense pile in a finished and complete state. It is a fine, though not a first-rate specimen of Gothic architecture. From the cathedral we passed on to the Alcazar, or old fortified palace of the Moorish governors of Segovia. When the Moors conquered Spain, they erected castellated palaces, which they called alcazars, in every important city, with a view to guard their newly-acquired possessions, and protect their territory from the predatory incursions of the Christians. This was the origin of the Alcazar of Segovia. It stands west of the city, on the extremity of a rocky peninsula, which is separated from the surrounding country by the deep bed of the river Eresma on one side, and on the other by that abrupt ravine which intersects the city, and to which we are indebted for the wonderful aqueduct. Thus the Alcazar is surrounded on these sides by perpendicular precipices; a deep trench, cut across the rocky

platform, separates it from the city on the third, and renders it completely insular. The fortification consists of a huge square tower, surrounded by high walls, which stand upon the edges of the precipice, and are flanked with circular buttresses, having conical roofs in the Gothic style. The arches of the interior are circular, and very massive.

The Alcazar of Segovia, once the abode and stronghold of kings, has served in later times as a prison for Barbary corsairs taken along the coast of Spain. Thus it may well have chanced that a descendant of the very prince who reared this goodly Alcazar to be the pride of his house, has returned in the condition of a slave to dwell in the palace of his ancestors. The old tower, too, which rises in the midst, was long the mysterious abode of state-prisoners, whether convicted or only accused of high treason. The reader will readily remember that Gil Blas, by an irksome residence in this very Tower of Segovia, was made to pay the penalty of having basked a while in ministerial sunshine.

In the present day the Alcazar is devoted to a better use. A number of noble youths are here educated, with a view to becoming officers of engineers and artillery. Among the branches taught are mathematics, drawing, the French and English languages, and arms. Having a line to a young Swiss, who was one of the cadets, we were readily admitted at the outer gate, and conducted across the drawbridge, through several winding approaches, into the courtyard behind the tower. We were much pleased with the cleanly and well-ordered arrangement of the sleeping-rooms, refectory, and hospitals; but what most delighted us was the appearance of the lads, all of them ruddy and healthful. We thought we had never seen such a collection of good looks. Nor was it a little curious to see these generous youths, whose dress, manners, and pursuits belonged entirely to the nineteenth century,

moving about among the walls and arches of other times, learning the art of taking citadels, within the battlements of one which, though once impregnable, would now scarce offer a day's resistance, or drawing men and horses in the very mosque of the Alcazar, whose hollow ceiling is still loaded with a profusion of minute and richly-gilded ornaments, interlarded with maxims from the Koran, all the work of a people who were taught to abhor every imitation of animate things as idolatrous and abominable.

We have thus, in Segovia, monuments reared by three widely different people, who had ruled in turn over the Spanish Peninsula ; by Romans from Italy ; by Goths from the frosty coasts of Scandinavia ; or by the followers of Mahomet from the patriarchal regions of Arabia.

The Moorish part of the Alcazar may be esteemed rather a favourable specimen of the arabesque, since it has its arches circular instead of elliptical, and is built with more than usual solidity. It is between the Gothic and the Grecian, destitute of the grandeur of the one and the beauty of the other. As for the Gothic style, as we see it exhibited in the cathedral, no one can deny the magnificence of its conception, nor the hardihood of its execution. Gothic architecture seems admirably adapted to the uses of religion. Its vastness and obscurity inspire the mind with a feeling of awe and solemnity. But we turn with pleasure from the gloom of the Gothic to the simple elegance of the Grecian, from the cathedral of Segovia to the Aqueduct. Here we see strength, durability, and convenience, combined with symmetry and beauty ; here, the more we scrutinize, the more we admire.

CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO THE ESCORIAL.

La Granja—Palace and Garden—Departure—Pedro the Muleteer—Perplexities in the Mountains—Anecdotes of Robbers—Summit of Pass—High Wind—Solitary Walk—Guadarrama—Pedro at Supper—The Escorial—Great Chapel—Pantheon—Paintings and Library—Ride to Madrid.

AT an early hour in the morning after our arrival at Segovia, we left that city in a calesin for La Granja, which is also known by the name of its patron saint, San Ildefonso. Our vehicle was conducted by a half-witted fellow, who had just sense enough to hold his horse by the head and run beside him, like one possessed, the whole seven miles of our journey. Towards eight o'clock we came in sight of the royal palace, and found its first appearance very imposing. When we approached nearer, however, it did not justify the opinion we had formed at a distance; for the front is irregular, and destitute of all beauty. The same may not be said of the façade towards the garden, which is symmetrical and elegant. The fountains of La Granja form, however, its chief attraction, and render it one of the most interesting places in the world. They are very numerous, and are concentrated into a much smaller compass than at Versailles, so that when playing one may catch sight of nearly all of them at the same time. The finest view in the garden is at the angle called Plaza de las Ochocalles, where commence eight avenues of trees, each of which has at its extremity a fine fountain surrounded by statues. Even as we saw it, the sight was indeed beautiful, and we regretted greatly that we could not witness the playing of the waters. There are many well-executed

statues in marble, placed in groups or singly along the public walks ; but the figures connected with the fountains are chiefly of lead, bronzed over.

The palace and garden of La Granja were erected by Philip V., who wished to have with him in Spain something which might remind him of his birthplace Versailles, and at the same time furnish a shelter against the burning heats of a Castilian summer. To accomplish this purpose he fixed upon La Granja, which, being situated on the northwestern declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama, is only shone upon by the sun during a part of the day, and then with rays that are in a measure powerless. Hence the seasons are here so far retarded, that the spring fruits do not ripen until midsummer. The site of La Granja was at first no more than a bed of rocks, thrown together in irregular masses, with scarce soil enough in the intervals to support a scattered growth of pines. It was first necessary to soften the asperities of the ground, and to bring soil from the plain below. A lake was then formed on a platform at the top of the garden, and here all the torrents produced by the melting of the snow and by rains were collected with much art and labour, to feed the fountains. This done, forest-trees were planted in every direction, with canals of water running to the roots of each. But the result is said to show the vanity of art, when it attempts to render itself independent of nature ; for the trees, seeking to push their roots into the earth, and meeting obstacles, are not found to flourish. Such as we see it, however, La Granja is a country residence worthy in all things of a great king. This the reader will more easily conceive, when he learns that the improvements cost forty-five millions of dollars ; according to Bourgoanne, the exact sum which Philip V. left Spain indebted at the time of his death. The court passes the hot season in La Granja ; during the rest of the year it is a complete desert.

Having seen every thing of note connected with the palace and garden, we returned to the posada, where we now sat down to a rude and simple meal, which the keen air and exercise of the morning rendered most acceptable. Nor were we less pleased with the young girl who served us. She might already have seen fourteen summers, and was, perhaps, now entering upon her fifteenth, with new and unknown sensibilities. She had been, as she told us, a week in La Granja; caught and brought in wild from some village in the mountains. She was hearty, well made, and active, and unbroken by indulgence or disease; indeed, as her eyes glanced rapidly from one object to another, I thought I had never seen so much animation and vivacity. There was a simplicity about her, too, that was more than amusing. Our dress, language, and appearance were different from what she had been accustomed to among the boors of the mountains, so that we came upon her like beings of a better order. She asked us whence we had come, and where our house was. "In America," was the answer. "Is it towards Madrid?—*Esta por el lado de Madrid?*" said she, naming the most wonderful place she had ever heard of. Willing to avoid a lecture on geography, I answered, "*Cerquita.*" She then scrutinized our persons thoroughly, turned our hats round in her hands, and stroked my companion on the back, saying, "*Que paño tan fino!*—what fine cloth!"

When our meal was over, we endeavoured to find a guide to conduct us to the Carthusian Convent of Paular, situated among the crests of the neighbouring mountains; but the direct passes had seven or eight feet of snow, and had not been traversed for several weeks, so that the convent could be reached only by making a circuit of near thirty miles. We would willingly have stayed awhile at La Granja, to witness the playing of the waters, which was to take place in a few days in honour of some saint, and especially to study

the character of our mountain beauty ; but we were already getting tired of Old Castile and its inhabitants, at least of its innkeepers and horsedriers. The people of this province have a high character in Spain for honourable conduct, and for being above either trick or treachery. They have an expression which shows what a good opinion they have of themselves ; for when speaking of an unworthy man or a dishonourable action, they say, " No somos todos Castellanos Viejos—We are not all Old Castilians," a favourite exclamation of my host Don Valentin, who, as I said before, was a native of La Rioja. We found, however, that there is no reducing a whole people to any fixed standard. As exceptions to this general character for honesty, shrewdness, and sobriety, attributed to the people of Old Castile, we found in our host at Segovia a regular rogue ; the calesero who brought us to La Granja was more than half a fool ; and as for our posadero at the latter place, he was so thorough-going a sot, that we found him as drunk as a loon at nine in the morning.

We now agreed with an arriero, who had come with two miserable little mules laden with barley, to take us to the Escorial. He was not like any of the three characters just described ; but just such a well-meaning, dull-witted boor, as may be found in any country. Though Pedro would be esteemed a very singular looking mortal in America, yet if one were to draw his portrait, it would serve for nine in ten of his Castilian countrymen. Pedro's face was long, with long legs and body. His frame was sinewy, and gaunt, and bony ; so hollow, indeed, was he, both on the back and stomach, that he had scarce more waist than a spider. Over his hatchet face he wore a pointed montera cap ; next came a waistcoat and jacket without collars, and then a pair of primitive breeches, which were secured in front by a single iron button, and hung dangling from the hips. His leggins, which served likewise as stockings,

were neither more nor less than tatters of old cloth, wound round the leg and foot ; and instead of shoes, he wore a sandal of raw cowhide, drawn up round the foot and bound to it with a thong. As for Pedro's old cloak, of the same dingy brown with the rest of his apparel, it was now thrown over the back of one of his little machos, which were already drawn up in front of the posada. Having stowed our knapsack in one side of his alforjas, or cloth saddlebags, we placed a loaf of bread and bottle of wine to make weight in the other ; then, taking leave of the crowd which had gathered round to witness our departure, we set out on foot from La Granja.

Before commencing our journey, some roguish fellow, or, it may be, some mere busybody, had persuaded our simple arriero that the direct road to the Escorial, which had been shut up all the winter by the snow, was now open. As a league or two would be cut off by taking this route, Pedro guided his mules at once into it. Our road soon began to ascend the mountain, which was everywhere covered with pine-trees and watered by many rivulets. We occasionally met with a woodman returning, like the old man in the Forty Thieves, with a loaded ass, and an axe on his shoulder. None of them knew whether the pass were yet open. If it were not already, they said, it soon would be ; so we continued upward. When within a league of the top, we saw an ill-looking old fellow, with huge black mustaches, and a musket on his shoulder, who came out of the woods to meet us. He had red cuffs to his jacket, and a red cockade, which showed that he was one of the king's foresters and a royalist volunteer. The man looked at us with astonishment, and asked where we were going by that road. We told him to the Escorial. He then gave us to understand that the people were still busy in opening the pass, and that none but foot-passengers had yet crossed the mountain. Pedro would now have retraced his steps to

La Granja, in order to gain the road which crosses the mountain farther south, and which we had followed the day before in the galera. But as there is nothing so irksome as to turn one's back upon any undertaking, we determined to keep on, and brave every inconvenience. If the mules were unable to cross, we could leave them and Pedro in the snow together, then make the best of our way on foot, trusting to our own sagacity.

In addition to the probability of being arrested by the snow, we had before us the possibility of meeting with another obstacle; for there is no part of Spain more infested by highwaymen than this chain of Guadarrama. From the numerous roads by which it is crossed, and the numbers of travellers who are constantly passing between Madrid, and France, Portugal, and the intervening countries, it offers a powerful attraction to the freebooters, while the ravines and gorges of the mountains furnish the means of concealment. This last, however, is a matter of little importance, since Madrid is the headquarters, not only of the government and the police, but likewise of the robbers, who hold their rendezvous in the Gate of the Sun. A single story may be sufficient to give an idea of their numbers and hardihood.

While I was in Madrid, the Swiss brigade of three thousand men, in the pay of the King of France, left that capital to return home. They did not all march away at once, but in small parties, so as not to make a famine on the road, or put the little villages to any inconvenience. They were followed by droves of asses, laden with a variety of effects, which they had picked up in Spain. Now and then came a weeping woman with an infant in her arms, equally miserable whether she abandoned her home or her lover. It seemed, indeed, that many of these sturdy Switzers had gained favour with the Spanish girls, who are fond of strangers generally, and who especially cannot resist a red head

and a light complexion. Of the men who were gathered round, all seemed glad that they were going; the liberals, because their arrival had been the signal of returning despotism; the apostolics, because they had kept them from going to extremes with their enemies. The former said "Adios!" with a significant air; the latter muttered "Hereses!" or heretics. The military chest brought up the rear, so as to pay the expenses of all who had gone before. It was of course well escorted; yet the day after its departure from Madrid, when the soldiers of the escort had stacked their arms and were engaged at their meal, they were suddenly pounced upon by twenty or thirty long-legged Spaniards, who seized their arms, turned them upon the Swiss, whom they tied like culprits, and then very leisurely carried away the money, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars.

Thus much for the boldness of the Castilian bandits. Though in this respect they yield to none in Spain, yet they are much less cruel than those of Andalusia and Valencia. They content themselves usually with banging the ribs of those whom they suspect of concealing their money, and seldom kill them if they make no resistance. During our ascent of the mountain, the snow so covered the sides of the road that we could not see if it were skirted as usual by stone crosses. A single wooden one, nailed against a neighbouring tree, marked the site of a tragedy. But we found our chief security in the fact, that the road being now closed, there was no travelling, and consequently nothing to attract robbers; and we trusted that, unless accident should throw us into contact with some of these outlaws, we should reach the Escorial with skins as whole as when we began our journey.

On approaching the top of the pass, we found the depth of snow increased. There was a narrow path, which had been cleared in the middle of the road, and along it our

mules made a little progress, falling down occasionally, either from fatigue or unwillingness to go on. Pedro lifted them each time on their feet again, and after a few steps they would tumble again. My companion and I, being in advance of the mules, soon after heard shrill and prolonged whistling and cries resounding through the thick pines of the forest. Presently after, a sudden angle of the road brought us in sight of about twenty wild-looking fellows, who were descending the mountain. They were variously dressed in cloth or sheepskin, and each had on his shoulder some ominous object that looked very like a musket. When they saw us the shouts increased, and the foremost ran rapidly to meet us. We were very anxious, and, pausing until Pedro came nigh, asked him the meaning of the mystery. He told us that the people who had been cutting a road through the snow had finished their day's task, and were retiring to their place of rest, adding, by way of consolation, as he glanced to the yet distant summit of the mountain, whose snows were just then enkindled by the last rays of the sun, "God only knows when we shall get to ours!" As he uttered this in a despairing tone, down into the snow went both of the machos; and though Pedro pulled at their halters, and kicked, and cursed, and cudgelled, they seemed determined to pass the night there.

By this time the men had gathered round us. The supposed bandits were only half-wild peasants of the mountains, and the imaginary muskets turned into shovels and pickaxes. What were we doing there, and where were we going? asked they, with a thousand other questions, excited by the singularity of the rencounter. When we, in return, inquired if we could cross the mountain, they gave us to understand that there yet remained an uncleared space, where the mules could not proceed, unless indeed they were dragged head and heels over it, which they

were ready to perform for us if we paid them well. This would be no easy task, one that would require much time, and bear hardly upon the poor mules; so we told Pedro that he might either return with his mules and we would employ one of the mountaineers to guide us, or else he could get them to take care of his beasts, and go himself with us to the Escorial. He determined, of the two evils, to choose the latter, made an agreement with one of the fellows to give his mules in charge to the landlord of the nearest inn, then, giving us our cloaks and shouldering his own, together with the alforjas, we recommended our comrades to God, and took our departure. Long after, as we wound slowly up the mountain, we could hear them shouting and whistling, and occasionally cursing the mules, as they fell to the ground or showed an unwillingness to go onward.

We now pushed on unembarrassed and with new energy. Soon after, we came to the uncleared part of the road, and mounted on the surface of the snow. The upper crust bore us almost everywhere; but sometimes we went floundering in knee deep, and in extricating one leg would sink deeper with the other. At the top of the pass we once more caught sight of New Castile, and profited by a remnant of light to look around us. The mountains were here covered with a thick growth of pines, preserved from the common fate of trees in the Castiles by belonging to the crown. The ravines were torn by rapid torrents, produced by the melting of the snow.

In ascending the mountain, the wind was so light from the northwest that it was scarce perceptible; but when at the top of the pass, we found it rushing up the valley with so much violence, that we could not check ourselves with so poor a foothold as was furnished by the snow, but had to scud before it down the opposite hill, until sheltered from its fury. My long cloak gave me infinite trouble on this occasion, for it flew and fluttered about until I was afraid it

would fly away with me. It was not thus with Pedro. His cloak happened to have many holes in it, and, as he threw the embozo over his left shoulder, one of them caught round the neck of our wine-bottle, which was peering out of one corner of the alforjas, and effectually secured it.

The winds throughout this whole chain of Guadarrama are extremely violent; for, placed as these mountains are, at an elevation of four or five thousand feet above the sea, with far-extending plains on every side, the currents of air come to them without obstacle and with unabated force. Hence, at the convent of the Escorial, the windows, though framed of iron, cannot resist the fury of the wind, but are frequently driven in. For a similar reason, it has been found necessary to make a stone covered way, leading from the village to the convent, in order to protect the faithful, or take away any excuse which might lead to a neglect of their devotions. I was told in Madrid by one of the king's body-guard, that in crossing between La Granja and the Escorial, there have been instances of their being driven from their horses by the wind, or cast, horse and rider, against the rocks. These facts may serve to explain the double contest sustained by Napoleon in crossing the Somosierra. The crests of the mountain were alive with enemies, while his own followers were struck down about him by the fury of the storm; yet he overcame every obstacle by the mere force of his will, and triumphed at once over man and over the elements.

Having descended four or five miles, we came to an inn, where Pedro proposed that we should pass the night. Indeed, he refused positively to go any farther, for it was already dark. We, however, were anxious to get to Guadarrama, where we knew there was a good inn, for we were fearful of encountering filth and vermin, such as we had met with at Segovia; so we told him that he might halt if he pleased, but that we meant to sleep in Guadarrama.

Upon this Pedro yielded, stipulating that we should at least fill our bottle with wine, for by this time it was completely empty. We willingly assented to this, gave him the real that he asked for, and pushed on a little in advance, where we seated ourselves behind a rock at the road-side to await his coming. When he at length arrived, we took a morsel of bread and a draught from the bottle, then started with new life for Guadarrama. This vivacity, however, was a little damped by Pedro's giving us to understand, that from what he had heard at the inn, we had still eight miles before us. He now told us also the true cause of his wanting to stay, which was, that the whole road we were now about to traverse swarmed with robbers. Had he communicated this before we reached the inn, we certainly should have stopped; but after going so boldly past, we could not return without mortification.

The night had now set in with more than usual darkness; for the stars were veiled by heavy, ominous clouds, which came tumbling over the crests of the mountain, driving rapidly before the now freshening breeze. "There will be snow on the mountain before morning," said Pedro, in a disconsolate tone, "and I shall have the devil's own time in getting to my mules again."—"Valgame Dios!" he presently after added, with uplifted eyes and an air of greater resignation. Just after dark we had discovered the lights of Guadarrama, seemingly at no great distance. As we descended, however, an intervening hill rose gradually between, to cut us off from the cheering prospect. Other lights there were, still nearer, in a valley on our right, where there seemed to be several villages. It was there, Pedro said, that the robbers who haunted the neighbouring roads had their dwellings. The petty authorities of these places either share the spoil of the depredators, or else they are restrained from interfering by the dread of having their throats cut, or their houses burnt over their heads.

There was something in all this of wild and high excitement. With eyes on the alert, and pricked ears, we hurried forward in silence, or if we spoke it was in monosyllables, and in a low voice. Pedro now began to tell us how to behave in the case of an attack. We were to stand close together, not to speak a word, and to do whatever we were ordered. The road over which we hurried was skirted with rocks and underwood, that furnished excellent lurking-places at each step. These, as we walked rapidly past them, were reconnoitred with a hasty glance. The chief danger, we were told, lay near Guadarrama, where the meeting of a number of cross-roads furnishes much passing and an excellent station for robbers. As we came towards this spot, there were several dark objects in the road before us; we kept on, and found that they were trees, beyond the road-side, where it made an angle. At the junction were several crosses piled round with stones. We had scarce left these tragic devices at our backs, when we were startled by a rustling in the bushes on our left. We paused simultaneously—a hare sprung at that moment into the path; terrified at our approach, it bounded away before us, and presently after disappeared behind a rock. By this time we had been a long while upon the road, and yet Guadarrama did not make its appearance. We had no means of judging of the distance we had performed by the time; for if the darkness had permitted us to see our watches we should have been nothing the wiser, since, while one of them lost an hour, the other gained two, in twenty-four. There could be no doubt, however, that it was eight or nine o'clock. We must have come more than twenty miles since we left La Granja, and yet there were no signs of our resting-place. Perhaps we had passed it at the junction of the roads, and then we must either retrace our steps, or else keep on, supperless and sleepless, to the Escorial. "Valgame Dios!" exclaimed Pedro. Just at that moment

we emerged from behind a sand-hill, and were suddenly accosted by a loud barking. We turned our eyes in the direction whence it came, and found ourselves close upon the little village of Guadarrama, with its lights, its hum of voices, and its watchful dogs.

In the next minute we entered the identical inn where we had passed our first night on the way to Segovia. Our fat host welcomed us most cordially; nay, he even gave up to us his privileged seat in the corner. Little John, who always followed the motions of his master, was equally generous with his humbler station, and thus we were soon accommodated within the very funnel of the chimney, close to the crackling fire, and with the pine splinters on the shelf above blazing full in our faces. What a contrast, thought we, from our late condition; dashing through the wet snow, or roaming in a dark cold night over a wild waste, hungry, with wet feet, the prospect of being benighted, and the fear of footpads. Here all things were in the very same state that we had found them two nights before; the ventero and his man, his bustling wife, and his not to be forgotten daughter, the brown beauty of whom we have already spoken. Even the group of strangers was so similar, that the individuals scarce seemed changed. There were, however, no cooking preparations as before, nor any eating and drinking; for all had long since despatched their evening meal, and were now dropping away to their respective sleeping-places. We did not need, however, the smell of food, nor the clatter of pots and pans, to remind us of our supper; but straightway proceeded to discuss the matter with the ventero.

As we were now our own providers, we boldly ordered a stewed hare and a partridge. Pedro, who stood in the opposite corner, with the steam rising from his well-soaked sandals, and curling upward along his legs, to mingle with the smoke from his cigarillo, stared with astonishment at

our extravagance. The hare and the partridge were nevertheless ordered, and were soon after placed in our bedroom upon a little table, while below was a brasero with embers. The ventero came in and took his seat beside us; now listening to our adventures, now aiding us to empty the glass which each offered to him from time to time. As for Pedro, who perhaps had not tasted partridge since he was a boy, and perhaps never, he struggled hard between his inward delight and the desire to preserve his gravity. He sat between us at table, and we plied him well with wine and viand. Now, it is matter of courtesy in Spain to eat and drink whatever is put upon your plate or poured into your glass, in order to show your esteem for the favour. Pedro was aware of this, and therefore acquiesced with becoming resignation.

These matters being disposed of, each of us got into bed. We had offered Pedro to have one prepared for him, but he said he had no use for such a commodity—"mil gracias! que yo no gasto cama." Thereupon, having adjusted his alforjas in one corner, he rolled his old cloak around him, and threw himself flat upon the pavement, without removing either montera cap, leggin, or sandal. He was, nevertheless, asleep and snoring ere we had finished adjusting our pillows.

The next morning we had our chocolate as before from the hands of our little Morisca; Pedro shouldered his alforjas, and, having taken a last leave of the venta and its inmates, we set out on foot for the Escorial. The road was dreary, skirted only by abundance of rocks, and here and there a single oak or cork-tree. After a walk of eight miles we reached the Escorial, and found as comfortable lodgings as those we had left, in the posada of a motherly old widow. Pedro aided us in despatching a hearty breakfast. He was then paid for his own services, as well as for those of the mules which had given us so much trouble,

and sent away with many good wishes. Nor did he neglect the parting salutations—"Stay with God," said he, "and may all go well with you!—Señores! queden ustedes con Dios y que no haya novedad!"

The convent of the Escorial is situated on the south-eastern declivity of the Guadarrama chain, midway up the mountains. This magnificent building owes its existence to the bigotry of Philip II., who, being in a panic at the battle of Saint Quintin, vowed, if he gained the victory, to build the most magnificent convent in the world, in honour of the saint whose name should be found that day upon the calendar. The battle being won, Saint Laurence was discovered to be the thrice happy individual in whose favour the vow had been made. A place was chosen to erect the convent, which already bore the name of the saint, and was called San Lorenzo del Escorial. Escorial derives its name from the word *escoria*, or dross, and is given to all places where there are old and exhausted mines. Furthermore, since Saint Laurence was roasted to death upon a gridiron, the architect, Juan Bautista de Toledo, took it into his head to build the convent in the figure of that culinary instrument. With this view he represented the several bars by files of buildings, the handle by a portion of the church, and even the feet of his singular model by four insignificant towers, which rise at the corners. Indeed, the only poetic license of which this new John the Baptist was guilty, was in supposing his gridiron to be turned upside down.

The exterior dimensions of the convent are seven hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty. The principal dome over the centre of the church rises to an elevation of three hundred and thirty feet. It is built entirely of the granite found in the vicinity, and in the severest style, without any show of ornament; it may also be added, as far as the exterior is concerned, without beauty. Indeed,

there is no grand effect produced by the proportions of the whole; for the petty towers, rising at the corners, take much from the grandeur of the principal dome. There are also several ranges of irregular buildings, erected subsequently to the monastery, which lie adjacent, and greatly injure the uniformity of its appearance. It is within, however, and especially in the chapel, that the Escorial is to be seen and admired. There we witness, in all the majesty of its proportions, one of the noblest monuments of modern times.

The great chapel of the Escorial is in the form of a Grecian cross, and is surmounted by the huge dome of which we have already spoken. This dome is supported upon four square columns or masses of granite, which rise from the pavement to the roof, and which are of such vast dimensions that they have small chapels in them where mass is daily performed. The organs, four in number, are placed on either side. At the back is a gallery for the choir. Opposite the choir is the principal altar, and the tabernacle, for the reception of the sacred vessels, and for the exposure of the sacrament in seasons of high solemnity. The altar is in the same severe style with the rest of the building. It is very imposing, and excites in the beholder a religious awe, which is further augmented by statues of two kings, Charles V. and his son Philip, who are seen in open niches at either side, kneeling devoutly, with their faces turned in the direction of the tabernacle. The imposing solemnity of this chapel is perhaps surpassed by that of no sacred edifice in the world. There is here no profusion of ornament to dazzle and divert the beholder, while the rough granite, seen everywhere in its naked strength, is in happy accordance with the hardy grandeur of the edifice.

The Pantheon of the Escorial is the burying-place of the Spanish kings. The body of Charles V. was first deposited

there, and his successors have likewise been buried in the same place, with only two or three exceptions. It is a subterranean chamber, situated immediately beneath the grand altar of the chapel. We were conducted to it by one of the monks, who carried the keys of this chamber of death, while a familiar attended with a light. A long arched staircase, lined on every side with polished marble, took us far beneath the surface of the earth, and brought us at length to the Pantheon. It is of circular form, with a vaulted dome, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier of rock crystal. This is never lighted save at the burial of a prince, and the feeble taper of our guide now furnished but a scanty and insufficient light. We were able, however, to discover with its assistance a small altar, standing in front of the staircase, upon which was a crucifix of black marble, with a pedestal of porphyry. The whole interior is lined with dark marble, beautifully veined, and of great lustre. It is divided into three ranges of horizontal niches or compartments, separated from each other by fluted pilasters, and running entirely round the circle. Each of these niches contains a porphyry sarcophagus, having a moveable cover. They are not all tenanted. The empty ones have blank scrolls to receive the names of future occupants. Others are already filled. We read on one "Carolus V."—an epitaph which carries with it the loftiest associations. There is an irresistible feeling of solemnity, which every one experiences in visiting the meanest dwelling-place of the dead. What then must be the sensation of him who, after groping through subterranean passages, which have never been warmed or illuminated by the rays of the sun, comes at length upon this mysterious dwelling-place, which genius has sought to render worthy of being the last home of the mighty of the earth; and where, as Bourgoanne well expresses it, "deceased grandeur still struggles against annihilation!"

In examining the different portions of the convent, we passed down staircases and along passages formed in the very wall, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and entirely of hewn granite. We came also upon several little chapels in these sequestered situations. Josephus speaks of similar staircases in describing the temple of Jerusalem. Had that famous building been constructed with equal solidity, no human fury could have been persevering enough to have completed its destruction. The apartments set apart for the royal family are very neat. They are hung with tapestry from the royal manufactory at Madrid. Some pieces are equal to the best productions of the Gobelins. One of the halls is painted with battles between Moors and Christians. The grand staircase is surmounted by a quadrangular dome, finely painted in fresco by Giordano. The first compartment represents the battle of Saint Quintin, another the accomplishment of the vow made on that occasion by Philip, and the last shows how the pious prince was at length admitted into the celestial regions, as a reward for so many good actions.

The convent of the Escorial formerly possessed treasures worthy of its magnificent endowment. It may be sufficient to name one item, which was a statue of Saint Laurence, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds of silver, and eighteen of gold. These, in the time of the revolution, were plundered indiscriminately by French and Spaniards; nay, for aught I know, by the good monks themselves. The paintings, too, which had been collected at immense expense, were carried to France to enrich the gallery of the Louvre. Most of these have been returned, and the good Jeromites have in them ample consolation for the loss of their silver Saint Laurence. Among them is the Last Supper by Titian; a Nativity by Españoleto; and a Virgin and Child in the very best style of Murillo; but the most esteemed paintings of the Escorial, and they are among the

most valuable in the world, are three from the pencil of Raphael. One is called *Our Lady of the Fish*, or simply the *Fish*, from a well-drawn fish that figures in it; another the *Visitation*, in which the Virgin, appearing in the presence of Elizabeth, exhibits the utmost embarrassment. The last is called the *Pearl*, a famous painting, formerly owned by the kings of England, but which was sold either by Cromwell or by Charles II. for two thousand pounds sterling. It is now esteemed above all price. The subject is the *Holy Family*, and the whole piece is allowed by painters to possess in an unusual degree that perfection of design, beauty of expression, and inimitable grace, for which Raphael is said to be unequalled. Indeed, I have never seen any thing so beautiful as the face of the Virgin, whether on canvass or in nature.

The Escorial likewise possesses a fine library of thirty thousand volumes; four thousand of which are manuscripts, and half of these Arabian. A very valuable collection of Arabian manuscripts, arranged in a room of the convent, was destroyed by fire in 1671. Others, however, still remain, which, furnished Conde, a late librarian, materials for his excellent history of the Arabs in Spain.

The convent of the Escorial was formerly tenanted by one hundred and sixty monks of the order of Saint Jerome, and then its yearly revenue amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, proceeding from estates, and from a flock of thirty-six thousand merino sheep, which lived upon the neighbouring mountains in summer, and were driven in winter to the plains below, in quest of a warmer climate. They had, besides, a small flock of a thousand, which they kept in the neighbourhood to supply their table; for the Jeromites are good liver, and are not accused either of abstinence or maceration. The means of the convent, and in consequence the number of monks, have been somewhat reduced by the revolutions which have agitated Spain

during the present century. Nevertheless, the Escorial still continues to be one of the most formidable of those religious strongholds which cover the whole Peninsula, and maintain it in spiritual subjection.

The court comes to the Escorial every autumn, and remains there during part of October and November. In addition to the royal apartments within the walls of the convent, there are two small palaces in the neighbourhood, erected for the recreation of the full-grown Infantes. One of these is called the Casa del Campo. It is of plain exterior, but within of the most exquisite finish of any royal residence that I have seen; even the fairy Trianon at Versailles sinks in the comparison. The staircase is formed of the choicest Spanish marbles, and is of unequalled beauty. The ceilings of the apartments are covered with a profusion of minute ornament, which resembles the richest mosaic, and the walls are hung with a rare collection of paintings, among which are some arabesques and heads by Raphael.

The Escorial must certainly prove a dreary abode to the king and court. Its bleak situation upon the mountain exposes it completely to the cold and furious winds of which we have already spoken; while the inclination of the declivity upon which it stands towards the southwest, lays it open completely to the sun. Hence the proverb applied to it by the Spaniards—"It freezes in winter, and burns in summer—En invierno yuela, en verano quema." There are no trees, no rivulets, no fountains, no cultivation, no industry, nothing to invite man in the choice of a habitation; nothing, in short, but monks, masses, and granite. Nor is the result different from what might be expected. It is during the residence of the court at the Escorial more than ever, that the ghostly counsels of the clergy are visible in the affairs of state. It was within the dreary walls of this very convent that the fatal edict by which the Moriscos were driven from Spain received the royal signature.

After wandering a whole day through the convent, we had completed a hasty examination of its most important parts. But it is so complicated that we were able to carry away with us a distinct impression only of the giant Chapel and of the Pantheon. These no one who has not seen them can appreciate ; no one who has seen them can forget. There is no end to one's admiration in contemplating this stupendous edifice, of which it has been said, somewhat perhaps in the spirit of exaggeration, "There is no structure in the world, save only those which triumph over ages upon the banks of the Nile, which gives so high an idea of human power." Some one else exclaims, "Time, which destroyeth all things, doth but establish its walls." As for the Spaniards, they show their estimation of the Escorial by calling it familiarly "The Eighth Wonder."

But let no one envy the Spaniards the possession of their Escorial. Independent of the annual sum so unproductively expended for the maintenance of the idle monks by whom it is inhabited, it cost originally fifty millions of dollars ; a sum which, it is said, would have sufficed to cover the whole country with a beautiful system of internal communications, by means of canals and highways, one of many things for the want of which Spain is now sunk into such utter insignificance.

On the fifth morning of our departure from Madrid, we started, after breakfast, with two mules and a guide to return to the city. We had heard so much lately of robbers, that we had much the same feeling towards them that a Frenchman has towards a Jesuit ; we saw robber written upon every face. The night before, the little group about our kitchen fire had each some doleful story to communicate. One poor fellow had been stopped in the morning on a bridge about a league from the Escorial by a number of *salteadores*, or jumpers ; a name given to the robbers in Spain, from the sudden way in which they leap like tigers

upon their prey. They had come suddenly upon him from out the ruined posthouse that lies hard by, and not finding any money upon him, they had cudgelled him severely, and left him "molido y echo pedazos—mauled and pummelled to pieces."

We started, therefore, with our minds made up to being robbed, and paid for the mules in advance, in order to save thus much from the wreck. When we came in sight of the fatal bridge, we made our guide get up behind one of us, so as to move on faster, and linger the least possible time in the dangerous neighbourhood. We now descended briskly into the glen, and urged our mules over the noisy pavement of the bridge. The ruined posthouse stood at the right; its roof had fallen in, but the walls remained. No robbers, however, came out to meet us, and we passed without any rencounter, and at a rapid rate. We went on thus four or five miles, when our guide suddenly jumped to the ground, saying, "Voy molido." He had been sitting upon the buckle of the crupper, and though a Spaniard and very tough, it had at last made an impression. He was a finely-formed, athletic young man, and kept up with us at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, and with little seeming exertion, during the greater part of the twenty-eight miles which lie between Madrid and the Escorial.

Towards four o'clock we passed through the crowded promenade of the Florida, thence under the noble portal of San Vincente, and, ascending by the Palace to the lofty level of the city, arrived at last at the Gate of the Sun, fatigued, wayworn, covered with dust, and our faces burnt and blistered in the sun. This, however, did not hinder us from being well received by the old lady, as well as by Don Valentin, and last, not least, by Doña Florencia, who testified a pleasure at our return extremely grateful to a stranger in a foreign land.

CHAPTER III.

ARANJUEZ.

Preparations of Journey—Father Patrick—A Pilgrim—Departure—The Carro—Valdemoro—Aranjuez—Jose—The Palace—The Gardens—Departure for Toledo—Rocinante—Solitary Venta—Road-side Scenes—King Wamba—Toledo.

ON my return from Segovia, I received intelligence which made me anxious to depart with as little delay as possible for the south of Spain: being, however, extremely unwilling to leave Castile without visiting Toledo, I determined to steal time enough to make a short journey to that famous old city, and to turn a little aside in the way, in order to see something of the palaces and gardens of the much boasted Aranjuez.

On the first of April I was ready to depart; and as there would be no diligence passing through Aranjuez for some days, I endeavoured to find some earlier conveyance. Of the many galeras which trade regularly to the four kingdoms of Andalusia, there were none just then ready; but I was able at length, with the assistance of my good friend Don Diego, to find a carro in the Calle Toledo, which was to start at an early hour on the following morning. Finding myself at the time in the neighbourhood of Father Patrick, and remembering that he had offered me a letter, in case I should go to Toledo, to an old friend of his, a canon in the metropolitan cathedral, I entered his house, and, going up a single pair of stairs, rang the bell at the door of his apartment.

Father Patrick was an Irishman, who had come when a youth to Spain, and had studied theology, as many of his countrymen had done before, in the Irish College at Sala-

manca. Since then he had passed an eventful life, checked with a more than usual share of that incident and adventure which have been the lot of the Spanish clergy during the various revolutions which have of late convulsed the Peninsula. He had doubtless taken an active part in politics; for he was once a prisoner of the French, and with his liberty had been near losing his life. But he had gone safely through all these troubles, and, now that the church had again triumphed over the constitution, he was busily employed in securing the advantages of victory. For aught I know, he might have been connected with that vast system, by means of which the Spanish hierarchy not only influence, but control the leading measures of state; that parallel government, which, though unseen, runs beside the ostensible one, is constantly informed of every thing going on all over the world, of a favourable or unfavourable tendency to the cause of the church, and is ever ready with heart and hand to forward the great interests of that alliance, by means of which the altar and the throne still struggle to maintain their tottering dominion. Be this as it may, Father Patrick was often in possession of news, foreign or domestic, before it had reached the diplomatic circles; and I even once heard him say, when bewailing a disaster which had befallen the crusaders in Portugal, that he had been in possession of the particulars ere they were known at the Palace.

Before I had time to give a second pull at the bell of Father Patrick, his own voice was heard within calling "Quien?" I gave the usual answer, and was at once admitted. He was no longer habited in the long hat, low robe, and flowing cloak of the Spanish priest; but had on a dark surtout, beneath which was seen a pair of neat legs shrouded in black stockings. A small black neck-stock, having a narrow streak of violet, and a silk scull-cap to cover the tonsure, alone indicated the man of God. As for his face, it was

well fed and rosy, full of mirth, frankness, and good-humour; in short, it was all Irish. He had been sitting at a table covered with books, breviaries, and newspapers, and in front of his chair was a half-written paper, which he presently covered, and which might very well have been a letter to the noisy Shiel or the noisier O'Connell.

And here, too, I would willingly tell the reader of a pilgrim who was very often in the company of Father Patrick. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman in Ireland, but had gone back to the faith of Saint Peter, and, by way of penance for the heresy of his more immediate ancestors, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He was a tall man, with lank white hair hanging about his features, from under a broad-brimmed hat. In his right hand was the long staff of the pilgrim, while for garments he wore a surtout and breeches which might have fitted him when he left Ireland, but which had grown far too capacious in less healthy climes. With the limbs and frame of a giant, our pilgrim had not only the simplicity, but even the squeaking tones of a child; for he had lost his voice in a fit of dysentery in Palestine. It was indeed an odd scene to see him and Father Patrick together. The pilgrim would recount some particular adventure at the request of his companion, who took him round to exhibit him to all his acquaintance. His language was simple and unaffected, and from much reading of the Bible, he had caught the Scripture phraseology, which was rendered still more quaint by his cracked and unmanageable voice, which, passing abruptly and without note of warning from base to treble, would presently quaver off into a terminating whine. He had many moving accidents to recount, with wonders concerning the Holy Land, and sore rib-roastings received from infidels during his lonely pilgrimage; which meek and pious narrations would often be interrupted by a hearty fat laugh or broad jest from Father Patrick, who held both pilgrimage

and self-denial in great contempt, but whose lewd waggery was little regarded or perhaps understood by his simple-minded companion. There chanced once to be by, when this exhibition was going on, one, of whom a turn for mimicry was the smallest merit; so that we had occasion many times after to laugh at the contrasting oddities of Father Patrick and his Pilgrim. To return from this discussion, Father Patrick, when he found I was going to Toledo, at once offered me a note to the Canonigo, which he wrote on the spot, and I returned home with every thing ready for the journey.

Having risen the next day at an early hour, I repaired in due time to the inn of my carro. And here, lest the reader should form too magnificent an idea of our vehicle from the favourable sound of its name, it may not be amiss to tell him that it was neither more nor less than a rough cart, made entirely with the broadaxe. Instead of shafts, it had a single piece of timber projecting from the centre, by means of which and a traverse beam the vehicle was sustained in a horizontal position, resting upon the backs of the two mules which drew it. Like the galera, it had a canvass covering, under which, and upon a solid load of various commodities, the passengers were to be accommodated. All being ready, we got in and sallied through the Gate of Toledo. The carro I soon discovered to be a very inferior conveyance to the galera; the latter, covering a very large space, is not easily disturbed, and rolls over the ground with a certain gravity of motion; but the carro is a restiff, vivacious vehicle, which goes hopping and jumping over every pebble; and, inasmuch as you cannot seat yourself at any great distance from the wheels, its caprices are all brought home to you.

Towards noon we had gone fourteen miles, which was half the journey, when we stopped to dine in Valdemoro, the Valley of the Moor. Our meal was rather a homely

one, consisting of a soup seasoned with garlic, which was served up in a large earthen basin, from which each one helped himself with a wooden spoon. Next came the *puchero* from which the soup had been made; and then a salad. This being despatched, each one sought a bench or table, upon which to make a hasty siesta. At two we again departed from Valdemoro. The sun was very powerful; there was not a breath of air, and the heat became intense. Furthermore, it had not rained for some time, and the dust which covered the road was as fine as powder, and rose into the air upon the slightest agitation. We had not got far, as it chanced, from Valdemoro, when we were overtaken by two *galeras* of the king's stables, conveying furniture to Aranjuez preparatory to the removal of the court. Each of them was drawn as usual by a whole battalion of mules, so that they did not lack the means of kicking up a dust. The most natural course for us to have followed would have been to pause a while, and let the dust of the *galeras* subside before advancing any further; but our charioteer, being young and ardent, was anxious to recover the lead. This the *galera*-men would not consent to, so we galloped on in the cloud of dust which followed them. Not content with outstripping us and choking us with dust, they now rallied and ridiculed us. In this, however, they had no advantage of our man, who in his jokes treated majesty itself with little ceremony. "Los calese-ros del Rey, poca honra!—The king's wagoners, forsooth! small is the honour!" said he. The Spaniards, though on ordinary occasions grave and taciturn, when they become excited by a race, or other contest for superiority, are the wildest creatures in the world.

In due time we reached the bold bank of the Jarama, and caught a view of that stream, of the more distant Tagus, and of the verdant groves of Aranjuez, all contrasting most gratefully with the dusty sterility of the country through

which we had been passing. We descended by a winding road to the valley of the Jarama, crossed that noble bridge of which I have elsewhere spoken, and before five o'clock our carro had traversed the Tagus, and paused for us to descend in the Plaza of Aranjuez. I had scarce reached the ground before several lads offered their services to carry my little travelling-bag. All looked disappointed except the successful candidate, who threw the prize over his shoulder and led the way to the posada.

Having shaken off a portion of the dust which had gathered round me during the journey, I walked forth to refresh myself by a ramble along the banks of the Tagus. In crossing the Plaza to join the river, I was accosted by a lad, whom I presently recognised to be one of those who had offered to conduct me to the posada. He asked me if I had lost any thing when I got down from the carro, and at the same time took from his cap a cut glass inkstand. I was pleased with this little act of honesty in a needy boy, and, on turning to take more notice of him, was struck with his frank, sunburnt face, and keen black eye. Having asked him to show me to a pleasant walk, he took me at once across the bridge, and as we traced a foot-path which lay along the margin of the river, I drew from him a story which was more than melancholy.

Jose, for such was the name of the lad, had never known his father; as he had been born to sorrow, he might also have had his origin in guilt. All that he knew of himself was, that three years before, at the period when the entry of the French troops into Spain had restored the priest party to preponderance and power—at that period of universal license, when from a pulpit in Madrid it was publicly proclaimed to be no sin to kill the child of a Constitutional, though in its mother's womb—two royalists had entered their dwelling in the dead of night, and, falling upon his mother, had murdered her with five knife-stabs.

Jose could not tell whether this murder had been instigated by religious or political fanaticism, or by revengeful jealousy; it was enough for him that they had killed his mother. Since that fatal night, he had wrestled for his bread as best he could. His character seemed to have formed itself prematurely; and, though only twelve years old, he had already something of the bearing and dignity of manhood. Yet his ragged clothing and uncombed hair showed that he needed a mother's solicitude.

I was greatly struck with the solitary and unfriended condition of this poor boy, and determined to employ him the next day in showing me the wonders of Aranjuez. In returning towards the posada our road lay through the market-place. It was thronged with labourers, returning from their work in the palaces and gardens, who paused in groups to talk over the gossip of the day. All the men wore the undress of royalist volunteers. I had nowhere seen so many of these birds of evil omen. In one group near which we passed I noticed a stout, powerful man, with thick hair and long black mustaches. His jacket was hanging carelessly from his left shoulder, and a red cockade of most loyal dimensions was stuck under the riband of his hat. He followed us with his eyes as we went by, and when we had turned a corner, the boy drew towards me and said, "It was he who killed my mother!"

The next morning I was waked at sunrise by my little companion of the day before, and we went at once to the principal palace. This building was commenced by Charles V., who delighted in Aranjuez. Since then many ranges of buildings have been erected for the accommodation of the throng with which this court is always accompanied. They are all built with arcades and terraces; and, had a uniform plan been observed throughout, they would have formed a noble assemblage. The arrangement and furniture of the interior have nothing striking, and there

are few good paintings. But it is upon its gardens, rather than its palaces, that Aranjuez founds its reputation; they are indeed delightful. The Tagus, being dammed up, is rendered navigable above for the amusement of the court, and at the same time its waters are poured at pleasure over the grounds, and led to the roots of every shrub. This may account for the unequalled size and luxuriance of the trees. They are of every kind. Among the rest I was pleased to see the stately sycamore rising pre-eminent, to remind me of my distant home. A portion of the river being thus diverted to irrigate the garden, the remainder rushes over the dam, forming a perpetual cascade beneath the windows of the palace. The garden is laid out in straight walks, adorned by arbours, parterres, fountains, and groups of statues, and the trees, instead of being trimmed to the quick, are left to their own luxuriance.

Leaving the palace, we now struck into the Calle de la Reyna, a fine wide road, which runs along the Tagus, and is shaded by noble trees. The river in its windings sometimes receded from the road, sometimes approached it closely. The space between them formed one continuous orchard, called the Garden of Spring, planted with peach, pear, plum, almond, and cherry trees, which were then covered with flowers, exhaling the most grateful fragrance. On every side were seen bushes of roses and beds of the gayest flowers, enclosed in hedges of odoriferous shrubs; while the vine, clambering along the trunks of the trees, was preparing, with shoot and tendril, to send abroad its airy festoons. I was delighted with the Garden of Primavera, and my confidence in my own opinion was not a little increased by finding that it was shared by the whole feathered tribe; for the groves and shrubberies resounded with their songs. The nightingales are said especially to delight in this favoured abode, where they arrive in incredible numbers about the middle of April, to pass the joyous

season of love and matrimony. If, then, these aerial voyagers, which pass at pleasure over countries and continents, be allowed to have a good taste in matters of rural attraction, then there is no place superior to Aranjuez.

Never had I taken a pleasanter walk than this along the Calle de la Reyna, and beside the Garden of Primavera. The time was that auspicious hour when the risen sun had just strength enough to dissipate the coolness of the morning, without bringing in exchange the least feeling of languor, and ere he had yet drunk up the dewdrops which still clung to the leaves, the blossoms, and the branches. The place, too, was Aranjuez, the land of Galatea, the scene of many a pastoral ditty ; while the river, which glided by with scarcely a ripple, reflecting the flying clouds, the azure sky, the hovering birds, the stately trees which skirted its banks, or the humbler willows which plunged their branches into its current, was the Tajo dorado of Cervantes, Gongora, and Garcilaso. As for the season of the year, it was that very vernal time, sung by poets and eulogized by moralists, when Nature, escaping from the dreary durance of her wintry sleep, arrays herself once more in the habiliments of joy ; that spring, which we love by comparison with the past and in anticipation of the future, whose promises we value higher than the realities of summer, because, not having yet reached maturity, it does not bring with it the idea of decay : just as we prefer virgin beauty to the perfection of womanhood, or the blowing to the full-blown rose.

Tracing the stream upward, we came at length to the Casa de los Marineros. This is a naval arsenal in miniature, with its buildings, its dockyard, its ships, and even its sailors, who come, from the seacoast, and wear the naval uniform. Opposite is a little battery with embrasures for cannon, and in the time of Bourgoanne a number of frigates in miniature might be seen with spread canvass and fluttering pennons, coursing it over the Tagus, engaged in

mock combat with each other, or in bombarding the battery. The only boat which I saw was the king's barge, gorgeously decorated, and seeming manned with statues, rising like mermaids above the water.

Leaving behind the naval arsenal, we next came to the Casa del Labrador. This fairy palace was built by Charles IV., a prince who added a passion for rural enjoyments and a refined taste in the arts to a singular destitution of every honourable feeling. Its exterior forms three sides of a square, with busts and statues standing in niches in its walls, or upon the balustrade which surrounds the courtyard. The decoration of the interior is rich, elegant, and tasteful; but, by a singular disregard of all decency, the apartment usually doomed to scrupulous concealment is here the most conspicuous of all. Its windows command the pleasantest view of the surrounding country; while within, it is decorated with the costliest tables, vases, and time-pieces, and even hung round with four superb paintings, drawn by the magic pencil of Girodet, and presented by Napoleon.

The court comes to Aranjuez in April, and remains until the dog-days, when it removes to La Granja; for when the violent heats of summer set in, the air of this place is loaded with exhalations from the swampy valley, and becomes so noxious, that even the inhabitants are forced to withdraw to the neighbouring highlands. Thus Aranjuez, which in May has a population of nearly ten thousand, has no other inhabitants in August than the few that are detained by poverty. From La Granja the court retires, as we have seen, to the Escorial, and thence, in November, to Madrid. From Madrid it goes to the Pardo, and thence again, in the spring, to Aranjuez. Each of these Sitios Reales, not to mention several minor palaces, has its separate administration and train of attendants, a monstrous state of things, utterly inconsistent with the beggarly condition of the national resources.

Of all the *Sitios Reales*, however, none may compare with Aranjuez. Indeed, when the powerful sun of this elevated region strikes with unmitigated fury upon the naked plains of Castile, here one may find lofty trees to intercept the burning rays, and shade that is ever impervious. In Aranjuez every thing soothes and gratifies the senses. The smell is greeted with the most grateful perfumes, and the singing of birds, and the rushing of water in subterranean canals, or its splash as it falls from ever-gushing fountains, or the louder roar of the tumbling cataract, come cheerily upon the ear; while the eye is pleased with the harmony of surrounding nature, not less than with the companionship of so many beautiful and cool-looking men and women, created by the sculptor.

After being detained a day longer at Aranjuez than I had contemplated, for want of a conveyance, my little friend Jose at length procured me the means of reaching Toledo. Indeed, I was just thinking of the expediency of departing on foot, on the fourth morning of my absence from Madrid, when Jose knocked at my door, and told me that he had got a horse for me, and that he was to go along to bring him back, on a *borrico*. I liked this arrangement well, and sallied at once into the courtyard to commence my journey. I did not expect to be very splendidly mounted; but my astonishment and confusion were indeed great on finding that I had to ride upon a miserable *rocin*, that had lost its hair by some disease, especially upon the tail, which was as long and as naked as the trunk of an elephant. The only flesh the animal had left seemed to have descended into his legs; and as for his hips, his backbone, and ribs, they were everywhere conspicuous, save where covered by a huge pack-saddle, stuffed with straw and covered with canvass. What made the matter still worse, the master of the beast, an old man in a brown cloak, held his hand before me as I was approaching to take a nearer view, and told me

that if it was the same to me, he would take the two dollars beforehand. I explained to the old man how very possible it was that his horse would not live to complete the journey ; to which he replied, with some indignation, that he would carry me to the Indies, much more to Toledo. As he continued to hold out his hand with a resolute air, I dropped the required sum into it, and grasping the pack-saddle for want of a mane, I vaulted at once into the seat. The back of the poor animal cracked and twisted under the burden, and, as he gave some indications of a disposition to lie down, I drew forcibly upon the halter. Thus roughly handled, his neck bent backward like a broken bow, and, making a few retrograde steps, he backed full upon Jose, who, well pleased with the idea of so long an excursion, was drawn up behind, upon a little mouse-coloured ass, with the game-bag, which contained all my travelling equipage, hanging from his shoulder. Three or four sound blows from the cudgel of Jose, accompanied by a kick under the belly from the master of the beast, corrected this retrograde motion, which being changed for an advance, we sallied out of the inn, and took our way through the market-place, to the admiration of all Aranjuez.

Leaving the palace on the right, we entered a fine road which passed through the royal possessions, and was skirted on either side with noble trees, planted in a double row. This part of Aranjuez is similar to Flanders in its level surface and the fertility of the soil ; whence its name of Campo Flamenco. Having passed the barrier which marks the royal domain, the trees, which had originally been planted a mile or two farther, became rare and scattering. The few that still remained were either wounded in the trunk or had a ring of bark removed, with a view to destroy them ; a singular evidence of that inveterate antipathy to trees, which has already been noticed as being prevalent throughout the central provinces of Spain.

During the remainder of the seven leagues which lie between Toledo and Aranjuez, we passed through a country, once, perhaps, by the aid of irrigation, rendered as fertile as the neighbouring fields of Aranjuez, but now a complete desert, without inhabitants and without cultivation. The valley of the Tagus continued level as we advanced; but towards Toledo the course of the river seemed to be arrested by a rocky barrier, upon one of the pinnacles of which the city was seen, conspicuous by its lofty alcazar. We did not follow the circuitous course of the stream, but left it far on the right. Sometimes it approached the road, and then receded again; but where the water itself could not be discovered, its meanderings might easily be traced by a winding track of verdure. But the distant vegetation, the cooling noise of the water, and the shade of the trees, were all lost upon us, or, still worse, seemed placed so near only to mock our suffering. The heat was intense; for, as is usual in this climate, a cloudless sky left a free action for the rays of the sun. The dust, too, set in motion by my horse, had time to envelop me ere he could get beyond it. Nor was there any comfort in my seat. The pack-saddle was hard and uneven; and being without stirrups, my legs, abandoned to their own support, seemed at each instant to grow longer and heavier. I had tired them, too, in kicking the ribs of my beast, in order to make him keep up with Jose and his borrico, which moved its feet so quickly over the ground that it seemed ever to be getting on much faster and leaving me behind, though it preserved always the same interval. It was a long and a weary ride this; for the lofty Alcazar of Toledo seemed ever to maintain the same distance as when we first discovered it in emerging from the groves of Aranjuez.

Towards noon we reached a part of these desert and barren downs, where some labourers were constructing norias to raise water for the purpose of irrigation. Hard by

stood a solitary venta, which we gladly entered, to procure some food, and to escape a while from the fury of the sun. A muleteer with two women had paused just before us, and was busy skinning a hare which he had just shot, and from which they were about to make their dinner. As we carried no gun, and had not been so fortunate, we asked a coarse-haired, dark-eyed old woman what she had to eat; and, being answered that there were eggs, we ordered a tortilla. Our hostess went into the next room, whence some hens had just come cackling forth to join the group that were picking the crumbs in the kitchen, and presently returned with half a dozen newly-laid eggs, breaking them at once into a frying-pan, the bottom of which she had previously covered with oil. While this operation was going on, Jose led his beast to the shady side of the house, and taking a few handfuls of barley from a canvass bag which hung from the back of the borrico, he threw it upon the ground, and left the two animals eating together in peace, like Rocinante and Rucio.

The eggs were soon emptied into an earthen dish, where they floated at large in a sea of oil, and placed on a low table, which, for want of a bench, the only one in the house being occupied by the party of the muleteer, we drew close to the door, so as to take our seats upon the sill. Now that we had our meal before us, however, it was not so easy to eat it. The bread and the wine, indeed, gave us no trouble; but the eggs were as much beyond our reach as fish that you see in the water, but have no means of catching. In vain did we ask for a spoon or a fork. Our hostess only regretted that she could do nothing for us. Until a week before she had had two wooden spoons and one horn one, for the accommodation of cavaliers who did not carry their own utensils; but some quintas, or conscripts, had passed by on their way to the frontier of Portugal, and halted during the heat of the day at her house. Since then she

had seen nothing either of her horn spoon or of the two wooden ones, and she never meant to buy another. As our invention was sharpened by hunger, Jose and I be-
thought ourselves to cut the bread into slices, and to use two pieces as chop-sticks, after the manner of the Chinese. In this way, and by lending each other occasional assistance in catching a refractory egg, we were enabled to drive them, one by one, into a corner, and draw them out, until nothing remained but the oil.

Leaving the venta when we had finished our meal, we set forward anew. Soon after we came up with a curate, who was doubtless going to pass the holy week in Toledo, with his ama, or housekeeper, and a good number of little nephews and nieces. The holy father was seated upon a mule, with his robes drawn up around him so as to make room for the back of the animal, and displaying a pair of legs which seemed all unused to the saddle. As for his long hat, it was tied under the chin by a white handkerchief which passed over the crown. He had altogether a very helpless, roasted look, yet seemed to take every thing with much Christian resignation.

At length, towards three in the afternoon, we drew near the end of the valley, and began to approach the rocky pinnacle upon which stands the city of Toledo. Our journey became more pleasant towards the close; for a rugged mountain, along whose base the road wound its way, protected us from the scorching heat of the sun, while here and there a scattering tree relieved the monotony. Presently after we drew near some country inns, where groups of people had halted to refresh themselves on their way to or from the city; and hard by was a fountain, at which horses, goats, and asses were slaking their thirst; while a young girl came, like Rebecca of old, with a stone jar upon her head, in search of water. Being unwilling to enter Toledo, where I was to remain a few days, in the same

state in which I had sallied from Aranjuez, whither I might never return again, I now slid down from my rocin, as he stood drinking from the full curb of the fountain, and discharged Jose, with many good wishes on both sides. Then, having shaken myself free from the dust which had gathered about me, I took a long draught from the cool jar of the maiden, and crossed the road to take a nearer view of the coarse and defaced statue of the good King Wamba.

The history of Wamba is very singular. Towards the close of the seventh century the empire of the Visigoths, of which Toledo was the capital, was convulsed and torn by intestine commotions. The death of the reigning king had raised up several competitors, not one of whom was deemed worthy of the throne. At this season the eyes of the principal nobles and captains were turned towards Wamba, a prince of the royal blood, who was no less famous for valour than for his singular wisdom and moderation. But being already advanced in years, and unwilling to hazard his peace by entering upon the cares of state, he declined the honour sought after by so many competitors. This unexpected answer, while it greatly embarrassed the assembled chiefs, was the best proof of the excellence of their choice. They therefore sent one of their number back to Wamba, with orders to make him choose between death and royalty. The Goth presented himself accordingly before his prince, with a drawn sword in his right hand, and the crown in his left. Then, having offered Wamba the two alternatives, he concluded with the following words, which, more than the fear of death, compelled his acquiescence. "Is it just, O Wamba, that thou shouldst resist that which all have determined, or that thou shouldst prefer thine own repose to the safety and happiness of a whole people?" Such is the origin of legitimacy: and it is not a little singular that a fine painting of this

scene, which gives the true illustration of the doctrine, should be hung up in the Casino at Madrid, under the nose of the Absolute King.

Wamba, thus forced upon the throne, applied himself diligently to the duties of his station. He subdued several rebellions, and conquered the Arabs, who had been invited by the oppressed Jews to come into Spain, from their newly-acquired possessions in Africa. But Wamba was thrown upon stormy and barbarous times; for the crown which he had so little coveted was held in far different estimation by the ambitious Ervigo. In order to accomplish his purpose, this man caused a poisonous beverage to be administered to Wamba, by means of which he was suddenly deprived of his senses, and brought to the point of death. Seeing this, his followers shaved his hair and his beard, forming the crown upon his head after the manner of a priest—preparations for death then used in the last moments of a Christian. All this Ervigo caused to be done, that, even in case Wamba should recover, he never more might be king; for, among the Goths, the removal of the hair deprived a man of his nobility, and incapacitated him for ever for the throne. The king recovered at length from his swoon; but seeing his condition, he determined to despise what Ervigo so greatly sought after, and retiring to a convent, he dedicated the remainder of his life to the service of God. Wamba is indeed a fine character, and furnishes almost the only fair page in the dark history of the Gothic domination.

Leaving behind the statue of Wamba, the road now wound up a rocky eminence, and presently after came to an abrupt precipice, connected with a similar one which stood opposite by a convenient bridge. These precipices were the banks of the Tagus. On reaching the middle of the bridge I paused to look down upon the stream, and could hardly persuade myself that the Tagus, which at

Aranjuez glides so peacefully through a level valley amid groves and gardens, was indeed the same with the noisy torrent which now foamed and fretted its way between rocks and precipices at such a fearful distance beneath me, that I grew dizzy as I gazed. From the bridge the road led, by winding approaches, along the rocky cone upon the pinnacle of which Toledo is situated, until it brought me at length to one of the portals of the city. Over the centre of the arch was a two-headed eagle, reminding me that I was about to enter an imperial city, the residence of two emperors, Alonso the Wise and Charles V. Having traversed a huge square, enclosed by ranges of buildings with arcades and balconies, I found comfortable quarters in the *Fonda del Arzobispo*.

CHAPTER IV.

TOLEDO.

History of Toledo—Its Present Condition—Clerical Stronghold—A Prebendary—The Cathedral—The Reliquary—Dwelling-houses—The Alcazar—The Vega—Sword Manufactory—Evening Ramble—Departure—Beatriz—The Journey—Evening in a Village—Madrid.

TOLEDO is a very old city ; so old, indeed, that there is a vulgar tradition among its inhabitants that Adam was the first king of Spain, and that Toledo was his capital ; nay, more, that at the moment when the machine of creation was set in motion, the sun started from the meridian of Toledo. It is recorded in early history, that about six hundred years before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar, having taken Jerusalem, and destroyed the proud temple which Solomon erected to the worship of the only true God, came into Spain to extend his conquests, under the pretext of punish-

ing the Phœnicians of Cadiz for having succoured Tyre. Many of the Israelites who had been led away into captivity followed in his army, and when about to depart, he allowed them to settle in Spain, where they founded two cities, the one Toledo, the other supposed to be Granada.

Under the Roman domination Toledo was the capital of the Carpitania, and had the privilege of coining money, though it never rose to the dignity of a colony. I have seen engravings of some of these coins, which bear upon the reverse a mounted horseman with a lance, attired in a doublet and slouched hat, not unlike those now worn in the country. The people of this province were among the bravest in Spain; for it included within its limits that Numantia, so famous for its bloody and terrible resistance against the Romans, and which was at length annihilated by Scipio Africanus. The long residence of the Goths in Toledo accounts sufficiently for the existence of so few remains of those noble monuments with which the Romans were used to mark their dominion, and set an imperishable seal upon every conquered country; for the Goths are said to have been so eager to destroy all record of the Roman power, that they would demolish the finest columns, and even throw medals into the Tagus. Traces of an amphitheatre may however be seen near the city. A single arch is still standing, and the outline of the whole may yet be discovered. I walked several times around it one evening, and could not estimate its circumference at less than half a mile. The entrance to the cave which Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, is said in the traditional fable to have violently opened, and where he saw a prediction of the coming and conquest of the Saracens, is placed by the Archbishop Roderick among the ruins of this amphitheatre.

At length Taric, sent over by Muza, the Emir of the Calif in Africa, gained the battle of Xerez, and spread his

forces over a country whose inhabitants could only be gainers by innovation. Marching into the centre of the Peninsula, he laid siege to Toledo. The city at once capitulated, on condition that the inhabitants who chose to remain should preserve their houses, their property, and their churches; that they should be allowed the exercise of their faith, and be governed by their own laws, and judges chosen from their number. Taric took possession of the royal palace, where he found great riches, and, among other things, twenty-five crowns of gold enriched with precious stones. It was the custom of the Goths, on the death of a king, to deposite his crown in the palace, with an inscription of his name; and there had been twenty-five kings from Alaric the founder to Roderick, the last of the dynasty. It was in the neighbourhood of Toledo, too, that Taric found that precious table adorned with hyacinths and emeralds which Gelif Aledris, in his description of Spain, calls the table of Solomon ben David. This table is supposed to have been saved by the captive Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels, from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with them into Spain. It is doubtless the same table of the show-bread spoken of in the book of Kings and by Josephus, and which, with the candlestick and the altar of incense, constituted the three wonders of the temple.

Toledo continued to preserve its allegiance, first to the Calif of Damascus, in whose name the conquest had been made, and after the revolt to the successors of Abderahman, until in the eleventh century the empire of Cordova crumbled into pieces, and was divided into an infinity of petty kingdoms. Of these Toledo became one of the most flourishing and powerful, and soon rose to a high degree of prosperity. The conditions of the capitulation had been sacredly observed. The Christians had been protected in the possession of their property and in the exercise of their

faith; and as for the Jews, they found in their present masters a people of more congenial origin and of a spirit infinitely more tolerant, and were now allowed to give full scope to their diligence and industry. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into Spain was likewise calculated to increase the productiveness of a country where cultivation is greatly retarded by the extreme dryness of the climate. The soil was everywhere irrigated by calling in the aid of streams and rivers where they were convenient, and elsewhere by the digging of wells and the construction of norias. Thus some tracts were rendered very fertile which had hitherto been waste, and verdure was introduced amid rocks and ravines.

Toledo continued prosperous and happy under the kings of the Arab domination until the year 1085, when it fell into the hands of Alonso VI., surnamed the Brave, who came as a conqueror to take possession of the very city which had received and succoured him when an outcast and banished man, driven from his estates by the ambition of his own brothers. But the Christians of those days considered that with infidels there should be neither good faith nor sense of obligation. According to the terms of the capitulation, the Moors were to be allowed the free possession of their property and exercise of their faith; but the stipulations were gradually forgotten by the conquerors. Their churches were taken from them, one by one, and purified, and their property plundered by force or fraud; until at length they were glad to escape from a city which, though dear to them as the place of their nativity, was imbittered by the recollection of ruined privileges and lost liberty.

After a considerable lapse of time Toledo again rose from its ruins, and became a most flourishing commercial and manufacturing city. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had a population of not less than two hun-

dred thousand souls ; and there is even extant a petition of the inhabitants for a redress of some grievances, which states that manufactures were in such a fallen condition that there no longer remained more than thirty thousand artisans. In the present century, the entire population of Toledo does not amount to twenty thousand. This unexampled decay is partly owing to the removal of the court, partly to the bloody persecutions of the descendants of the Jews, who had become Christians in order to save their property and remain in their native land at the time of the general expulsion of that vagrant and unhappy people. They were among the most industrious and richest of the inhabitants ; and it is perhaps to this fact that they were mainly indebted for the solicitude of the Holy Office. The loss of its liberties and privileges in the time of Charles V., and the gradual enslavement of the whole nation under his successors, are however the chief causes of the decline of industry and wealth in Toledo, where it is even more remarkable than in any other part of Spain.

But though the prosperity of Toledo has passed away, though the industrious classes have dwindled, and wellnigh disappeared, the priests and friars still remain in undiminished numbers. There are now in Toledo near one hundred religious establishments, including parish churches, convents of monks and nuns, chapels and hermitages. Many of these are endowed with rich estates in the city or surrounding country, and are supported in a style of great magnificence. The cathedral alone is said to have six hundred people connected with it, including priests, singers, and familiars. Previous to the Revolution, the archbishop's share of the tithes and other revenues belonging to the cathedral amounted to the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. Though doubtless much reduced by the alienation of estates, by the imperfect payment of the tithe, and by the heavy subsidies annually granted to

the king in his present emergency, according to the admission of the clergy themselves, it is still worth two hundred thousand dollars. The canons, inferior dignitaries, and servants, are all provided for on the same princely scale.

Toledo furnishes a striking epitome of the national decay. Here you may see the monuments of past magnificence crumbling to pieces, and ready to crush the squalid habitations of modern times. If you go forth into those streets which were once thronged with busy artisans and fierce soldiers, you are met by burly priests in unwieldy hats and sable garments, or filthy friars with shaven crowns and robes of dirty flannel, their well-filled and sensual faces giving a flat denial to the humility of their attire. These, with the realistas and hordes of able-bodied beggars, who receive their regular meals at the convent doors and bring up families without labour, compose no inconsiderable part of the population of Toledo. Instead of the noise of the loom and the shuttle, and the voice of cheerful labour, announcing the presence of an industrious and happy people, you may now hear the tinkling bell of the host, or the louder tolling of some convent clock, calling the lazy inmates to the daily duties of the refectory. The stirring sounds of martial music are exchanged for the nasal monotony of perpetual masses. But though there is much religion in Toledo, there is very little morality. There is, on the contrary, a vast deal of libertinism in this same sainted city. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when so large a number of men are interdicted from the open enjoyment of domestic and family endearments, and, at the same time, provided with money to purchase the gratification of every desire? Many of the clergy doubtless observe their vow of celibacy; many have domestic establishments and families; many lead a roving life, and prey upon the community. Hence the privilege of legitimating three hundred natural children, conceded in the thirteenth century by the

papal see to that great prelate Don Roderick, though inadequate to the wants of Toledo, must, if it still exist, be very useful. The offspring of this clerical intercourse furnish monks and nuns for the convents of Toledo; just as the mendicants rear their hopeful offspring, to nourish and keep alive the beggarly fraternity.

On the afternoon of my arrival I went to see the canonigo to whom Father Patrick had addressed me. The people of the inn gave me his direction, and, after inquiring my way through many very short, narrow, and crooked lanes, and up and down several hills, I came at length to the street I was in search of. It was not more than five or six feet wide, and there are many such, not only in Toledo, but in all the old Moorish cities of Spain. I had not penetrated far into this dark defile, before coming to the house of the canonigo. The inner door, at which I knocked, was opened after the customary challenge and reply, by a cord from the upper corridor, connected with the latch. Having asked for the canonigo, the housekeeper said she would see if "Su Merced" had finished his siesta, and returning in the next moment, bade me pass on, and ushered me into his study.

I found in Father Thomas a tall, thin man, about sixty years of age, with a dried up abstemious look, as of one who had ever been true to his vows. His outer cloak was thrown aside, and instead of the long hat he wore a square cap of black velvet, surmounted by a tassel. He sat at an antique table covered with books and papers, arrayed in a long gown of bombazet, from beneath which emerged his well-polished shoes, decorated by a pair of large silver buckles. The serene and benevolent aspect of Father Thomas impressed me favourably from the first; and this feeling increased when, after reading the note of his old friend Father Patrick, he inquired with much interest after his health, and welcomed me to Toledo, making the usual

offer of his dwelling with great kindness. Having offered me chocolate he proposed a walk, and taking his hat, cloak, and staff, he led me to the esplanade north of the city, and showed me the magnificent hospital of San Juan Bautista. Learning, in the course of our ramble, that my stay was to be very short, Father Thomas promised to set at once about showing me all the curiosities of Toledo, and accordingly made an engagement to meet me the following day in the cathedral, ere we separated at the door of the posada.

The next morning found me in the cathedral agreeably to appointment. The ten o'clock mass was not yet concluded ; but I did not regret the detention, for the music that accompanied it was indeed heavenly. In addition to one of the noble organs, placed beside the central nave, which are among the finest in Spain, there was a variety of bassoons, viols, and violins, and a powerful choir of voices, among which three or four were remarkable for their silver and flute-like tones. The association, though painful, had become familiar, and I listened with admiration to a sublime and exquisite harmony, which borrowed a grave, foreboding, and melancholy cast from the approaching solemnities of the Passion.

The mass over, I found Father Thomas near the baptismal font, where he soon deposited in a chest the sacred vestments in which he had been officiating. Then, having resumed his ordinary garb, he began the circuit of the cathedral. It appears that, so early as the sixth century, there existed a church on the site of the present edifice. At the period of the conquest it became a mosque, and when Toledo was again restored to the Christians it returned to its original destination, although guarantied to the Moors by an express article of the capitulation. Scarce, indeed, had King Alfonso departed from the captured city, which he left in possession of Constance his queen, when she, at the instigation of Bernard the archbishop, sent a party of soldiers,

who entered it in the night, and drove out by force the Mussulmans, who were at their prayers. The whole was then carefully purified, altars were erected, and a bell being placed in the tower, the faithful were the next morning convened by its sound to their matin devotions. When Alfonso came to hear of these things, he was very indignant at this open violation of his royal word. He returned towards Toledo, resolved to punish the turbulent priests; nor would he be appeased, though they went forth to meet him dressed in mourning, until the Moors themselves, dreading the further vengeance of the clergy, sent an alfaqui to sooth the anger of the king. Since then the cathedral has ever maintained its original destination, and in the thirteenth century was greatly enlarged and rebuilt, as we now see it. It is four hundred feet long by two hundred broad, and has five distinct naves, sustained by the walls and by eighty-four Gothic columns, placed in four rows. This edifice is lower than Gothic churches usually are; but the central nave rises to an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet, and would appear to great advantage if the whole extent were seen. Being, however, cut up into a variety of divisions for the choir and for altars, the grand effect is entirely destroyed. Upon the whole, this cathedral, metropolitan of all Spain, is a noble and imposing edifice.

The cathedral possesses few fine paintings on canvass, those which were good having disappeared during the war of Independence, when the French and Spaniards plundered every thing promiscuously. During that period of license the church treasure was carried to Cadiz, and thence brought back again on the downfall of Napoleon. Its value is inestimable. Among the mass of gold, silver, and precious stones with which my eyes were dazzled, I was particularly struck with a large custodia for the exposition of the sacrament. It weighs seven thousand ounces of silver and gold, and is studded with precious gems. In the cen-

tre is a shrine of gold, weighing fifty pounds. Its chief value consists, however, in its elaborate workmanship, being constructed in very small pieces, which, when screwed together, form a Gothic tower, covered with the most beautiful fretwork. The most remarkable object among the treasures is an ample robe of state for the image of the Virgin. It is of satin, but so richly embroidered with pearls, and studded with emeralds, amethysts, rubies, topazes, and diamonds, that the silk is entirely concealed. Clad in this robe, and holding an infant of solid gold, adorned with eight hundred jewels, the image of the Virgin is placed on certain occasions on a silver throne, weighing more than half a ton, and borne through the streets upon men's shoulders.

But if the treasure of the cathedral be valuable, its reliquary is, by the devout, esteemed still more so. Not to mention sundry pieces of the true cross and other relics, which may be found anywhere, it may be sufficient to name the veil of Santa Casilda. The story connected with this relic is very singular, and carries one back in imagination to a distant and peculiar age. Saint Ildefonso, one of the most distinguished worthies of the Spanish church, when archbishop of this same cathedral, wrote a book in defence of the immaculacy of the Virgin, which had been attacked with much force of reasoning by the cavillers of that day. The Virgin, well pleased with this zeal of Ildefonso, sent her confidant, Santa Casilda, to signify her high satisfaction. The sainted patroness of Toledo appeared accordingly before the archbishop, while performing mass in presence of the king and court, and paid him a very handsome compliment in Latin. Ildefonso, far from being terrified at this apparition, called to the king for the knife which he wore in his girdle, and cut off a piece of the veil, lest skeptics should set his story down as an invention. This fragment of the veil and the king's knife have ever since been preserved and worshipped among the most sa-

cred relics. Not satisfied with this honour conferred upon the defender of her chastity, the Virgin appeared publicly to Ildefonso in the church, and threw over him a garment of heavenly manufacture. This precious gift was carried to Oviedo at the time of the invasion by the infidels, and there it still remains ; for the people of that city would by no means consent to relinquish their prize, and were once ready to revolt at the mere mention of such a thing. The stone upon which the Virgin alighted received the impression of her feet. It is still preserved in a chapel of the cathedral, and is much worn where the faithful have touched it with the ends of their fingers, when grieved by disease or affliction. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding all these miracles, this question of immaculacy is still in dispute, and has given rise to the watchword, common in Spain, of "Ave Maria Purissima!—Hail, Mary most pure!" which must be replied to with "Sin pecado concebida!—Conceived without sin!" In Toledo they have a very ingenious way of repeating these ejaculations frequently during the course of the day, and of gaining the annexed indulgence conceded by the holy see. Every person, before entering the door of another, instead of knocking, utters the exclamation, "Ave Maria Purissima!" The rejoinder of "Sin pecado concebida!" is considered a fair invitation to come in. In the fonda where I lodged every chamber had this watchword painted on the outside of the door, so as to remind the person about to enter of the sacred obligation. This singular salutation embarrassed me greatly at first ; but having informed myself of the matter, I presently learned to shout the required response as loudly as any.

This cathedral contains the sepulchres and remains of several of the kings of Castile. They are rudely represented by statues placed upon the tombs in a recumbent posture. The choir is surrounded within by a singular as-

semblage of uncouth figures. One of them represents the Moorish shepherd who was compelled to guide Alfonso VIII. and his army through a hitherto unknown pass of the Sierra Morena, when he fell unexpectedly upon the infidel host, and gained the bloody battle called Las Navas de Tolosa. Here is also a statue of the alfaqui who went forth to meet and pacify the irritated Alfonso, on his way to Toledo to punish the archbishop for breaking the capitulation.

On one side of the cathedral is a square court, enclosed by ranges of columns and a covered cloister. The walls are beautifully painted in fresco by Bayeux, and it is greatly to be regretted that such noble specimens of the arts should have been placed in the open air, where they must suffer premature decay. The lives of Saint Eugenia and Leocadia, two patronesses of Toledo, furnish the subject of most of these pieces. There is one, however, placed beside the principal door, in which I admired not less the singularity of the group than the excellence and vivacity of its execution. It represents a number of men in the old Spanish costume, who are busily employed in crucifying a lad not more than ten years old. One man stands upon a ladder, in the act of drawing the heart from an incision which he has made in the child's side. After some hesitation, Father Thomas gave me the history of the painting.

It appears that, some two centuries before, there were in Toledo many descendants of those Jews who had become converts to Christianity at the time of the expulsion. These, though they conformed to the outward observance of the faith, were believed to lean secretly to the religion of their fathers. They were seized upon from time to time by the Inquisition, plundered of their property, which was often great, subjected to many terrible tortures, and often roasted in the Quemadero. While these persecutions were raging, one of the most zealous inquisitors chanced to die

suddenly. It was at once said and circulated that he had been poisoned by the marranos, or porkers. Many of the new Christians, as they were also called by way of distinction, were at once seized upon and made to confess, in the secret dungeons of the Inquisition, that they had kidnapped a boy, who disappeared suddenly about that time from the village of Guardia; that they had crucified him, as their ancestors had done with Christ, and taking out his heart, had prepared a powder from it, which they caused to be administered to the inquisitor. This extorted confession was enough to cause the sequestration of much property, and the roasting of many marranos. I was astonished that so absurd a story should, scarce fifty years before, have formed the subject of a piece, painted in the most public part of the Spanish metropolitan; and not less so a week after, when, on my way to Andalusia, I passed through the native village of the supposed victim, to learn that *El Ninio de la Guardia*—the Little One of Guardia—was still an object of great adoration.

It was pleasing to turn from this disgusting painting to the uncovered area in the hollow of the court, which is laid out in a delightful garden, planted with odoriferous shrubs and fruit-trees, and having a fountain in the centre. It was the beginning of April: the shrubs were strewed with flowers, and the trees with blossoms, while numberless birds poured forth their melody in unison with the ceaseless falling of the fountain. This custom of having a garden beside the church is doubtless borrowed from the Arabians, who usually had a court like this at the entrance of their mosques. It is indeed more than likely that the one in question, like those of Cordova and Seville, was of Arabic origin.

Having seen all the wonders of the cathedral, Father Thomas took me home with him. As I had expressed much admiration of the extreme cleanliness observable in

the houses of Toledo, which was the more striking from the poor and decayed condition of the city, he took a pleasure in showing me the whole economy of his own dwelling. It was two stories high, built round a square, and having a double corridor within, sustained upon columns of marble. The roof was flat, or nearly so, and at one side was a small open belvidere, overlooking the city and surrounding country, and offering a cool and pleasing retreat. The most remarkable part of the house, however, was under ground, consisting of several arched vaults, now used as cellars; but which the Arabs, who constructed them, inhabited during the noontide heats. The space immediately beneath the courtyard was occupied by two brick albiges, or cisterns. One served as a reservoir for the drinking water, brought upon the backs of asses from the Tagus, and which, soon depositing its sediment, becomes cool and pleasant. The other receives the rain collected by the roof; and, when full, the lifting of a plug at one corner of the court sends the residue into a conduit, and thence into one of the many subterranean canals of Moorish construction leading to the river, which carry off the filth of the city. The whole establishment of the canonigo was, by the aid of an antique housekeeper and her daughter, maintained in a state of neatness and polish comparable to any thing to be met with in Holland. This was especially the case in the study of the good man, where he sat enclosed by a well-ordered collection of parchment-covered tomes, in Latin and Spanish, with a small French library, and some odd volumes of English; for he had partly mastered our obstinate language during his intimacy with Father Patrick. The small oaken table, upon which stood an ebony cross, flanked by a painting of the Virgin, and the heavy arm-chair beside it, were waxed and rubbed to the highest polish.

In the afternoon we went to see the Alcazar, a stupendous pile, first erected by Alfonso X. to serve as a palace

and stronghold. It had long been abandoned as the residence of the Spanish kings, when that learned and benevolent prelate Cardinal Lorenzana, the last archbishop but one of Toledo, caused it to be refitted at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars, which he paid from his own income. He then established manufactories of silk and woollen, where the poor were voluntarily received and entertained, or else taken by force from the doors of the churches and convents, and made to work according to their abilities. The excess of their labour over their maintenance was paid to the workmen. This wise and beneficent institution soon became very flourishing. Upwards of six hundred persons were maintained in it by the produce of their own exertions, and many idle vagrants were won to the pursuits of industry. Several branches of manufacture came at length to attain a high degree of perfection in the Alcazar. It happened, unfortunately, that when the English came here, in the war of Independence, they destroyed the Alcazar, lest it should be of service to the French. The crowds of poor who had here found an asylum and the means of support were driven forth to roam about, homeless and houseless; fire was then applied to the fixtures and machines, and all was soon reduced to a heap of ruins, except the massive walls, which alone could ever have been useful to the common enemy.

The next afternoon we went to the noble building erected by the Cardinal Lorenzana for the university; and then, to the hospital for the insane, a charitable institution, for which Toledo is indebted to the same benevolent prelate. On our way to the western gate Father Thomas explained the object of a series of iron links, festooned round the cornices of the Church of San Juan de los Reyes. The church was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, or, as they are commonly called in Spain, Los Reyes Catolicos, in fulfilment of a vow made by the sovereigns

during the siege of Granada. The iron links, incorporated with the walls, were the chains found upon some hundreds of Christians released from captivity by the taking of that magnificent city, the last bulwark of the Arab domination.

Leaving the western gate, we now descended into the famous Vega of Toledo ; a beautiful and highly-cultivated plain, which forms the right bank of the Tagus, and is everywhere divided into gardens and orchards. After walking a mile or two we came to the Royal Manufactory of Arms, re-established by Charles III. at the close of the last century. Here are made all the swords, halberds, and lances required for the royal armies. The establishment is on an admirable footing, and the weapons now made in it are said to be nowise inferior to those famous toledanos, which, in more chivalrous times, were the indispensable weapon of every well-appointed cavalier. Toledo was celebrated not only in the time of the Moors, but even under the Romans, for the admirable temper of its swords, which is chiefly attributed to some favourable quality in the water of the Tagus used in tempering the steel. As a proof that this is the case, one of the workmen told me, that in the early period of the French invasion the manufactory was removed to Seville, where the National Junta then was ; but the swords manufactured on the banks of the Guadalquivir were found to be very inferior to those which the same workmen had made in Toledo.

Returning from the manufactory, we passed the site of the old Roman amphitheatre. Only one arch remains perfect. With the lapse of twelve centuries, the materials have been gradually removed as from a quarry, to build or repair the neighbouring city. They have likewise been freely used in the construction of a convent which stands hard by, now also in ruins, and which will doubtless disappear entirely, as the Quemadero of the Holy Office has done, before the fall of the remaining arch of the amphi-

theatre. For the Quemadero, of which I had read in Llorente's History of the Inquisition, I looked in vain. It had been utterly demolished in the revolution of 1820. The place where it stood was still marked by a small hollow, over which we walked, and which Father Thomas pointed out, without looking back or stopping. The Quemadero, or furnace, was substituted for the stake and fagot by the illustrious Torquemada, because it was found to save fuel, since a number could be roasted by a single fire. It consisted of a huge hollow statue of plaster, erected upon a stone oven. The fire was kindled beneath, and the victims, being let down from above, perished slowly, rending the air with horrid yells.

The last evening of my stay in Toledo I rambled alone in the environs, clambering among the ruins which skirt the bold bank of the Tagus. Here I found a battered column surmounted by an old stone, with an inscription setting forth that it had been erected on the site of the demolished dwelling of Don Juan de Padilla and his wife Doña Maria Pacheco, and stigmatizing them as traitors to their king and country. It had been newly restored as a beacon to warn the patriots of modern times. This monument, meant as a stigma, called at once to my memory the noble self-devotion of the young nobleman in defence of Spanish liberty; his affectionate appeal to his wife, when waiting for the summons of the executioner; and, above all, the glorious conduct of Doña Maria herself, who, smothering her griefs and rejecting all womanish fears, fought in the same noble cause, and even outdid the heroic actions of her husband.

Crossing the bridge, I ascended the rocky mountain that lies opposite, and having gained the summit, turned to look back on Toledo. Beneath me lay the city, placed on the pinnacle of a round hill, and wellnigh encircled by the Tagus. This stream would seem to have taken its course

originally to the right, and subsequently to have opened itself a narrow pass through the rocky bulwark which lay opposed to it; for the opposite banks are very similar, and bear evident marks of having once been connected. After escaping from these straits, the Tagus expands its bed; its course becomes more quiet, and verdant islands rise midway between its banks. The left, upon which I stood, gradually lost its rugged and rocky character, and was thrown into a pleasing succession of swelling hills, covered with orchards of olive. In front lay the delicious Vega, irrigated in every direction by the fertilizing waters of the Tagus, and divided, as far as the eye could discover, into verdant strips running backward from the river. The declining sun sent his departing rays obliquely upon the tranquil surface of the stream, which showed itself from time to time in its meanderings, like a succession of glassy lakes, shedding, at the same time, a warm and mellow lustre over the varied vegetation of the Vega. The scene had remained unaltered by the lapse of centuries; but how changeful had been the fortunes of that ancient city!

Two thousand years before, the Jews of Toledo and the fierce and barbarous Carpitani had been compelled to yield to the courage and conduct of Hannibal. The Roman domination followed, establishing itself after many struggles; and the inhabitants, won not less by the clemency than the valour of these generous conquerors, came at length to be softened by the arts of peace. What a noble show must Toledo have made in those days of the triumphal arch, the aqueduct, and the amphitheatre, when man walked forth robed in the flowing toga, and borne up by the lofty soul of a Roman! Six peaceful centuries roll by, when a countless host is seen advancing with naked swords, dressed in an unknown garb, and speaking a strange and barbarous tongue. These are the hairy Goths, unwashed, unshorn; their hands, and beards, and faces

smear'd with the blood of the thousands they have murder'd in their long pilgrimage. They seek only present gratifications, and rather court than avoid a bloody death, since it is the sure passport to that paradise where they are to riot for ever in ceaseless slaughter, pausing only to refresh themselves with draughts of beer from the skulls of their enemies. Toledo groans under the heavy yoke of these hard masters ; the elegant and useful arts disappear together ; the amphitheatre is demolished, temples are thrown down, and columns and statues precipitated into the Tagus. After two centuries and a half of toilsome servitude these fierce conquerors give place to an eastern people, who bring with them the simple tastes and primitive customs of Arabia. The conquerors and the conquered live together upon a friendly footing, and the earth, cultivated with a hitherto unknown care, teems with redoubled fertility. In four more centuries these in their turn give place to the Christian ; each Saracen dying in defence of his home, or wandering back towards the land of his ancestors. The Castilian still preserves awhile his warlike spirit, until at length churches and convents rise in every direction over ruined habitations, and the din of chivalry is drowned amid chants and masses.

The city which once offered to the view so fair a combination of domes, and columns, and arches, now exhibited, as I looked upon it, but an uncouth mass of misshapen tenements, many of which were already abandoned and fallen, and many preparing to follow. A few listless inhabitants, enveloped lazily in their cloaks, were seen passing through the crazy gates of the city ; while groups of dusty asses, looking as old as Toledo, moved down the steep hillside, picking their way carefully amid the ruined fortifications, to have the earthen jars with which they were laden filled from the waters of the Tagus. The ruined piers of the many bridges that in times gone by gave access to a great

city, are now converted into milldams to prepare the hard-earned bread of a small and needy population. The wide road, too, beneath me, which had been trod in succession by the Carthaginian and the Roman soldier, the fearless Goth and the rapid Arabian, or by the steel-clad warrior of the days of chivalry, going forth with poised lance and closed visor in search of adventures, now offered no other company than a few loitering priests and friars, dressed in their unmanly garb, and moving onward with slow and solemn composure; while here and there a student, hidden under a sable cloak and cocked hat, sat, like a crow upon a parapet, conning his lesson from a ghostly volume, or gazing on the trembling waters of the Tagus.

On Saturday morning, being the seventh of April, I took leave of the good canonigo and of Toledo. It was a ruinous and dull old place, yet I felt pleased with it in spite of myself, there was about it such an air of quiet repose and solemnity, so little of that stir and turbulence which I had associated with the idea of a warlike city, ever prone to revolt and mutiny. Having taken my chocolate and roasted egg, I was summoned to depart by the old hostler, who, having prefaced with an "Ave Maria purissima!" pushed the door open to tell me the coach was ready. On reaching the front of the posada, I found drawn up before the door the coche de coleras that was to take me to Madrid. It was an antique vehicle, just like those I had seen so often upon the Prado, except that instead of the postillions riding one of the wheel-mules, it had a wide wooden platform planted firmly between the fore wheels for the accommodation of the drivers. The bag of barley, which was to furnish the beasts with provender during the journey, served as a cushion. The mules, six in number, were fat and valiant; furthermore, they were tattooed, and harnessed like those of the Catalonian diligence. The master and owner was a dried-up, mummy-like old man; but he had as as-

sistant a merry young Biscayan; who had followed mules from his earliest youth, and who had been cast in his wanderings into the centre of the Peninsula, where he was now firmly established, having first become the zagal of the old man, and afterward his son-in-law. Both were dressed in velvet jackets and breeches, studded with brass buttons, gray stockings, long-quartered shoes, round hats, covered with brass points, and beads, and ribands, with red sashes round the loins. The most remarkable part of their dress, however, was an outer jacket of brown cloth, ornamented with patches of red and yellow, like those worn by the *cal-eseros* of Madrid. This dress, though strictly Andalusian, and not common in Castile, is worn by the fraternity of the whip all over Spain. Indeed, it would be deemed heretical to smack a whip in any other, and I have my doubts whether a Spanish mule would budge an inch for one not thus accoutred. The old man had his jacket fastened tightly about him, but the zagal's hung jantily from his right shoulder. As I surveyed my present conveyance, I could not help thinking that it was vastly better than the *carro* that had taken me to Aranjuez, and the *rocin* and *rucio* that had brought me away again. I felicitated myself on the change. The old landlady of the *Fonda del Arzobispo* came out from her usual station in a large arm-chair within the doorway, to take leave of the "joven Americano;" the chambermaid brought my little bundle, which she insisted upon conveying, and the hostler lent me his arm to mount to the step. I had no need of such assistance, yet I gave it a thankful acceptance. The little man cried out, "Arre yerno!" and the young fellow, who had taken his station between the two head mules, gave way to their impatience, and away we went at a gallop. "Go with God!" was the universal greeting; and the ancient landlady and the chambermaid, as they stood shading their

eyes from the sun with the left hand, shook the right in parting salutation, and added, "Y con la Virgen!"

I was not the sole occupant of the coach. It was brimming full of young girls, who were going a short distance from the city, partly for the sake of the drive, but chiefly to take leave of one of their number, who was to keep on to Madrid, whither she was going to serve a countess. I soon found, from their conversation, that two of them were daughters of the old man. The eldest, a close-built, fast-sailing little frigate, with an exquisitely-pointed foot, a brilliant eye, and a pretty arch face, not much the worse for two or three pock-marks, was the newly-married wife of the zagal. The one who was now about to leave her home for the first time was a younger sister of the bride, and the rest were cousins and neighbours. They had all grown up together, and now, as they rode furiously down the hillside that leads away from Toledo, were as merry as crickets, laughing, giggling, and shouting to such of their acquaintances as they passed. By-and-by, however, we got to the bottom of the valley, and began to toil up the opposite ascent. The excitement of the moment was over, and they remembered that at the top of the hill they were to part with Beatriz. Their laughing ceased, the smiles passed from their countenances, a painful expression came instead, and, when the coach at length stopped, they were all in tears. Poor Beatriz! she cried and kissed them all; and when they got down from the coach and left her all alone, she sobbed aloud, and was half ready to follow them.

Margarita, the elder sister, seeing poor Beatriz so much afflicted, begged her husband to let her go along and come back the next trip. Andres would not at first listen to the proposal, but fastened the door. When she began, however, to grow angry at the refusal, he took the trouble, like a thoughtful husband, to explain how extremely inconvenient it would be for her to go without any preparations; if

she had but spoken in the morning, or the night before, the thing would have been easily settled. All these reasons availed nothing. Margarita grew more and more vexed, until Andres was driven from his resolution. He slowly opened the door, saying, with a half-displeased air, "Entre usted!" Contrary to all reasonable calculations, she stirred not a step towards accepting the offer, and her embarrassment and vexation seemed only to grow greater at thus losing the cause of her displeasure. By this time the old man, who had thought it was all over when he had kissed the children, began to grow impatient, and gave the word of command. Away went the mules. Andres would not part in anger. He went to receive a farewell kiss from his wife; but Margarita turned away pettishly, striking her little foot on the ground and shaking her head, as though she would have torn her mantilla. Without more ado he left her to her ill-humour, and, overtaking the coach, caught the left mule by the tail, and leaped to the wooden platform beside his father.

Meantime Beatriz and I put our heads out of the window; she from interest and affection, I from curiosity. The girls remained where we left them, throwing up their handkerchiefs, and sending after us a thousand kind words and well wishes. Margarita alone stood motionless in the same place, with her head turned away. Gradually, however, she moved round to catch sight of us; and when she saw that her husband was not looking at her, seemed to be sorry for what she had done, shook her fan at him fondly, and cried out at the top of her voice, "Until we meet, Andrew!—Hasta la vista, Andres!" But it was too late: he would not hear: and beating the mule nearest him with great energy, we were soon descending the opposite hill. The last I saw of Margarita, she had hidden her face in her hands, and her companions were drawing round to offer consolation.

Andres forgot his wife and his vexation at the bottom of the second hill, and went onward laughing and joking with every one whom we met or overtook upon the road. Sometimes he walked beside the mules, cheering them with a tuneless ditty; sometimes he sent them galloping down one hill and up another, himself standing with one foot in the step and holding by the door, as he spoke comforting words to Beatriz, telling her how many fine things were to be seen in Madrid, and describing the palace and the Prado. Sometimes he ran away to exchange a word with a fellow-zagal; for we met many coaches going to Toledo, to be there in the holy week, when it is one of the most wonderful places in Christendom. The cardinal archbishop was among the number. He had no other attendants than his confessor and a single servant, who rode with him in a plain carriage, drawn by four hired mules. His own heavy, well-fed pair followed a league or two behind, conducted by an ancient postillion, half lost amid cocked hat and leather. This prelate is said to be the head of the ultra-faction, as he is of the Spanish church, and one of the prime movers of the Portuguese rebellion. For the rest, he is of very simple and unostentatious habits, giving most of his substance in alms to the poor.

In this way we came before sunset to the little village where we were to pass the night. The mules were soon led away by Andres, who helped them to some barley, and the old man proceeded to search the coach-box for the rabbit, the rice, and the garlic, which were to be stewed for our supper. Taking my cloak, I seated myself upon the stone bench outside of the door, where the landlady was nursing her child. I had not been there long before a traveller arrived with quite a fine horse, which he tied carelessly to one of the bones driven into the wall for the purpose. The horse, in rubbing his head, chanced to disengage the bridle, and finding himself at liberty, strayed out into the

street. The hostler, coming out at that moment, went slowly and slyly towards his head to catch him ; but the knowing horse cocked his tail, and, throwing his heels into the air, set off at the top of his speed, the sides of the saddle standing far out like a pair of wings, and seeming to account for the extreme velocity of his motion. The whole village was presently in a hue and cry. The women ran out and caught up their children, and the traveller started, bare-headed, in search of his beast. But the animal only wanted a little diversion ; and when he had rolled in a neighbouring wheat-field, and stretched his legs a little to please himself, as he had done all day to please his master, bounding onward with the lightness of a deer, and throwing his raised head round with a joyful air, he presently grew tired of his liberty, and returned towards the door of the posada. Finding that we had made a line and were throwing our cloaks up to keep him from going past, he trotted boldly into the courtyard.

This source of disturbance was scarcely over before a loud grunting announced the arrival of the public swineherd, bringing home the hogs of the village from their daily pasture. He had on a tattered cloak, a sugar-loaf hat, and a pair of ruined leather gaiters. In his left hand was a long staff, pointed with a nail, and in the right a singularly-sculptured cow-horn, through which he uttered a fearful noise that brought the tears into my eyes. The hogs, which had minded the horn of the swineherd and followed him very obediently hitherto, when they reached the first corner of the village, suddenly gave a loud and general grunt, which might be interpreted, "the devil take the hindmost!" for they all with one accord set off at a full gallop in different directions, each bolting into the open door of his own house, and hopping over the sill, to the terror of the little children.

Before eight we were seated round our supper, which

was placed on a small table in my own bedroom. It consisted of bread and wine, besides a well-seasoned preparation of rice and rabbit, which, that it might keep the warmer, was served in the same iron stewpan in which it had been cooked. A board was placed beneath, to keep the cloth from burning; and Andres, having politely turned the long handle towards himself, that it might incommode no one else, stirred the viands briskly with his spoon; and, as the savoury vapour rose curling along his hand, he smacked his lips and said, "Here, sirs, is food for great folks!—*Esto es para señores!*" The old man would have served me in a separate plate; but as it is considered among these worthy roadsters a friendly and fraternal act to eat from the same dish, I declined the offer, and we fell to with one accord.

Supper over, I was left in quiet possession of my chamber, and soon went to bed. I did not, however, get at once to sleep; for some of the guests were talking in the neighbouring courtyard without my door. In the various changes of conversation, I found that I myself furnished a topic. One asked what countryman I was. The old man answered, *Ingles*. One said then that I must be a *Judio*, and another a *Protestante*. Beatriz took my part; she had seen me cross myself as I went into church, where we stopped at noon; and Andres, who, being a *Biscayán*, was more enlightened than the rest, contended that I was an *Irlandes* and a *Cristiano*.

The next morning we departed before the dawn, and ere the sun was many hours high, we began to approach the capital. The surrounding scenes had nothing new for me; but it was not thus with Beatriz, who had never before been a league from Toledo, and who saw and caught at every thing that was peculiar. The day before she had partly got over the grief of a first parting from friends and home, and when she saw any of the *cocheros* and *arrieros*

whom she knew, she would salute them kindly, and halloo to them with much vivacity as they came up; but when they had passed, and she looked back upon them as they went their way to Toledo, the delighted expression forsook her countenance. Sometimes a tear burst from her eye and hung quivering from the lid, until, growing too big, it fell heavily along her cheek; sometimes she eased her grief by a sigh and a long-drawn yawn. I noticed that at each yawn she crossed her open mouth devoutly with her thumb; and once or twice, when Andres stood on the step beside the carriage, talking with us, he interrupted his discourse to utter the invocation of "Jesus, Maria, Jose!"—a call for protection which I had never before heard made, except on the occasion of a sneeze. Now, however, every object was a novelty to Beatriz; and presently, when we came in sight of Madrid and the Manzanares, she was completely lost in admiration—asked what this was, and what that, then fell to exclaiming, "Que de torres!—que puente!—quanta gente!"

In this merry mood we entered the city, where I took leave of the old man, of Andres, and of Beatriz, who, from being pleased, had again become melancholy and tearful at finding herself in a dirty inn-yard, surrounded by so many strange and noisy people.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO ANDALUSIA.

Departure—Ocaña—Adventure of Puerto Lapiche—Contributions—Cacaruco and Brother-in-law—Consolation—The Guadiana—Valdepeñas—Sierra Morena—Dispeñaperros—The Descent—New Colonies—Olavide the Founder—Carolina—Andalusia—The Guadalquivir—Andujar—Cordova.

ON the eleventh day of April I took my last leave of Madrid. It was with no little regret; for, with all the magnificence of a great city, and all the splendour of a brilliant court, it had something quiet, retired, and unhackneyed. My departure was the more painful, that several friends came to take leave of me at the office of the diligence. We shook hands heartily, and being summoned by the conductor, I took my lonely station in the rotunda. The cabriolet and the interior had a supply of passengers: I was all alone. "May you arrive with sound ribs!" said one. Just then the clock struck twelve; smack went the whip of our conductor, the postillion, mounted on one of the fourth pair of mules which composed our team, responded from another street, and away we went. In a twinkling we had reached the Puerta del Sol; and as we were drawn at a gallop through the dispersed crowd, I for a moment caught sight of the balcony of my apartment, that favourite lounging-place where I had passed so many happy moments in pleasant company, gazing upon the varied and characteristic scene below. Florencia was in her old station. She too was alone, and waving her handkerchief. I had scarce time to answer before the whitewashed wall of the clumsy house at the corner introduced itself between us, and withdrew her from my view.

Traversing the Prado, and taking into rapid review the Retiro, the Museum, the Botanic Garden, and that beautiful promenade over which I should never again ramble, we passed under the gate of Atocha, and halted without the portal. Our conductor, a fine stout fellow, in the prime of life, who had a military air, and had doubtless been a soldier, got down to take leave of a young woman with an infant in her arms, who had come thus far to greet with well-wishes the beginning of his journey. He kissed his wife on either cheek with great affection; then hugged the child to his bosom, and abandoning it to its mother, jumped to the box of the diligence. When we had crossed the Manzanares, and were on the point of losing sight of Madrid, I thought that I had never seen it look so beautiful. Its steeples and cupolas were gleaming in the powerful sun of this elevated and cloudless region, while the alamedas of trees leading to it had just put forth their foliage; and the neighbouring hills and plains, in winter so naked and monotonous, were now covered everywhere with young corn, forming one vast expanse of verdure.

Crossing the valley of the Jarama and the Tagus, at sunset we arrived at Ocaña. I had already passed through Ocaña in coming from Valencia, and it may serve to give an idea of the imperfect state of communications in Spain, that the Valencia and Seville high roads are confounded for a distance of thirty-six miles, though the two places are situated in nearly opposite directions from Madrid. The Valencia road was probably constructed when Toledo was the capital and great manufacturing city in Spain.

We found the diligence from Seville already drawn up in the courtyard, and the passengers waiting for us to sit down to supper. Having shaken off the dust, with which we were literally whitened, we hastened to take seats beside our temporary companions. The Spaniards are generally very agreeable fellow-travellers. This is particularly

the case with the Andalusians, who are full of amiable endeavours to make themselves agreeable to those into whose company they are thrown, though never so transiently. So much, it is true, may not be said of the Catalans and Valencians, who are but a rough and homespun set. As we, however, had none of these in our little party, we enjoyed ourselves greatly; and many a hearty joke went round at the expense of a good friar of the order of Mercy, who was one of our number, and who was accused of being too polite to the buxom Manchegas who served us. The good father joined in our mirth with as loud a laugh as any, and if we did not set him down as immaculate, we at least acquitted him of hypocrisy. The order of Mercy originated in those days when many Spaniards were torn from their homes, either by the chances of war or by the incursions of Barbary corsairs, to languish in slavery. This order was then instituted, with the benevolent motive of ransoming captives; money being collected for the purpose by mendicant expeditions through the country. As our friar was going to Malaga, I took it for granted that he was bound on some benevolent errand to Algiers or Tunis; but I learned by accident some time after in Malaga, that the bishop of that city, who had lately died, had left all he possessed to the convent of our companion, of which he himself had long been an inmate, and that the good friar in question was hurrying on to secure the prize.

Supper being finished, we found our way to the long bedroom, furnished with a double row of cots, where, as is usual in Spain, the passengers were lodged together, so as to be called up with greater ease and certainty. Now a lady and her son had their beds in the antechamber, which furnished the only passage to our room; for in this land of suspicion there is a great poverty of doors and windows. When, therefore, his mother was snug, the young man came to conduct us through; and when he had succeeded

in driving us all into our pen, he double-locked the door. We were to be called up at two in the morning ; so I jumped at once, all-accountred, into bed. The others were more dilatory, especially the padre. Having taken a huge gold snuff-box from the bag sleeve of his outer garment, which served as a pocket, he fairly loaded his nostrils with tobacco, and then placed the box beneath his pillow. This done, he took off, one by one, his flowing robes of soiled flannel, and laid them over a chair, hanging on the corner his huge long clerical hat ; until at length nothing remained of all this covering to hide the individual but a black silk night-cap, and a jacket and drawers of the same white flannel. When I beheld this portly, helpless man of God so suddenly metamorphosed into as strapping and raw-boned a sinner as ever stripped at a boxing match, I could scarce persuade myself that the friar was not still leaning over the chair at his devotions, and that a loquacious and sinewy Biscayan of our number had not taken his place at the bedside.

We renewed our journey the next day at an early hour, and arrived by eight at Madrilejos, being escorted the whole way by four wild horsemen, armed with a singular collection of guns, pistols, and sabres. It chanced to be Holy Thursday, an occasion of great solemnity in the Catholic Church. It is the custom in Spain to abstain from meat throughout the whole of Passion-week, and the innkeeper of Madrilejos, whose pocket would be no less benefited than his conscience by giving us meager fare for our three pistareens, was preparing to serve us up a most Catholic breakfast of eggs and codfish. But our female companion protested that her rest had been sadly disturbed the night before by the garlicky soup of Ocaña ; and since it was impossible to travel without proper nourishment, she insisted on a pullet or a partridge. I put in a plea of indisposition, and, when the birds were at length produced, even the

padre joined in eating them, and none observed the fast in strictness except our Biscayan, who seemed a truly conscientious and single-minded man. On our way to regain the diligence we were surrounded by beggars, who besought alms in a suppliant tone. It would have been impossible to give to one without giving to all, and to give to all would have been poor economy; so I pushed my way through, closing my heart to their supplications. I found, however, the door of the rotunda in possession of a poorly-clad friar, with a shaven crown. He opened it for me, offering at the same time a small money-box, upon which was erected a copper image of the Crucifixion, and saying, in accents that thrilled through me, "Señor! Por la Pasion de Jesu Cristo!" The appeal would have been irresistible at any season, much more upon Holy Thursday; so, dreading the misgivings of conscience felt on a similar occasion by Yorick of old, I dropped him a peseta, and as we drove away he said, "Go in a good hour, God will reward you!"

Leaving Madriles, we travelled on through a solitary country until we came to the venta of the Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour, and was dubbed knight-errant, in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I. O for Don Quixote to protect us! In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with

leathern leggins, and montera caps or cotton handkerchiefs on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddlebow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carbine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently seen on canvass, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes; but which I had never before been so highly favoured as to witness in reality.

While this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words "Ajo! carajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that ajo means garlic; and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded; a youth, scarce turned of twenty, and evidently a novice, a mere Gil Blas at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Ant^oño

availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his *paters* and *aves*.

We had not been long thus before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Polinario, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been bought over to guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them cursing and abusing the robbers, and daring them to come "*tantos por tantos*"—man for man. As honour, however, was not the object of these sturdy cavaliers, they contented themselves with keeping the guard in check, while their comrades were playing their part at the diligence. The first thing the captain did when he rode among us was to call to the conductor for his hat, after which he bade him mount upon the diligence and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around and see if any thing was coming, adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carbine, "*And take care!*" The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain, having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of taking up a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and, as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid in contemplation of some such event, and the case of which might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the

conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money, all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

"Cuñado!—Brother-in-law!" said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, "take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us! The keys, gentlemen! And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow that near horse with the saddle." The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our cuñado dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which, being unrolled, expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre; you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the honest trunk-inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square, that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and, as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilbao, furnished much better picking. Last of all he

came to mine ; for I had delayed opening it until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our cuñado brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk, and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenõ, in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion ; for Señor Cuñado slipped it slyly into his side-pocket, and, though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoken of it to his brother-in-law.

Meantime our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who, for a robber, was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout, athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. It chanced that among the other contents of the trunk was a brass weight, neatly done up and sealed, which our minister had procured from the Spanish Mint, and was sending with some despatches to the United States. This shone well, and had a golden look, so that our cuñado would have put it in his pocket, but I showed him that it was only brass ; and when he had smelled and tasted it, and convinced himself that there was neither meat nor drink in it, he told me I might ask the captain, who graciously relinquished it to me. He also gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he

was giving us, and had wellnigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—"Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco," said he; "I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No rat-catcher am I, but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency." Now a rat-catcher means one who does not follow the profession habitually, but only makes it a subsidiary pursuit. Thus, a contrabandista who has been plundered and dismounted by an aduanero, and who requites himself on some unhappy traveller, and a carbonero who leaves his charcoal heap to put himself in ambush at the road-side, are both rateros, or rat-catchers.

In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visitors, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspector was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams were generally horses. The one now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postillion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man; he begged him at least to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved

towards a ravine, which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings, in which it had been packed, driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts and waistcoats, and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; everywhere, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down, how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little portmanteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have struck the ground on either side had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk, and as I stood still with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers, having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The apropos seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers

bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.

By this time a number of galeras, carts, and muleteers, whose progress had been arrested on either side of the road, got once more in motion, and when they had come up with the diligence, halted around it to learn the particulars of what they had only seen at a distance, and in pantomime. The sufferers were willing enough to let out their sorrow in words, and our painstaking Biscayan, who had very exactly ascertained the amount of his loss, told over the missing articles with a faltering voice and a countenance so sorrowful, that to have heard and seen him must have drawn pity even from the stern Cacaruco. "A new brown cloak that cost me thirty hard dollars only a week ago in Bilbao; six shirts, two most beautiful with sleeve and breast ruffles, and so many trousers, drawers, and socks!—Calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines!" At first, I almost forgot my own losses in the misery of the disconsolate Biscayan, who, in sooth, had been more unfortunate than the rest of us, having lost his cloak, that indispensable appendage of a Spaniard; but at every place where we either ate or changed horses, until our arrival at Cordova, he would ring over the changes of his capa parda, calzones, calzoncillos y calcitines, until at length I only regretted that Cacaruco had not carried off the owner also.

Having received the consoling commiserations of the many passing travellers who had witnessed our misfortune, we once more set forward with our curtailed team and lightened burden. The escort, who had returned to take their station at the side of the diligence, and with whose conduct we could not reasonably quarrel, now commenced railing terribly at the authorities of the villages, who, they said, were openly protecting the robbers, and persecuting them. As a reason for this singular conduct, they told us that the *alcaldes* and *ayuntamientos*, a kind of mayor and

aldermen, appointed from the inhabitants by the king, were bribed by the innkeepers and wagoners, who had conspired against the diligence, and had even vowed to burn it. The motive of this hatred to the devoted diligence is, that formerly travellers loitered slowly through the country, leaving a little of their money at every venta; whereas now they are whirled along without stopping, except at distant intervals.

Shortly after renewing our journey we came to an extensive morass, which we traversed by a long causeway. This is the river Guadiana, which has here disappeared as a stream, and hidden its lazy waters under ground. This morass has an extent of nearly thirty miles from the first disappearance of the stream. As it is exceedingly rich in pasture, Antillon tells us that the Manchegos are wont to boast that their river has a bridge, which furnishes nourishment to many thousand heads of cattle. It was perhaps in allusion to this disappearance of the Guadiana, too, that a Spaniard, being a prisoner in Africa, and boasting, as people who go abroad are apt to do, of his native land, took occasion to say that his king was the mightiest in the world, and that among other great and wonderful things contained in his dominions, was a bridge seven leagues long and a league wide. This singular phenomenon was no stranger to the ancients. Pliny, who came as procurator to Spain, speaks of it in his *Natural History*. "The Ana," says he, "sometimes confounds its waters with some lakes; sometimes passes through mountains which appear to absorb it; sometimes hides itself in the earth, and after disappearing often for its own pleasure, at length empties into the Atlantic." It would seem that the inquisitive of more modern times have not been inattentive to the subject; for Cervantes, who ridiculed every thing that was ridiculous, makes his hero discover the true secret of the weeping Guadiana. It was in this very neighbourhood

that Don Quixote descended into the cave of Montesinos. Thus we met with that valiant knight just before and just after our disaster, and only missed him at the moment that we needed his assistance.

On our arrival at Manzanares, the whole town came forth to hear the story of our disaster. Among the troops of children who gathered round to look at the smoking mules, and to gaze at and envy the strange people, who were going so swiftly to the happy land they had heard of beyond the Sierra Morena, we were shown the daughter of the man who robbed us; the identical Cacaruco. She was an interesting girl of seven or eight, very neatly dressed, with a gold cross and rosary. The poor little thing, on seeing herself the object of general attention, shrunk behind the door of the stable-yard, and kept out of sight until we had passed on. We here learned that Felipe Cano had commenced his career of honour as a guerrilla soldier in the war of independence. By his superior courage and conduct he rose to command among these wild warriors, and when Ferdinand came back from his French visit he made him a captain. When the Constitution was restored, in 1820, Cano entered into it with ardour, and of course became a freemason. It occurred to me that, had I been a brother, I should certainly have saved my effects, and I secretly determined to avail myself of the first occasion to get the brand of the hot iron. In his new political career, our hero, leaving behind the duller spirits of his time, managed to make himself very obnoxious to the opposite party; for on the return of the king from Cadiz, he was sent to Ceuta for his excesses, to pass the remainder of his life in the Presidios. The Presidios are remote fortresses, where criminals are confined and kept at hard labour; a punishment which has been substituted for the galleys. As is not unfrequent with Spanish prisoners, Felipe Cano contrived to escape from his ball and chain, and returned once

more to Manzanares and the poetic shadelessness of La Mancha. Finding no easier means of gaining a livelihood, he collected a band of worthies, not more conscientious than himself, and commenced levying contributions under the nickname of *Cacaruco*, which has become the terror of the whole country. He does not appear publicly at Manzanares, but comes and goes in the night, passing much of his time with his family, which is living comfortably without any visible means of support. Nay, we were told that it was more than likely he would return to sleep at home that very night. His worthy brother-in-law, the trunk-inspector, is another robber quite famous in La Mancha, under the name of *El Cochinero*, the pig-driver, probably from having once been of that profession.*

Leaving Manzanares, we arrived at Valdepeñas towards dark. It was Holy Thursday, and the entire population had formed in procession along the principal streets. We did not join it, but contented ourselves with kneeling in the balconies of the posada, and crossing ourselves as the host went by. We were well paid for this act of penance, by passing in review a whole army of handsome Manchegas. The women of this province are said to be lively, animated, and full of fascination; great singers of *seguidillas*, and dancers of the *fandango*. Of course, we

* As the reader may feel some interest in the history of *Cacaruco* and his followers, the following information, contained in a letter from a friend, may not be unacceptable.

"So you were stopped on your way to Andalusia, and made to pay toll to the knights of the highway. By-the-way, the robbers must have had a particular respect for you with your two watches. You must have been as great a personage in their eyes as that renowned chieftain *Two-guns* was among the Indians. I hope you told them you had bought one for their express accommodation. L— has been more fortunate; he escaped unharmed, which nowadays is somewhat extraordinary. But perhaps you have not heard that the leader of the gang who robbed you has been shot by soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and that his band is broken up."

saw nothing of this on Holy Thursday ; but the well-modulated harmony of their voices told that there was much music in them ; and the spring and precision of their step, and the vivacity with which they fluttered their fans and adjusted their mantillas, making the action an excuse for turning their faces towards us, and darting upon us their full and flashing eyes, gave sufficient assurance that they would appear well in the fandango. The females were dressed as usual in black : mantle, gown, and stockings, all of the same solemn colour. The men wore blue stockings, with breeches and jackets of brown, and montera caps of the same or of black velvet. The ample brown cloak hung loosely from their shoulders, or was thrown into a variety of graceful folds.

Valdepeñas is likewise famous for the delightful wine of the Burgundy kind which grows in its neighbourhood. There is perhaps no pleasanter table wine than this ; for it adds the strength of port to the rich and pleasant flavour of the original stock ; and yet it is so plentiful, and so cheap, that you may buy a bottle for two or three cents. This is quite a fortunate circumstance ; for the water in La Mancha is generally very bad, and here is hardly potable. The people of La Mancha drink freely of their generous wines from necessity, as is done in other parts of the country from choice, and yet there is no intoxication. Indeed, drunkenness is so rare in Spain, that it may be said to be unknown. The French are deservedly praised for their temperance ; but this praise, both as it respects eating and drinking, is due in a far greater degree to the Spaniards. During nearly a year that I remained in Spain, I do not remember to have seen one single man reeling drunk ; whereas, in my own favoured country, the land which the world looks to for fair examples, one can never go forth into the most public streets without seeing on the faces of many the sure indications of habitual intemperance, or being stag-

gered against and breathed upon by these walking nuisances. The comparison is unpleasant : I blush while I make it, nor can I avoid thinking that any measure, however strong, that would tend to the substitution of wines for stronger drinks, would confer a moral benefit on our country of infinitely greater value than the supposed economical one, for I deny its reality, of being in all things independent of other nations. But we were speaking of the Valdepeñas wine, which, though so excellent, is unknown out of Spain. The reason of this is found in the great imperfection of conveyances throughout the country, and in the consequent expense of transportation. The only Spanish wines well known in foreign countries are produced near the sea ; whereas, in France, where transportation is cheap, with few exceptions, such as of the Bordeaux and Marseilles wines, all the finer qualities come from the highlands of the interior. The central provinces of Spain, from their high and hilly character, their dry climate and powerful sun, are perhaps better calculated to produce wine than any other country in Europe ; and this may become manifest at some future day, when Spain shall have taken the station for which nature destined her among the nations of the earth.

Though we had small cause for gladness, our supper at Valdepeñas was nevertheless a very merry one. We rallied each other on our losses, and especially did we direct our jests against the poor Biscayan, whom we christened Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. We took infinite pleasure in making him recapitulate his losses ; and as we had already heard them often enough to know them by heart, if perchance he forgot any article, one of us would refresh his memory, and then another, joining in and increasing the interruption, would send him back to recommence the sad narration. Thus, in the sorrows of the disconsolate Biscayan, each sought an alleviation of his own.

Nor did the friar escape so well from our hands as from the followers of Cacaruco. We ascribed all our calamities to his having eaten the thigh of a pullet on the morning of Holy Thursday. In order to make him do penance for these sins, we would not let him eat anything but bread and lentils, and doled the wine out to him in portions that served rather to excite than to gratify. But our merriment was at its height when he took his huge snuff-box, which he did very often, from the bottom of his sleeve. We insisted that he ought to have given the gold box to the robbers, who called repeatedly for tobacco, as the having kept back part might lead to future misfortunes. Our padre contended, on the contrary, that the robbers asked only for cigarros and cigarillos, and that they never so much as mentioned the word snuff. To the lady and her son, who, thanks to the courteous demeanour of Cacaruco, had saved every thing, we offered our congratulations with the best grace we could, but, in spite of ourselves, with the envious air of men who had much rather the case had been their own. Thus was our supper seasoned by mirth and good-humour. But when it was eaten, and the toothpicks were handed about in a wineglass, and it became a question of paying, each, as he rummaged his purseless pocket, was overcome with confusion. We could only promise to hand the money to the conductor at the end of the journey. As for the postillions, escorts, serving-maids, poor friars, the lame, the blind, and askers of alms in general, we uniformly referred them to Cacaruco.

Before the day dawned we once more set forward. The face of the country, which had maintained its level and monotonous character since we crossed the valley of the Tagus, now became broken and uneven. The day before I had looked in vain for the Sierra Morena, which I expected to have seen rising in bold perspective towards the south, to form a barrier between Castile and Andalusia. It

was only in advancing that we found ourselves in the mountains, without having had the labour of an ascent. Nor was it until we saw ourselves surrounded by precipices and ravines, and crags and chasms, that we knew that we had abandoned the plain of Castile, and were prepared to estimate its singular elevation. At the Dispeñaperros, or Pitch-off-dogs, so called from the abrupt and sudden nature of the declivity, the crags rose round us in such rugged and hardy confusion, that, when we looked back upon them, their tops seemed to be connected overhead. Yet this wild region, which scarce furnishes a resting-place for a scattering growth of pines and brambles, is traversed by one of the most safe and beautiful roads in the world.

The road of Dispeñaperros was constructed in the time of the good King Charles III., by M. Le Maur, a French engineer, and is a noble triumph of art over the obstacles of nature. The difficulty of its execution may be estimated from the number of its bridges, which, large and small, amount to four hundred. Yet the road is nowhere so steep as to require the chaining of a wheel in the descent, even of a heavy diligence, or to occasion inconvenience and danger to the team and passengers; a rare merit in a mountain highway, which may not always be ascribed to the celebrated Simplon. To gain such a result over a piece of ground which has merited the name of Dispeñaperros, required infinite art. Sometimes the road follows the course of a torrent, until, met full in the face by some impassable barrier, it crosses to the opposite bank over a yawning chasm, spanned by a single hardy-arch; sometimes its way is forced by explosion into the side of a crag, and the shattered rocks assume a new asperity; sometimes an arched slope is run along the edge of a nearly perpendicular cliff, clinging to the inequalities of the precipice by a tenure so slight, that it seems unequal to support the weight of the mason-work, much less of the loaded diligence, the

mules, and the passengers, who are only separated, by a low barrier from a deep abyss, where a fall would be inevitable death. It rained hard as we passed through this wild region, and the bottoms of the ravines were everywhere torn by torrents, which often dashed through bridges beneath the road, covering it with their spray. The rain did not, however, hinder me from stretching my neck from the window to gaze, now at the rugged and sawlike crests of the overhanging mountains, rending the heavy clouds as they rushed furiously by; now at the deep ravine below, white with the foam of the dashing water; or at the well-soaked mules and muleteers, that might be distinctly seen at no great distance from us, toiling up the weary side of the mountain, and turning, first to the right hand, then to the left, as the road made angles to overcome the acclivity. Sometimes we appeared to be coming towards them, and they towards us, with inconceivable rapidity, passing and repassing many times; the intervening rocks and trees seeming likewise to partake of the celerity of our motion, and the whole landscape changing at every step.

The declivity of the Sierra, below the Dispeñaperros, softens into beauty, retaining merely enough of its wild and romantic character to add to its attractions, and from its sheltered situation, its southern exposure, and well-watered and fertile soil, is admirably adapted to be the residence of man. It was, however, until near the close of the last century, abandoned entirely to the caprice of nature, and inhabited only by wolves and robbers. In the paternal reign of Charles III., Don Pablo Olavide, who, by his own merit and the mere force of his character, had risen to various offices of trust and honour, became intendant of Seville. Not content with doing good in that city, which is indebted to him for many excellent institutions, fine edifices, and pleasant public walks, he sought to extend the sphere of his usefulness. He saw and lamented the de-

populated state of Spain, and succeeded in interesting the king in a plan to people some of the most fertile parts of Andalusia, which the vices of an impolitic government had deprived of inhabitants and converted into a wilderness. The Sierra Morena especially attracted his attention, and became the scene of his first experiment.

Olavide saw, however, that the stock of cultivators in Spain was rather a bad one; and that their prejudice against labour, which has descended from those days when arms, and not servile offices, were the proper occupation of a Christian, together with the listlessness and indolence which his meager participation in the fruits of his own labour has ingrafted upon the character of the Spanish peasant, would be heavy impediments to the execution of his scheme. He determined, therefore, to seek a population for his infant colony in some distant land, and thus to avail himself of that impulse which emigration, like transplantation in the vegetable world, usually gives to human industry. Settlers were brought at a great expense from Germany, and each family received a portion of land, a house, the necessary implements of labour, and a certain number of domestic animals. When an emigrant had cultivated and put in order his first allotment of land, he received an additional field. The houses were all built alike, and so placed as to form one or more wide streets on either side of the highway. Particular attention was paid to the health of the infant colony, and no emigrant was allowed to settle near a morass. The new settlers, to the number of seven thousand, were for a time supported at the public expense; but first turning their attention towards producing the immediate necessities of life, they were soon able to maintain themselves. Being directed by the aid of science in the choice of their crops, and freed from the support of an idle population of priests and friars, from the burdensome taxes, ruinous restrictions, and thousand evils which bore so

hard upon the rest of Spain, they began in a few years to produce some oil, wine, and silk for exportation, in addition to the wheat, barley, rye, oats, peas, and Indian corn required for their own consumption. Some of the towns had also domestic manufactures of glass, earthenware, hemp, silk, and woollen. Such was the transformation wrought by Olavide in the hitherto uninhabited regions of Sierra Morena. The haunts of wild beasts became the habitation of man; the wilderness was converted into a garden; the howl of the wolf and the whistle of the robber were exchanged for the rattle of the loom and the gleeful song of the husbandman.

But what was the fate of the man who had done so much for civilization and for Spain? Olavide hated the monks, both theoretically and practically. He made a fundamental regulation which excluded them entirely from the new colonies, and is even said to have built his house upon the ruins of a convent, which in times past had given shelter to a band of robbers, in return for a share in their spoil. The monks in return most cordially hated him. It chanced that one Father Romauld, a German Capuchin, came on a mission to the Sierra Morena, and was well received by Olavide. The good father was delighted with the settlements. He had an eye to enjoy the beauty of the situation and the charms of the scenery; nor was he unmindful of the amenity of the climate, the sparkling purity of the water, the generous and well-flavoured quality of the wine, and the excellence of the provisions. Father Romauld thought what a fine station this would make for a convent of Capuchins. He therefore advised Olavide, since his colonists were all Germans, to get some German friars to come and teach them how to get to heaven. But Olavide professed his satisfaction with the curates attached to the different parishes, and declared that their services were quite equal to the spiritual wants of the colonists. Though Father Ro-

mauld was thwarted and baffled, he dissembled his disappointment, as became the humility of his office ; but he did not forget it. Some time afterward he availed himself of the intimacy to which he was admitted by Olavide, and caught up some imprudent expressions concerning the Spanish clergy, which dropped from him in the unguarded confidence of domestic life. These were reported to the Council of Castile, and Olavide was called to Madrid under the charge of reading prohibited books and speaking disrespectfully of the Catholic religion.

He had been a year in Madrid, and began to believe that the threatened storm had passed by, and that Father Romauld had forgotten him, as he had forgotten Father Romauld, when he was suddenly seized, with all his papers, and taken by force from the bosom of his family. His friends heard nothing of him for more than a year. The first intelligence they received of him was when he was called up to receive the sentence of the Inquisition, of which he had all this time been the prisoner. Olavide was confronted with his judges in the presence of many illustrious personages. He was dressed in a sanbenito of yellow, covered with flames and devils, and carried a green taper in his hand. He was accused of being a heretic, a believer in the doctrines of the Encyclopedie, and of having frequented the society of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was therefore exiled from Madrid and all other places of royal residence ; from Seville, where he had long resided, and even from Lima, the place of his nativity. His property was confiscated for the benefit of the Holy Office, and he was at the same time declared incapable of any public employment. Lastly, he was condemned to be shut up eight years in a convent, and employ his time in reading such pious volumes as should be placed before him. His sentence was at once executed, and he was confined in a convent of La Mancha ; but his health and spirits sunk together under

such accumulated misfortunes; and his tormentors, who had no desire of destroying life, and thus curtailing their vengeance, sent him to recruit at some mineral waters of Catalonia. There Olavide was so fortunate as to elude his keepers, and to escape for ever from a country, to promote whose interests and welfare had hitherto been the business of his life.

But to return to our journey. As we descended the mountains at a rapid rate, the clouds grew gradually thinner, and the rain lighter, until presently the sun occasionally emerged to cheer our progress, and give us a wider view of the softening scenes of the mountain, shining out at length, full and clear, to greet our arrival at Carolina. Leaving the diligence in the spacious inn-yard, and pushing my way through the crowd, to which our fellow-travellers, with the Biscayan at their head, were recounting their misfortunes, I wandered forth to look at this beautiful village in the mountains, which might serve as a model to all the village-makers in the world. Its plan might well be known and copied in our own country, where new places are daily starting into existence, and where the will of two or three original settlers, judiciously exercised, might give convenience, symmetry, and beauty to the future abode of hundreds and of thousands.

La Carolina is traversed throughout its whole extent by the noble road of Andalusia, which forms its principal street. The other streets run either parallel to, or at right angles with this, and not a scattering dwelling rises as a pioneer in the neighbourhood of the town, or indeed anywhere in the new settlement, without a reference to some future street. Thus, the possibility of great future convenience is purchased without the slightest present sacrifice. In the centre of the town is the great square, which serves on ordinary occasions as a market-place and general rendezvous, and on festivals as the scene of bullfights and

public spectacles. Here stand the village church, with its clock and bell, the Ayuntamiento, the large and commodious inn, at which we were about to breakfast, the smithy for the accommodation of the town's people and travellers, and a variety of shops, where may be bought a little of every thing. The various buildings which surround the square are uniform and connected, and their fronts being supported upon a series of arcades, they furnish a covered walk round the whole interior, where the villagers may at all times find shelter from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. I noticed with regret that several of the houses which surround this little square were ruined and tenantless. It would appear from this that the colonies partake in the general decline of wealth, industry, and population. Indeed, they are now subject to the pressure of all the evils common to the rest of Spain, and are no longer, as formerly, exempt from the many burdens and restrictions which bear so hard upon the Spanish cultivator. As I wandered in the direction of the Paseo, which lies on the south of the town, the children, weary of their morning's confinement, were availing themselves of the returning sunshine to sally forth to their daily pastimes. The flaxen heads of a few told that the Saxon stock had not yet been modified by a southern sun, nor lost in the blood of Andalusia.

The Paseo is a beautiful spot, planted with wide-spreading trees, whose thick foliage covers as with an awning the stone benches which are placed below. In the centre of the area stands a fountain, where the water is ever full and ever falling, and which, while it cools the air and gives animation to the scene, serves likewise to refresh the passing travellers and cattle. There are many such fountains in Carolina, supplied with excellent water by an aqueduct. The public walk is as essential an appendage of a Spanish town as the parish church. Thither the inhabitants repair

at an hour established by custom, and which changes with the season. In summer, the cool of the evening is chosen for this salutary recreation. I seated myself for a moment upon a bench, and, though it was far from the hour of the promenade, the scene was so familiar to me that I was able to people the walks and benches, and pass in review the whole assemblage: the old indefinido, with his rusty cocked hat, the high-stepping royalist volunteer, the village alcalde, with his gold-headed cane, his stained fingers, and paper cigarillo; nor did I forget the young mountaineer, with his round hat, covered with beads and turned gracefully aside, nor, least of all, the pretty Andaluza, with her coquettish movements and her full black eye.

Leaving the Paseo behind me, I extended my walk to the scattered dwellings without, and wandered on, enchanted by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The country was abundantly watered with mountain streams, running in open channels, or else led off in wooden pipes to furnish the means of irrigation. On every side were fields of wheat, oats, barley, flax, and garbanzos, orchards of olive and algarroba, and sunny hillsides, covered to their summits with the vine. Each house, too, in addition to its shady arbour, had a little plantation of fruit-trees on either side. It was the month of April, and they were all decked in their vernal livery, blending the young foliage of the fig with the gaudy pink of the peach, and the more modest, though not less pleasing tints of the pear, the cherry, and the apple.

It was delightful to gaze abroad upon this varied and wide-extended landscape, where the wild beauty of mountain scenery was rather softened than subdued by the magic touch of cultivation. The south wind had already floated away the moist clouds to the higher mountains, and the last thin veil of vapour alone lingered lazily in the heavens, where the sun blazed out in a sky of transparent blue, clear and unsullied, and with Andalusian splendour. The whole

vegetable world seemed to have waked up, renovated and refreshed by the showers of the morning ; the wheat was higher and greener, and the meadow-lands looked so inviting, that I was half disposed to envy the luxurious indulgence of the cattle as they cropped the herbage. The atmosphere I breathed, too, seemed to be of some happier world ; for the breeze came burdened with sweet exhalations, newly sent forth by the thousand plants of the Sierra. What a transition was this from the unvaried monotony of La Mancha, where, but the day before, we had gone forward for leagues and hours over an endless plain, without once encountering a tree, a rock, or a habitation !

On leaving La Carolina, the country became more and more lovely the whole way to Baylen, which lies at the foot of the mountains. Baylen makes a distinguished figure in the history of the late war of independence ; and, indeed, in that of Napoleon. It was there that the French were first beaten by the Spaniards in a pitched battle, and General Dupont was compelled to capitulate to the patriot army under the Swiss General Reding. At Baylen, then, the imperial arms received the first check in their career of victory.

When we left this town our anxiety was again awakened lest we should encounter robbers, for our road lay through a country much infested by them. There was also a good deal of excitement among the three men who composed our escort, as though they were in expectation of an attack. One of the men had lamed his horse the day before in the mountains, whither the escort had been sent with the horsemen who came with us from Guarroman, to find and break up a nest of bandits. The laming of a horse was, however, the only result of the expedition. Rather than leave this man behind, the conductor, at the moment of starting, made him take his seat beside me in the rotunda, with sabre and carbine, ready to repel an attack. He was

a hard-visaged veteran, with long mustaches of mingled black and gray hairs. He had served in the northern campaigns with the auxiliary Spaniards under the Marquis de la Romana. When Napoleon undertook his most unholy war against the independence of Spain, Romana eluded the vigilance of his perfidious ally, and escaped with his army by sea, to share in the defence of his unhappy country. Our dismounted horseman followed the fortunes of his chief until the day of his death, and then continued to fight against the French until the downfall of Napoleon. He had entered the escort about four months before, in the place of one who had been killed in defending the diligence. Not long since they had skirmished with the robbers on the same fatal spot, and were now anticipating a more decisive attack. We feared now, not for our pockets, but our ribs; for the robbers always beat those who have no money. Having crossed a bridge, we began to approach the spot. It was a low hollow, opposite an olive-orchard, which furnished a convenient lurking-place. One of our guards, a thin, long man, with a Moorish complexion and lank black hair, unslung his carbine, and, having looked at the priming, rode slowly and composedly in advance. The other was evidently neither a muleteer, a soldier, a contrabandista, nor a robber, but a townsman, unused to this kind of work; for he had a big stomach, and a frothy, pot-valiant look, and sat his horse very badly. He was, besides, but slightly armed, having left his carbine with the blacksmith to be repaired. As we now approached the place of danger, the heart of our citizen soldier began to fail him, and he came to the rotunda to beseech the veteran to lend him his musket. The latter hooted at the idea of being left alone in the diligence with only a sabre; but, being still pestered, he cocked his piece and pointed it out of the window, crying "Anda!" The poor man, thinking the action as well as the word was meant for him, spurred

his beast into a gallop, and, guiding him with an unsteady hand, posted away to the front. As he drew one of three pistols from his capacious belt, he looked more as if he were going to the gallows than to battle.

The sun had just disappeared behind the western horizon, when, on crossing a gently-sloping hill, we came suddenly upon the Guadalquivir. The noble stream was gliding silently and with scarce a ripple between verdant banks, covered with horses, sheep, and oxen, whose sleek condition bore witness to the richness of the pasture. Some of them were wading along the shore to crop the tender herbage which grew upon the margin of the stream; while others, more adventurous, pushed further into the current to drink of the clear water as it stole rapidly past. The shepherd and the herdsman were either collecting their charge, or else were still stretched along the grass, gazing listlessly upon the current, and half chanting, half murmuring some of those wild melodies which give such a distinct character to Spanish music. This, then, was the Betis of the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, the Guadalquivir of the Arab and the Castilian! Can we wonder that they should have sung its praises boastingly, that they should have fought hard for its possession?

Andujar made a very pretty appearance as we entered it; for the streets were clean, and the houses freshly white-washed. Each balcony was crowded with flowers, and formed into a miniature parterre. But though the country was Andalusia, and the people Andalusians, famous, all the world over, for their light and festive temperament, every thing was now grave, and solemn, and noiseless. The people of the place were just returning from a ceremony representing the Passion of the Saviour. Afterward they had followed in solemn procession the bloody image of their Redeemer, preceded by the instruments of his torments, the

cross, the crown of thorns, the spear, and the nails. The dress of the whole population partook in a measure of the general mourning, and a few penitents, frightfully attired in black, and concealed in a mask which terminated in a tall steeple over their heads, might be seen moving slowly homeward. In this disguise they had taken an ignoble part in the ceremony of the Passion, as a self-imposed penance for some real or imaginary crime. The next day at noon, however, Judas was to be stoned and beaten to death, to be hanged, and drowned in the Guadalquivir, and then the people of Andujar were to return to meat and wine, to the song, the dance, and the revel; to bolearse and menearse, and, in short, be once more Andalusians.

In the evening I went in search of the banker named in my circular of credit. I found a respectable-looking old gentleman seated among his family, and just about to qualify his fast with a cup of chocolate, which he hastened to offer me. When he found that I had just come in the diligence from Madrid, he inquired the particulars of the robbery, which he had already heard of in a general way. I had listened to the story many times, but had not told it once. In consideration, however, of the audience, I made the attempt, and being occasionally assisted by two or three pretty Andaluzas when at a loss for a word, I was able to finish the sad narration. The old man every now and then exclaimed "Caramba!" and his daughters stamped their little feet, and tried to frown, and called the robbers "demonios" and "tunantes." They seemed indignant that a stranger should have met with such treatment in España; but were somewhat consoled in learning that it had happened among the rough Manchegos, and not in Andalusia. The old man hastened to place his house and purse at my disposition. I thanked him for the first, and agreed to take from the latter as much money as would carry me to Seville. He took me over the way to his tienda, where he

sold almost every thing, and made his young man tell me out the required sum, for which he would not receive any per centage. I afterward found that the Spanish bankers are not in the habit of charging for small sums advanced as an accommodation to travellers. The one in question, like most others I had business with, was at the same time an importing merchant and a shopkeeper. This circumstance sufficiently shows the fallen condition of commerce in Spain, where we see nothing of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. These humble members of the "comercio" are, however, the most liberal people in Spain, and have the clearest perception of the evils which distress their unhappy country. They are likewise distinguished for an unshaken probity, not universal in other parts of the world where business is done upon a larger scale.

The next morning we renewed our journey at an early hour, crossing the Guadalquivir by a rickety bridge, over which we preceded the diligence on foot. Our morning's drive was indeed delightful, leading us, as it did, through a country of gently-swelling slopes, of hills, and dales, and trees, and streams, and pasture-land. The meadows were thickly dotted with cattle, and the banks of the Guadalquivir were everywhere alive with mares and colts. The herdsman might be seen sitting on a knoll, directing the efforts of his dogs, or else, catching the nearest beast by the mane, he would bound upon its back, and scamper away, Numidian like, to check the wanderings of the herd. The horses raised here are the finest in Spain. They have been famous ever since the time of the Arabs, who brought the original stock with them at the conquest. Spain has, however, always been famous for the excellence of its horses, which are supposed to have been derived from the African barb. The most esteemed horses of the present day, such as those of Baylen, Xerez, and Cordova, and the

famous caste of Aranjuez, from which the Spanish kings mount their domestics and body-guard, and which they send as presents to their royal cousins abroad, are evidently of the stock of Arabia. They have lost nothing of their native beauty, grace, and docility, by emigrating to the banks of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. Indeed, the Spaniards have a proverb that the water of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries. I saw a greater number of truly beautiful horses in my short stay in Spain, than I had before seen during my whole life. The Spaniards do not extend their hatred of the infidels to these, their companions in the conquest. They treat and ride the Arabian after the fashion of the East, and though they wound the ox with a steeled goad, and beat the mule and the ass most unmercifully, they never strike the horse, but frequently dismount to lighten his journey. They caress him, speak to him kindly and encouragingly, and sometimes cheer his labours with a song.

Having recrossed the Guadalquivir by a noble bridge at Ventas de Alcolea, our road led us onward through gardens and orchards, until we at length entered the once imperial Cordova; Cordova, the Colonia Patriciæ of the Romans, the mother of great men, the birthplace of Seneca and of Lucan.

CHAPTER VI.

CORDOVA.

Kingdom of Cordova—History—Saracenic Conquest—Western Caliphate—Its Day of Glory—Decline—Overthrow—Modern Cordova—Palm-trees—The Mosque—Easter Sunday—Desert of Cordova—Hermitage—The Superior—Gardens—View—Passion for Flowers—Return.

CORDOVA, one of the four kingdoms of Andalusia, is situated on either side of the Guadalquivir. That far-famed and really beautiful stream divides it into two widely different tracts, called Sierra and Campiña. The Sierra is a prolongation of the Sierra Morena, along whose southern base the Guadalquivir takes its course westward towards Seville and the ocean. It is plentifully watered with springs and rivulets, producing abundance of food, pasture, medicinal herbs, fruits, flowers, and honey, and giving nourishment to great quantities of wild game, besides sheep, cattle, goats, and horses. Antillon well remarks, that "in spring it furnishes a most delicious mansion." The Campiña, or Plain, is famous for the abundance of its wines and oil, which are extensively exported to the provinces of the Peninsula. Both sections are rich in minerals. Yet, notwithstanding these natural bounties, the state of agriculture is so much depressed, on account of the number of entailed estates and the rich possessions of the church, combined with the consequent poverty of the cultivators, that the kingdom of Cordova does not even produce the wheat necessary for its own consumption.

The city of Cordova stands upon the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and at the foot of the last dying swell of the Sierra Morena. The country around is thrown into a

pleasing variety of hill and dale, laid out in plantations of wheat, vines, and olives, with meadows of the most luxuriant green, and many orchards and gardens. The sky of Cordova is cloudless and transparent, the air balmy and refreshing, and the water of a sparkling purity.

Cordova is a place of very great antiquity. Indeed, Peyron says, that even before the Carthaginians and Romans, it possessed a school, where the sciences were publicly taught, and in which were preserved the poetry and laws of the Turdetani. Be this as it may, Corduba was the first place in Spain that rose to the dignity of a Roman colony; and we are further told that when Julius Cesar had pacified the whole of Spain, it was in this city that he held a general assembly of the province, in order to confirm the people in his interests, previous to his departure to meet Pompey in Macedonia.

It was under the Arab domination, however, that Cordova attained its highest prosperity. Immediately after the battle of Xerez, where the Gothic power received its death-blow, Taric divided his army and sent it in different directions to receive the submission of the people, who were everywhere pleased at the prospect of a change which might alleviate, but could not augment, their sufferings. Mugueiz el Runie, a brave Arab, who had commanded the cavalry in the field of Xerez, was despatched in the direction of Cordova, and the inhabitants were summoned to surrender as soon as he appeared before their walls. But there happened to be in the city a few soldiers who had escaped from the battle of Xerez; and, counting upon their efforts, upon the strength of their walls and the intervention of the river, they rejected the proposition with disdain. That very night Mugueiz caused a thousand horsemen to cross the river with each a foot-soldier at his crupper; and these last, having scaled the walls, got possession of one of the gates, which they immediately opened to the cavalry,

who in their turn made way for the whole army. The governor sought refuge in a church, with four hundred followers, where they were at once besieged and put to the sword. The inhabitants asked and obtained the mercy of Mugueiz. The conquerors were everywhere received as at Cordova, and in a few short months Spain had exchanged the heavy yoke of the Goths for the lighter domination of the Saracens.

During the first half century which succeeded the conquest, Spain was given over to all the horrors of discord and anarchy. Twenty emirs, to whom absolute powers were delegated by the calif, had governed in rapid succession, each devoting himself rather to the care of his own fortune than to promote the public welfare. A civil war was substituted for the holy one which had hitherto been waged against the enemies of Islamism, and those arms which might have served to overrun the rest of Europe, and which did cut their way until arrested by Charles Martel upon the banks of the Loire, were stained with Mussulman blood. The warlike tribes of Arabia, and the savage hordes of Africa which followed the same standards, brought with them a love of independence, a spirit of revolt, an impatient ardour of dominion, and a jealous horror of owning a superior. Thus the conquest was hardly over before it was followed by a war for possession.

In this calamitous state of the affairs of Spain, several noble Mussulmans, chiefs of Syrian and Egyptian tribes, assembled secretly in Cordova, determined to seek with good faith the means of putting an end to the existing evils. To attain this desirable result, they formed a plan for establishing an independent empire in the West, and severing the unnatural tie of dependance which connected the political existence of Spain with the Caliphate of Damascus. To effect this, they determined to call to the throne the youthful Abderahman, the last and only remaining descendant of

the dynasty of Omeya. His family had been driven from the throne, which they had possessed during many generations, by the rival Abbassides, like them descended from the prophet, and had been hunted like wild beasts, and cruelly put to death. Abderahman alone remained, and, passing from Syria to Egypt, where he led the wandering life and shared the toils of the Bedouin Arabs, he was at length driven by his hard fortune to take refuge among the tribe of Zeneta in Barbary. His mother had been of that tribe; and this circumstance, combined with his singular merit and unequalled misfortunes, secured him protection and hospitality. It was there that he received the embassy inviting him to take possession of Spain, and it was thence too that he set out at the head of seven hundred and fifty fearless cavaliers, furnished him by his friends, to reap an inheritance not inferior to the lost empire of his family.

Abderahman landed at Almuñecar in the beginning of 755. He was at once received by many Andalusian scheiks, who swore allegiance to him, taking him by the hand, as was the custom. An immense concourse of people, brought together by the occasion, set up the cry of "May God protect the King of Spain, Abderahman ben Moarie!" Abderahman was in the flower of manhood, full of grace and majesty, and with a figure not less prepossessing than noble. But, what was of more importance to him, he had been tried and proved in the school of adversity. He knew that the roving affections of the Arabs could be won only by brilliant actions, and that it was necessary to connect his name with glorious associations, and first to conquer his kingdom by dint of his own valour, that he might afterward have the right of governing it with wisdom and moderation. Abderahman carried the war wherever there was a show of resistance, and, placing himself at the head of his cavalry, was always found in the hottest of the

fight. In this way the conquest was soon complete, and Abderahman turned his attention to the arts of peace.

The empire, thus happily established by Abderahman, resisted and effectually defeated all attacks from the East, from Africa, and from within, and continued to flourish during more than two centuries, under a long and glorious line of Abderahmans, of Hixems, of Alhakems, and Muhamads; princes who sought to merit sovereignty in rising, by superior intelligence and brilliant qualifications, as far above the common level as they were already elevated over other men by the dignity of their station. Though the empire continued to maintain its lustre until the beginning of the eleventh century, it seems to have reached the summit of its power and glory in the reign of the third Abderahman, who raised to even higher eminence a name which had been so nobly borne by two predecessors. Possessing the chief, and at the same time the most fertile portion of the Peninsula, and master of Africa, under the title of Protector, he was one of the most powerful sovereigns of that or any other day. The extent of his possessions was no more than a fair measure of his wealth and resources, since industry, commerce, and the arts were everywhere in an advanced state of development. If it be considered that often, during his reign, he had armies in Gallicia, Catalonia, and Africa, and had at the same time frequent occasion to turn his arms against the rebellious governors of his frontier cities; and that, although he sometimes experienced reverses, he never failed to efface them by brilliant victories; that while he was occupied in the construction of his wonderful palace of Azhara, he also built many mosques, aqueducts, and arsenals, equipped squadrons and armadas, and that in addition to all these cares he found time to watch over the public instruction, and cherish the cultivation of science, we must admit that Abderahman was indeed a great king.

The principal revenue of Abderahman was derived from the disme, or tenth, which was received in kind of all the fruits of the earth, which must have been immense in a country where agriculture was so well understood and so highly honoured. This plentiful supply served to defray the expenses of so large a kingdom, and to maintain the court of Cordova in regal splendour. An idea of the magnificence of this court may be gathered from the fact, that the body-guard of Abderahman alone amounted to twelve thousand men. Two thirds of these were Andalusian and Zenetian horsemen, splendidly armed and mounted; the rest were Slavonian foot-soldiers, brought at a great expense from Constantinople, with whose emperors the kings of Cordova maintained the most intimate relations. These Slavonians were charged with the immediate guard of the king's person. He had likewise large companies of huntsmen and falconers, who were ever in attendance in the palace and at the camp, to supply the favourite amusements of the time.

The reign of Abderahman III. was not more glorious for the successful termination of the wars undertaken during its continuance, than for the enlightened protection extended by the king to learned men, and the rewards which he heaped upon those of his own country, as well as upon such as were drawn to his court from the cities of the East. Indeed, the king would have risen to distinction from his genius and poetical taste alone, even if his talents had not gained, as they did, by the lustre of royalty. He caused new schools to be everywhere founded for the instruction of youth, and established a university, where the sciences were publicly taught with a skill at that time unknown in any other part of Europe. Public justice was placed upon a simple footing, and made accessible to all, and no laws were used in the kingdom but the Koran, with which every one was familiar. The cadis decided accord-

ing to the dictates of this code. The criminal jurisprudence of the Arabs was even more simple and summary. The law of talion was applicable to every crime. This punishment might, however, be avoided by paying a certain sum of money, provided always that the aggrieved consented. The protection of these laws, together with the enjoyment of liberty, rights, and possessions, was equally extended to all, whether Mussulman, Jew, or Christian.

Commerce was on a flourishing footing; roads and bridges were constructed to facilitate the internal communication between the different parts of the kingdom, and a powerful marine was created for the defence of the coasts, and for the protection of trade. The ports of Seville, Cadiz, and Tarragona were constantly filled with departing and arriving vessels, and new ships were each year launched from the arsenals. Almeria, which lies east from Malaga, was still more frequented. It was there that the trade was carried on with the Levant, and that the rich commodities of the East were exchanged for the productions of Andalusia. This trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who were carefully protected by the Arabians.

Manufactures, which, from their flourishing condition in the time of the Romans, had fallen to the lowest state of depression and misery under the Gothic dominion, now rose again to eminence. The Arabs and Moors, who came together to the conquest, were ingenious, skilful, and industrious. They brought with them many arts then unknown in Spain; these they improved upon, as well as upon those which they already found there; and their ingenuity being stimulated by the novelties of their situation and of the surrounding objects, they were led to invent others. The Arabs excelled in the manufacture of arms and of woollen cloths; the Moors, in their beautiful mode of pre-

paring leather, weaving cotton, hemp, and flax, and especially in the manufacture of silk stuffs. Thus the Cordovan leather became famous throughout Europe, as it still is under the name of morocco, since the art, with those who practised it, has been driven beyond the Mediterranean; while the silks of Granada had such a high reputation in the East, that they formed a lucrative commerce to Syria, Egypt, and Constantinople. Though it is generally asserted that silkworms were not known in Europe until the twelfth century, when they were brought by Roger, King of Sicily, from the Holy Land, there is good reason for believing that they were found at a much earlier period in the kingdom of Cordova.

As for agriculture, every one who has been in Spain can testify to what the country still owes to the Arabs. With that primitive people, the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks were pursuits of peculiar predilection; and, by a happy coincidence, the rural economy of their native Arabia was well adapted to the soil and climate of the Peninsula, where, from the power of the sun and the frequency of droughts, irrigation is essential to fertility. The Arabs directed the course of the springs and streams with great labour and ingenuity, collecting the waters in vast reservoirs, whence they conducted them by earthen pipes or in open canals to the trenches of their fields. They also introduced that useful machine the noria, by means of which, where streams are not convenient, water may be raised from wells, and spread abroad upon the surface of the earth. Abderahman was well aware that agriculture was the great support of an abundant population, and consequently the true source of national wealth and power. He therefore encouraged by every means the strong bias of his people for the improvement of their lands. He assisted them by constructing reservoirs and aqueducts, and thus gave a new stimulus to the spirit of agricultural enterprise. He gave

them an example, in his immense gardens of Azarah, upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, of what could be done by taste and industry; for there the trees and plants of Africa mingled their foliage with those of Europe. The palm-tree and the banana grew beside the olive and the orange, which had been introduced into Spain at an earlier period; the sugar-cane sustained the helplessness of the vine. Like most of his subjects, the king had the simple and natural taste for plants and gardens; nor did he esteem it any degradation to labour with his own hands. Indeed, the most illustrious personages, and highest in dignity among the Saracens, loved to work in their own gardens, and to breathe a fresh and fragrant air under a shade of their own creation. Scarce was the short winter of Cordova over, when the country was peopled at the expense of the city; while such of the villagers in turn as were devoted to the care of flocks, commenced the wandering life of their Arabian ancestors, passing from province to province, and from mountain to mountain, in search of the freshest pasture. Conde says that these wandering shepherds were called *moedinos*; and he supposes that a corruption of this word has produced *merinoes*, the name given at the present day in Spain to the flocks which annually migrate from north to south.

This taste for gardens was combined with an equal bias for the pursuits of poetry. Verse-making may indeed be said to have been a mania among the Spanish Saracens. So prevalent was it, that extemporaneous versification, rendered easy, doubtless, by the character of the language and by a study of the art, was quite general among the wits of that country. Several pieces of the kings of Cordova, preserved in contemporary histories, have been translated from the Arabic by Conde, and are full of grace and fancy. The learned men, historians and poets, formed themselves into academies, assembling at stated periods, to augment the

general stock of learning and science by free intercourse and by the clash of discussion. Nothing, however, so greatly tended to promote the cause of knowledge among the Arabs, as the public library established in Cordova by Alhakem, the son of Abderahman, and afterward his worthy successor. It contained all the known works upon the sciences, history, eloquence, and poetry. To collect it, he sent agents, charged with the purchase of books, into Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Persia. The palace of the prince was ever open to the wise of all countries, who were made to promise, before they took leave, to procure all the rare, curious, and instructive works of which they had any knowledge. He himself classed the library in compartments, according to the various subjects, and the tables of reference alone are said to have filled forty-four volumes of fifty leaves. This occupation was with the virtuous Alhakem but an episode to the cares of state; for Abderahman, who lived to a great old age, would have no other minister than his son, whom he sought to compensate in this way for the long privation to which he was subjected by the protraction of his own reign. He used often to say to him, good-humouredly—"It is at the expense of thy reign, my son, that mine is prolonged." But when it at length ceased, and the good king bade adieu alike to the cares and enjoyments of life, it was too soon for Spain and for Alhakem.

So greatly had the population of Spain increased, in consequence of the improved system of political and rural economy introduced by the Arabs, that there can be no doubt that the country which lies south of the Sierra Morena contained more inhabitants than are now found in the whole Peninsula. The city of Cordova naturally rose to the rank and standing worthy of the capital of so vast an empire. It abounded in public edifices; among which were six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, and eighty public schools. All the streets were paved, and pure water was

conducted from the mountains, in pipes of lead, to supply the public fountains which stood at every corner. Lofty embankments resisted the overflowing of the Guadalquivir, and furnished, at the same time, a planted promenade for the public recreation. There were likewise many washing-places, and troughs for cattle and the cavalry; while no less than nine hundred public baths were kept constantly in order, to maintain health and cleanliness among the people, and facilitate the observance of the ablutions prescribed by the Koran. The million of inhabitants ascribed by the Arabian historians to Cordova is, doubtless an exaggeration. Yet the city must have been immense, to judge from the size of other places of far inferior importance under the Arab domination. Seville had four hundred thousand inhabitants, and Granada counted the same number when taken by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The picture we have given of the kingdom of Cordova, drawn after the fanciful descriptions of the Arabian historians, as compiled by Conde, whom we have sometimes translated literally, may perhaps convey an exaggerated idea of its wealth and power. Indeed, it may rather be considered to have attained a high degree of civilization, in reference to the other nations of that day, than when compared with those of our own. Yet, if an extensive development of local advantages and of the bounties of nature, combined with a flourishing, dense, and happy population, convey the idea of civilization, then does this qualification belong in an eminent degree to the Arabian kingdom of Cordova.

The empire lost nothing in the happy reign of Alhakem, and in the decline of the dynasty under the weak Hixem, it gained a new and unknown lustre from the brilliant qualities of Muhamad, surnamed Almanzor, or the Conqueror, who, with his son Abdelmelic, grew up beside the throne, like the mayor of the palace in France, to wield the power

of royalty without assuming the name. But on the demise of father and son, in the beginning of the eleventh century, the kingdom, which had long involved the elements of dissolution, crumbled at once into pieces; and the ambitious walis, or governors of fortresses and districts, at once asserted that independence at which they had so often aimed. Thus Spain was soon broken into as many petty kingdoms as there were principal towns; and Cordova even fell so low as to become a secondary city of the kingdom of Seville.

The Christians, who had hitherto been tolerated in the mountains of the north, did not fail to profit by this division of their enemies. Sometimes they attacked them openly; sometimes they espoused the cause of one king for the sake of plundering another. In this way, by slow yet certain steps, the Christians advanced into the plains, and gradually won back a good portion of the lost land of their ancestors. At length, in the thirteenth century, the Castilians, urged on by the brilliant destinies of St. Ferdinand, began to cross the Sierra Morena, and fixed their habitations upon the banks of the Guadalquivir. In 1236, the governor of Ubeda was informed that Cordova was scantily garrisoned. Not less brave than skilful, he formed at once the project of possessing himself of the city. The governor of Andujar approved the plan, and agreed to share the dangers and glory of the enterprise. Having set forward secretly, they arrived in the dead of the night at the eastern side of the city. The scaling-ladders were at once placed against the ramparts, and having answered the challenge in Arabic, they mounted to the summit and laid the sentinels dead at their feet. Then getting possession of a neighbouring tower, they were first in a situation to maintain a siege, and then to become besiegers. Ferdinand had received timely information of the projected enterprise, and soon arrived before the walls with a numerous army. The inhabitants fought bravely so long as there was any prospect of suc-

cess ; but, without succour from without, resistance was unavailing. As there was no hope of any such relief, they determined to procure the most favourable terms by an immediate capitulation. The Christians were aware of the famished condition of the inhabitants, and would therefore grant them no other boon than life, and the liberty of going away whithersoever they would. At the same moment, therefore, that the sainted king rode proudly into the city, surrounded by captains and cavaliers, the whole population moved away to make room for the victor. Hundreds of thousands of miserable beings turned their backs upon their homes, the homes of ten generations of their ancestors ; the high-born, the far-descended, the rich, and the luxurious, sank at once to a level with the beggars which had fed for years in their courtyards.

Unmindful of these scenes, the first care of Ferdinand was to erect a cross upon that wonderful mosque, the most revered in all Spain. The interior of the building was then cleared of the symbols of the Mahometan superstition, and purified. Altars were erected, the *Te Deum* was sung by the assembled army, and mass celebrated. Nor did the king forget that more than two centuries before, when the great Almanzor got possession of Santiago de Compostella, in Galicia, that he took the bells from that venerated shrine, in which the remains of the blessed apostle St. James are said to repose, and caused them to be brought upon the backs of Christians to Cordova, where they were suspended as trophies to the roof of the mosque. He now caused them to be taken down from their station, and carried back by Moors to Santiago.

When the inhabitants were gone, Cordova remained desolate ; the grass started up in its streets and in its courtyards, and the cooling music of its fountains now murmured unheard. The cattle had been driven homeward by the returning conquerors, and the face of the country no longer

teemed with men and animals. The plough stood still and rusted in its furrow. It is one thing to sweep off, and another to restore a numerous and flourishing population. At length, by grants of houses and lands, with exemption from taxes, a few thriftless people were induced to emigrate from other parts of Spain, and settle in the newly-conquered region. The descendants of these men form the scanty population of the country, as it exists at the present day.

Cordova must, from its situation alone, be ever a delightful place. But, as a city, it has small claims to beauty, being everywhere surrounded by walls, in which the works of Romans, Vandals, Goths, and Arabs are connected by a modern patchwork. The extent of Cordova is the same now as in the day of its greatest prosperity, although it contains but little more than thirty thousand inhabitants. The walls remaining the same, the houses have shrunk from each other, and put themselves more at their ease; so that most of them have a vacant lot beside them, which is laid out as a garden. Here one may find the fruits and flowers of the tropics flourishing unprotected in the open air, and living in fellowship and harmony with all the productions of the temperate climes. The peach, the pear, and the apple, the orange, lemon, fig, and even banana-tree, all attain an equal perfection. But the most singular feature in the gardens of Cordova is the lofty palm, which is seen towering far above trees, walls, and house-tops. The palm is indeed among the first objects which the traveller discovers as he approaches Cordova, and for a moment he fancies that he is about to enter some African or Asiatic city.

It is said that all the palm-trees in Spain, and they are very numerous in Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia, proceeded from the one planted by the first Abderahman in his favourite garden upon the bank of the Guadalquivir. He had erected in the same place a lofty tower, from whose summit the eye took in a wide view of the surrounding

country. The amiable prince loved frequently to climb in the evening to the top of his tower, and to contemplate from the eminence the outspread beauties of one of the fairest spots in the vast domain won by his own valour. When his eye, wearied with roving over the remoter objects of the landscape, returned to dwell upon the plainer beauties that lay below, and especially upon his favourite palm-tree, touched with the tender recollections of his lost country, he would exclaim, in words which fancy could scarcely have suggested—"Beautiful palm-tree! thou art, like me, a stranger in this land; but thy roots find a friendly and a fertile soil; thy head rises into a genial atmosphere; and the balmy west breathes kindly among thy branches. Thou hast now nothing to fear from evil fortune, while I am ever exposed to its treachery! When cruel fate and the fury of Abbas drove me from my home, my tears watered the palm-trees which grew upon the banks of the Euphrates. Neither the trees nor the river have preserved the memory of my sorrows. And thou, too, beautiful palm! hast also forgotten thy country!" The palm-tree is almost the only object that now remains to call to mind the glorious days of Cordova and the dominion of her Abderahmans. The eye turns from the surrounding objects to dwell upon it with pleasure; and fancy for a moment forgets the present, amid the associations of the past.

But the palm-tree should not make us slight the orange, which, after all, furnishes the fairest ornament of the gardens of Cordova. This tree is nowhere seen in greater perfection than here, where it does not require man's sickly assistance, but, left to its own energies, grows up thick, and sturdy, and wide-spreading. It does not reach the height of the cherry, but has a larger trunk, an equally regular and symmetric growth, and a more impervious foliage. The Cordovese are used to leave the oranges unplucked from season to season. Thus, in the middle of April, I

found the trees covered with fruit, at the same time that the blossoms were ripe and falling. Nothing in nature could be more enchanting than to gaze upon these noble trees, crowned at once with plenty and with promise, the rich verdure of their foliage blended with golden fruit and silver flowers. Their branches, too, sometimes projected over the garden walls, so that many of the streets were white with the falling blossoms. These, being trod by the passers by, combined with the spicy aroma of the foliage to load the air with the most delicious exhalations.

The streets of Cordova are almost all short, narrow, and very crooked, as is the case in all the Spanish cities where the Arabs were long established; for wheeled carriages were not in use among them, and, coming as they did from a warm climate, they made their streets narrow, that the projecting roofs of the houses might effectually exclude the rays of the sun. They are, however, kept quite clean, and the houses are neatly whitewashed, with each its latticed window beside the portal, and overhead a projecting balcony, filled with daffodils, carnations, and roses, and now and then a young lemon-tree, amid the foliage of which you may often catch sight of the full black eye and sunny cheek of some brown beauty, as rich as the ripe fruit that grows beside it.

The only remarkable object to be seen in Cordova is the mosque, which Saint Ferdinand converted into the cathedral of a bishopric. It is one of the most singular structures in the world. The mosque of Cordova was erected after the establishment of the Western Caliphate by its founder, the first Abderahman. He resolved to give his capital the finest mosque in the world, superior in splendour to those of Bagdad and Damascus, and a worthy object of veneration among the believers, like the Caaba of Mecca, reared by the hands of Abraham and Ismael, and the Alaska, or temple of Resurrection in Jerusalem. He is said himself

to have traced the plan, and even to have laboured an hour each day with his own hands, in order to give an example of diligence to the workmen, and of humiliation and piety to his people. The Arabian historians give a brilliant description of this wonderful temple. They say that it had thirty-nine naves one way by nineteen the other, and that these naves were sustained upon one thousand and ninety-three columns of marble. On one side were nineteen gates; corresponding to the naves. The central one was covered with plates of gold; the others with bronze, beautifully decorated. The minarets terminated in gilt balls, surmounted by golden pomegranates. This vast edifice was lit by four thousand seven hundred lamps, of which the oil was perfumed with amber and aloes. Such is said to have been this mosque in the time of the Arabs; it is much easier to vouch for and determine its present appearance.

The exterior of the cathedral offers a quadrangle of six hundred and twenty feet by four hundred and forty. The walls are about fifty feet high, of hewn stone, and very solid. They are perfectly plain, without columns or other ornament, and terminate at the top in alternate squares and vacancies, like the loopholes of a turret. The wonder of this building, however, lies within. Here you find yourself in a perfect forest of columns, laid out in twenty-nine parallel rows. They are still more than four hundred in number, although many have been removed to make room for the choir and for chapels. These columns are of different forms and thickness, as well as of different materials; some being of granite, others of serpentine, porphyry, jasper, and marbles of every kind and colour. They are supposed to have been collected from different parts of the Peninsula, where the Greeks, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans had cut them from the quarries to adorn the temples of their gods. When thus brought together

with infinite labour, they were sawn of equal lengths, and then placed erect upon the pavement without any bases. Singular capitals, in rude imitation of the Grecian orders, surmounted the columns and sustained arches thrown from column to column, and connecting the whole fabric. On these arches rested originally a light roof of wood; but a century or two ago the building underwent many changes. The wooden roof was removed, and a second series of arches was thrown over the lighter ones of the original construction. But the most remarkable alteration that then took place was the erection of an immense Gothic choir, which rises like a distinct church in the centre of the quadrangle. It may be that at the same time ten of the naves were likewise removed, to make room in front of the cathedral, which would at once account for the difference in the number of the naves and columns, as described by the Arabs, and as they are found at the present day. Where the original walls remain untouched, they are covered with a profusion of minute ornament, worked upon a surface of plaster, and which represent sentences from the Koran, intertwined with wreaths and garlands.

On one side of the cathedral is still found the spacious garden planted by the third Abderahman, and which now serves as a vestibule to the temple. Over the portal which gives admittance to this place is still seen an Arabic inscription from the Koran, beginning with, "O true believers! come not to prayers when ye are drunk," and which the curious and laughter-loving may read at large in the chapter entitled Women. The area is surrounded by high walls, within which are some very large orange-trees, said to be contemporaneous with the Moors. When I saw them they were loaded with fruit and flowers, and enlivened with the music of many birds. To complete the charms of the spot, there are several fountains of gushing water, ever falling into marble basins, which are filled with glis-

tening shoals of gold and silver fish. The main entrance to the mosque lay through this grove, and it was probably intended by this display of natural attractions to banish the recollection of the world without, and sooth the passions of the believer on his way to prostrate himself in the presence of his God.

One of many visits that I made to the cathedral was on Sunday, at the celebration of grand mass. It was Easter-Sunday. The faithful were crowding to the sanctuary; the dignitaries of the cathedral were all present; the choir was full, and the bishop himself stood ready to officiate, with crosier, and mitre, and all the pomp of episcopacy. The Passion Week was past; the sufferings, the agony, the death of Christ had been commemorated, and now they had come together to celebrate his resurrection from the dead. Mortification, and sorrow, and restraint were forgotten; happiness was in every heart, and joy upon every countenance. The noble organ was touched by a master hand, while the stringed instruments, the bassoons, and the various and well-practised voices harmonized in the softest symphonies, or swelled into a pealing chorus that resounded through the lofty choir and countless naves. As I glanced round upon the work of Abderahman and the temple of Mahomet, over which thousands of lamps once shed a noontide effulgence, and whose pavement had been so often strewn by the prostrate bodies of tens of thousands of Moslems, I felt half bewildered by the singularity of the associations. This mosque was the third in veneration among the Mussulmans, being only inferior to those of Mecca and Jerusalem. It was customary among the true believers to make pilgrimages between Cordova and Mecca.

The afternoon before leaving Cordova I went to visit a very famous hermitage, situated about five miles from the city, in the last range of the Sierra Morena. An old porter, who had shown me all the wonders of Cordova, was to

have been my guide to the desert ; but as he did not come at the appointed hour, I grew impatient and started alone, determined to inquire the way. As I passed through the beautiful public walk which lies without the gate, in the direction of the Sierra, a cut-throat looking group of three or four occupied the stone benches beneath the trees, and while one of them smoked his cigarillo, the others were stretched flat upon their faces, enjoying a siesta, under the influence of the shade, and of a gentle breeze which blew refreshingly from the mountains. Leaving the city walls, I struck at once into the road, which had been pointed out to me the day before, as leading to the hermitage. I had not gone far, however, between waving fields of wheat and barley, before I discovered that I was closely followed by an ill-looking fellow ; the same I had seen smoking upon the bench. This alarmed me ; for the porter had told me several stories of people who had been robbed and beaten in this short pilgrimage ; indeed, he had shown an unwillingness to go on this very account. It at once occurred to me, that if the fellow intended any treachery, it would be easy for him to spring upon me unseen from behind ; so, crossing to the opposite side of the road, I slackened my pace suddenly, and allowed him to go past. But he did not seem to like this new station in advance any better than I liked mine ; for he presently seated himself by the roadside, and when I had once more got before him, he again resumed his journey. This looked very suspicious ; I laid my hand at once upon a dirk which I had of late occasionally carried in my erratic rambles by day and night, and, turning towards the fellow who thus pertinaciously followed my footsteps, I awaited his approach. He was quite a young man, but sturdy and athletic, with a soiled and neglected dress, and as dogged and ill-favoured a face as I had seen for many a day. He passed the second time without noticing me ; and, on coming to a fork a little farther on, where, as

is frequent in such situations, a rough stone cross bore testimony to some act of violence, he took a different road from the one leading to the hermitage. It might be that, seeing me on my guard, he intended to join his comrades and waylay me in the cork wood farther on, or else upon my return to Cordova. I did not like the appearance of things, and still less to turn back from my undertaking; so I pushed on briskly, beginning to ascend the mountain.

The level lands, covered with grain, and pasture, and fruit-orchards, now gave place to a rugged, rocky steep, covered with brambles interspersed with a scattering growth of cork-trees and algarrobos, which soon concealed the hermitage from my view. As I advanced, the beaten road gradually branched into several paths that wound among the trees. In such a case it was very easy to miss one's way, and, as bad luck had of late presided over my destinies, it was more than easy for me to miss mine. Thus perplexed, I chose the path which led most directly upward, until it brought me to a level spot, where there was a small farmhouse, surrounded by an orchard. There was nobody at home but a large mastiff, which gave me a very bad reception, springing at me fiercely, as I entered the gateway, the length of his chain, besides a sunburnt urchin, who was scarcely able to hear and answer my questions for the howlings of his noisy coadjutor. Discovering at length what I was in search of, he told me that the road to the desert lay a long way to the left, and that I could scarce get there with the sun. I knew that the little fellow must be mistaken, for there were yet two hours of day; and though overcome with the heat, the toil, and the vexation, I determined to persevere. The lad could not leave his home to accompany me the whole way, but he showed me the road, and, just before he left me, pointed to a sudden angle of the path, where an overhanging rock formed a cavern beneath, and told me that one Don Jose, a rich

mayorazgo of Cordova, whom he seemed astonished that I should never have heard of, had been plundered in that very spot of his horse, his purse, and his clothes, to his very shirt, and sent back to Cordova as naked as when his mother bore him. There was small encouragement in this parting information of my little friend; but I kept on, and, after many a winding turn up the side of the mountain, came at length to the gate of the hermitage.

It was situated upon one of the wildest ledges of the mountain, bounded on the southern and eastern sides by a precipice of fearful depth, and having on every other hand the world effectually shut out by an irregular wall, connecting and binding together the scattered rocks, which had been rudely thrown there by the hand of nature. Having rung at the gate, I was presently reconnoitred, through a small grated window, by one of the hermits, with a pale face and a long beard, who asked what I would have in a tone of meekness. I told him that I had come to see the Desert of Cordova. He disappeared to ask the permission of the superior, and soon after returned to give me admittance. My first sensation, on entering, was one of most pleasing disappointment. I had expected to find every thing within dreary and graceless, as became the abode of austere misanthropy; but instead of that, there were fifteen or twenty whitewashed cottages, nestling among the rocks, and almost overrun and hidden amid vines, fruit-trees, and flowers. Nature here was as savage as without; the rocks and precipices were of equal boldness; but man had been busy, and the rain and sun had lent their assistance. Indeed, vegetation could nowhere be more luxuriant, and the plants and flowers had a richness of colour and perfume that could scarce be surpassed.

On approaching the cottage of the hermano mayor, or chief brother, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome

reception. Like the other hermits, the hermano mayor wore a large garment of coarse brown cloth, girded round the middle with a rope, and having a hood for the head. The only covering of his feet consisted of a coarse shoe of half-tanned leather. Yet was there something in his appearance which would have enabled one to single him out at once from the whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expend itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such a one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive, who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance that has something saint-like and divine; and the adventurous artist who would essay to trace the lineaments of his Saviour, should seek a model in some convent of Trappists or Carthusians, or in the ethereal region of the Desert of Cordova.

When we were seated in the cell of the superior, he began at once to ask questions about America; for I had sent in word that a citizen of the United States asked admission, having ever found this character to be a ready passport. He had been on mercantile business to Mexico many years before, and had come away at the commencement of the revolution. He felt anxious to hear something of its present condition, of which he was very ignorant; and, when I had satisfied his curiosity and rose to depart, he gave me a little cross of a wood that had grown within the consecrated enclosure, and been rudely wrought by the hands of the hermits. He told me that, if troubles and sorrows should

ever assail me, if I should grow weary of worldly vanities, if the burden of existence should ever wax heavier than I could bear, I might leave all behind and come to that solitude, where I should be at least sure of a peaceful and a welcome home. Then, ordering a brother to show me every thing, he uttered a benediction, and bade me "Go with God!"

A good-natured friar of the convent of St. Francis in Cordova, who had come out to take the mountain air with two young lads, his relations, took his leave at the same time of the hermano mayor, and we all went the rounds together. The little chapel is under the same roof with the principal cell. It has been very much enriched by the pious gifts of such of the faithful and devout as have wished to secure an interest in the prayers of these holy recluses; for silver, gold, and precious stones are everywhere in profusion. As the Desert is dedicated to the Virgin, the altar of the chapel is decorated with a little painting of her, remarkable for the heavenly sweetness of its expression. I lingered long before this consecrated shrine. What a contrast between the dazzling splendours of that altar, and the humble garb and humbler mien of the penitents who lay prostrate before it!

From the chapel we went to see the different cottages of the brethren. They are very small, containing each a small sleeping-room, with a broad platform, a straw pillow, and two blankets for the whole bed-furniture. A second apartment serves as a workshop and a kitchen. Each brother prepares his own food, which consists of milk, beans, cabbages, and other vegetables, chiefly cultivated by themselves in the hermitage garden. There is a larger building for the instruction of novices, where they pass a year in learning the duties of their new life, under the tutelage of an elder brother.

Our conductor did not fail to lead us to the projecting

point of the ledge upon which the hermitage stands, near two thousand feet above the level of the city, and which is bounded on three sides by a fearful abyss. Hence you command a broad view of one of the fairest regions of Andalusia. A rock which occupied the spot has been hewn away, so as to leave a stone arm-chair just at the pinnacle. This stone chair has been occupied by sundry great personages ; among others the French Dauphin, and Fernando Septimo, who halted here to review a part of his kingdom on one of his forced marches to Cadiz. The august pressure which the chair had felt on former occasions, did not, however, hinder us from seating ourselves in turn, and gazing abroad upon the splendid panorama. The view was indeed a fine one ; the hour for contemplating it most auspicious ; for the sun had wellnigh finished his course, and was soon to hide himself, unclouded and brilliant to the last, behind a projection of the Sierra Morena. The country about us was broken and savage ; the precipices and ravines, the rocks and dwarfed trees, were thrown together in the utmost confusion ; but below the scenery was of the most peaceful kind ; for there the Campiña spread itself in a gentle succession of slopes and swells, everywhere covered with wheat-fields, vineyards, and fruit-orchards. The Guadalquivir glided nobly amid the white buildings of Cordova, concealed occasionally in its meanderings, as it wound round a slope, and emerging again in a succession of glassy lakes, which served as mirrors to the rays of the sun. The course of the river might, however, be constantly traced by the trees which skirted it, and by a broad range of meadowland sweeping back from the banks, and thickly dotted with cattle. In the distance rose the towering Sierras of Ronda and Nevada, the latter blending its snowy summit with the clouds. At its foot lies Grenada, blessed with a continual spring, and surrounded by that land of promise, that favoured Vega, over which the Genil and the Daro are ever scattering fertility.

But the pleasantest, if not the most interesting portion of our ramble, was when we came to wander through the garden. It was arranged in terraces, without much attention to symmetry, wherever the rocks left a vacant space, and levelled off to prevent the soil from washing away. These terraces were occupied by plantations of peas, lettuce, and cauliflowers, interspersed with fruit-trees, which seemed to thrive admirably; while the vine occupied little sunny angles formed by a conjunction of the rocks, between which it hung itself in festoons. Nor was mere ornament entirely proscribed in this little seclusion. There were everywhere hedges of the fairest flowers, dividing the beds and creeping along the rocks; so that here the perfumes of the parterre were added to the wild aromas of the mountain. The roses of white, of orange, and of crimson, formed, however, the chief attraction of the spot; for they had an unequalled richness of smell and colour. We were allowed to select a few of these beautiful flowers, which are in such estimation throughout Andalusia, that you scarcely meet the poorest peasant going to his daily toil without one of them thrust through his button-hole or lodged over the ear, his round hat being gayly turned aside to make room for it. This passion for roses is of course stronger among the women. They wear them in the folds of their hair, or at their girdles; and often hold them in the same hand that moves the fan, or else dangling by the stem from their teeth.

An occasion now occurred of seeing something of this, in the eagerness of the two lads, and even of their old uncle, who hastened to avail themselves of the privilege of carrying home each a bunch of flowers. One of these two lads had a pale, sickly, city look; the other was about thirteen, and one of the handsomest boys I had ever seen. He had come from Montilla with his sister, to spend the Holy Week in Cordova. It was the first time that he had been so far from home, and his city cousin and their common uncle,

the friar, had brought him out to see the wonderful Desert. He was dressed in the true *majo* style, as became the son of a sturdy cultivator, a low-crowned beaver, with the brim gracefully turned upward, and ornamented with tassels and variegated beads; a shirt, embroidered at the sleeves, the collar, and the ruffles; a jacket and breeches of green velvet, everywhere studded with gilt basket-buttons, with shoes and leggins of the beautifully tanned and bleached leather in use in Andalusia. The boy was enthusiastic in praise of the roses, which he allowed were finer than any to be found in Montilla, though but a little while before he had been eulogizing his native place, for the whiteness of its bread and the flavour of its wine.

By the time we had seen the garden, the sun had got low, and warned us that we had to sleep in Cordova. The friar had made himself acquainted with all my affairs; and finding that our roads lay the same way, he proposed that we should all go together. The proposition was gladly accepted, both for the sake of good-fellowship, and because I had not forgot the possibility of an encounter in the dark with the fellows who had shown a disposition to escort me in my outward journey. I took leave of the hermits and their peaceful abode with a feeling of good-will, which I had not yet felt in turning my back upon any religious community in Spain. These recluses take no vows at the time of their admission, so that they may return to their homes whenever they please. The *hermano mayor* had formerly been a wealthy merchant in Mexico, and afterward in Cadiz, which place, the friar told me, he had left some years before, to bury himself in this solitude. There was another hermit who had been there twenty years. He was a grandee of Portugal, and had given up honours and estates to a younger brother, to turn his back upon the world for ever. The rest of the brethren were vulgar men, chiefly peasants from the neighbourhood, who had been conducted to the

Desert by a deep-felt sentiment of piety, or by worldly disappointments and blighted hopes, or who had come upon the more difficult errand of escaping from the stings of remorse, and easing a loaded conscience by ceaseless prayers and unrelenting maceration. These humble brethren do not live by the toil of their fellow-men, but eat only the fruits of their own labour. Their wants, indeed, are all reduced to the narrowest necessities of nature. It may be that their piety is a mistaken one, but it certainly must be sincere; and if they add little to their own happiness, they take nothing from the happiness of others.

At the gate of the hermitage we met Fray Pedro, a lay brother and porter to the convent of our monkish friend, and who, like him, wore the blue habit of St. Francis. He had come out with the party to lead the mule, which was browsing among the rocks, and when he had caught it, we all set out on the descent. After winding by zigzag-paths half way down the side of the mountain, we came to a little rill, springing up under a precipice, and which had been made to fall into a stone basin. Here Fray Juan commanded a halt; and when old Pedro had come up with the mule, he took down the alforjas, and produced a skin bottle of plump dimensions, with some bread and a preparation of figs and other dried fruit, called *pandigo*, or bread of figs, which is made into rolls like Bologna sausages. This simple food needed no other seasoning than the keen appetite which the exercise and the mountain air had excited, to become very acceptable; nor did I wait a second invitation to join in, and take my turn at the wine-skin, as it rapidly performed the round of our circle. Fray Juan had probably done penance in the Holy Week, and doubtless thought the occasion a good one to bring up arrears; indeed, the skin lingered nowhere so long as in his hands, until at length he became as merry as a cricket. The remains of our repast being stored in the saddlebags, and old Pedro having mounted the mule, with

one of the lads before and the other behind him, we once more set forward. Fray Juan rolled his habit snugly round him, and tucked it under his rope girdle, so as to leave his thin legs unembarrassed, when he set off capering down the mountain, the most ludicrous figure imaginable. By degrees he cooled down with the exercise, and then went on more quietly, striking up a Royalist song of triumph to one of the old Constitutional airs. The others joined in at the chorus, and formed a music which in this mountain solitude was far from contemptible.

In this way we went merrily forward, and at sundown arrived at a huerta, or fruit-orchard and kitchen-garden, that lay in the road to Cordova. It belonged to the convent of St. Francis, and was kept by a friend of the friar. We walked in, and were well received by the farmer and his wife. The whole huerta was levelled off with a gentle slope, and in the highest part, near the house, was a large reservoir of mason-work, kept constantly full of water, by means of a never-failing brook, which passed along the outer wall, paying a tribute of fertility to many an orchard and garden in its way to the Guadalquivir. From the reservoir the water is sent at pleasure to any part of the field, in little canals formed along the surface of the ground, and thus the inconvenience of a drought is always avoided. The field thus furnished with the means of fertility was laid out with beds of vegetables, interspersed with date, fig, olive, orange, lemon, almond, peach, plum, and pomegranate trees. The orange and the lemon still preserved their fruits, and they, as well as many of the other trees, were likewise covered with leaves and blossoms, in the full pride of their vernal decorations.

On our return from walking round this delightful spot, we found that the woman of the house had placed a little wooden table by the side of the reservoir, and had prepared a salad for us, which, with bread, and sometimes meat,

forms the common evening meal in all Andalusia. We accepted this simple food with the same frankness with which it was offered ; and, seated under a wide-spreading orange, whose blossoms would now and then fall into our common dish, we talked, or ate, or amused ourselves in throwing bread to the goldfish that swam about in the reservoir, and now and then came to the top of the water to beg a part of our pittance. Whatever we did, it was all novel, all amusing to me ; and when we took leave of the unbought hospitality of this humble roof, and reached the streets of the city, where I bade a first and last farewell to my kind-hearted companions, it was with feelings of no common good-will towards every thing belonging to Cordova. Yet the Cordoveses are spoken of by writers of travels, and even by Antillon, the Spanish geographer, as wanting education and politeness, and being in fact a brutal people. Of this I saw nothing during my short stay in Cordova, although I had frequent occasions to ask my way in the streets of the meanest people. The only thing that struck me unfavourably among them, was an unusual number of royalist cockades.

CHAPTER VII.

SEVILLE.

Departure from Cordova—Gaffer George—The Galera—Travelling Companions—A Wagoner's Politics—Azhara—Ecija—Seville—Lodgings—Inmates—History of Seville—Appearance—Buildings—Cathedral—Giralda—Pictures—Murillo—Promenades—Peter the Cruel—Guzman the Good—Italica—A Poor Officer—Seville at Sunset.

CORDOVA being seen, the next thing was to think about getting forward in my journey ; and this I was the more anxious to do, that my lodgings in the chief posada, which stands next to the many-columned cathedral, were quite as miserable as they could possibly have been in the meanest caravansary of the days of Abderahman. The diligence which had brought me from Madrid had gone on without delay, and I had taken leave of my friendly companions, with the mutual promise of finding each other out, and talking over our misfortunes in Seville and Cadiz. The next diligence would not pass for a day or two ; so I determined to take some other conveyance which would carry me to Seville as quickly, and at the same time give me an opportunity of seeing something of the intervening country. It would have been too hot work with the cosarios, or regular trading muleteers, and my ride to Aranjuez had given me abundant experience in the way of carros. I therefore decided for the only remaining alternative, that of getting a passage in some galera on its way from Madrid to Seville. The master of the posada, to whom I made known my intentions on the night of my return from the Desert, told me that Tio Jorge, the galera-man, was then in the posada ; that his mules had rested the whole Sabbath, and

would go off for Seville with the better will the next morning after the matin mass ; adding, that he was sure he would receive "infinito gusto" from my company. Uncle, or rather Gaffer George, was accordingly sent for, and made his appearance in my room ; a tall, robust old man of fifty or sixty, with a weather-beaten, wind-worn countenance, which expressed a droll mixture of round-about cunning, combined with bluntness and good-humour. He was dressed in a well-worn jacket and breeches of changeable velvet, with coarse blue stockings ; an attire not at all calculated to improve his appearance, inasmuch as the old man was terribly knock-kneed, and had feet that were put together with as little symmetry ; for his shoes were everywhere pierced to make room for the projection of corns and bunions. Tio Jorge and the posadero sat down on either side of me, like allied armies before a besieged city. Thus hemmed in, I surrendered after half an hour's parley, and the capitulation being made for something less than double the common price, the two worthies went away to divide the excess over an alcarraza of vino tinto—a jug of red wine—leaving me, in return, a pious prayer for my repose—"Que usted descanse caballero !"

The next morning I was called at an early hour and summoned to the galera. And then it was, to my no small dismay, that I discovered that I was to be fellow-passenger with near twenty noisy officers, who the day before had kept the whole house in a continual uproar. The eight mules, too, which, according to Gaffer George's account, were so fat and arrogant, had as meager and broken-spirited a look as one can well conceive. Instead of lifting their heads impatiently, shaking their bells, and endeavouring to break away from the zagal, as valiant mules are wont to do, they stood mostly on three legs, with each his head resting on the rump of his antecedent, or on the neck of his companion, or else turned back wistfully in the di-

rection of the stable. The officers were all accommodated, and Gaffer George sat upon the front, just within the pent-house of reeds and canvass that covered the wagon, inviting me to enter with the most guileless countenance in the world. My trunk was already stowed, my bill was paid, and I had exchanged the parting adios with the landlord, the mozo, and the moza. There was no alternative; so, swallowing my vexation, I told the old man I would overtake him beyond the Guadalquivir.

The bridge, which was then emptying its current of market-people, men and women, carts, mules, and asses, in front of our posada, and over which I followed the galera, has served during many centuries to effect the passage of the Guadalquivir. It is of very massive construction, and has towards the centre a shrine containing the image of the patron of Cordova, the Archangel Raphael. A lantern hangs overhead, and is lit during the night for the convenience of such pious traversers of the bridge as may be disposed to kneel upon the pavement, and indulge in a passing devotion. This bridge and the present station of Saint Raphael were once the scene of a singular and terrible tragedy. Soon after the period of the conquest, the Moors of the neighbouring provinces of Africa revolted against the Arabs, and drove an army of Syrians and Egyptians, under Baleg ben Bakir, to the seacoast, whence they sought refuge in Spain. There Baleg was joined by certain factious chiefs, who were enemies of the emir Abdelmelic, and who persuaded him to raise the standard of revolt, under the pretext that the emir was about to declare himself independent of the Calif of Damascus. On hearing this unwelcome intelligence, Abdelmelic immediately mustered his forces, and marched against the rebels; but fortune betrayed him. His courage and self-devotion were of no avail, and, having lost the battle, he was forced to take refuge in Cordova. Baleg marched at once upon the

capital, and the treacherous inhabitants, purchasing safety at the expense of honour, revolted against Abdelmelic, seized upon his person, and tied him to a stake in the centre of this very bridge, over which Baleg must needs pass in his advance upon the city. The head of Abdelmelic was severed by the first assailant, and carried as an acceptable offering to the rebel chief, while the rest of the army took their way over the headless trunk of the murdered emir.

The Guadalquivir at Cordova is a considerable stream; but it is not deep, except in the season of freshets, when, like the other rivers of this mountainous country, it becomes very much swollen; for, being many hundred feet higher than the sea, its course is necessarily very rapid. As I now looked over the parapet, the bottom might be seen in several places, and I fully realized the possibility of the fact mentioned by Hirtius in the Commentaries, that Cesar, in the siege of Cordova, passed his army over the Guadalquivir upon a bridge constructed by throwing baskets of stones into the bed of the river, and connecting them with a platform of boards. We learn, however, from Pliny, that the river was navigable in his time as high as Cordova. This navigation had been long abandoned when Marshal Soult caused it to be reopened, to facilitate the transportation of military stores between Seville and Cordova.

When we had reached the left bank of the Guadalquivir, the galera struck into a fine wide road, which was originally constructed by the Romans. By-and-by, however, I began to tire of treading this classic causeway, and then crouched quietly into the narrow seat which Tio Jorge had offered me. Here I found my situation by no means so pleasant as in the galera of Manuel Garcia; for my present companions were not at all to my mind, and even had they been the best fellows in the world, there were too many of them. Among the number was a curate, who was going to

Seville to contend in the public convention for some one of several vacant livings, in the gift of the archbishop, and which were to be bestowed according to the relative merit of the candidates. The rest were all officers from Biscay, who had been apostolical guerrilleros in the late counter-revolution, and who were going to join the garrison of Algeiras. Though disposed to be as civil as they knew how, they were low fellows, with nothing of the officer in their manners and appearance, and had probably been bought over, from being distressed mechanics or broken-down shop-keepers, to rob, and plunder, and cut off heads, in the defence of the altar and throne. From our numbers we were necessarily stowed very closely. Indeed, the wagon could contain us all only by our fitting ourselves together like a bundle of spoons ; and when thus accommodated, it was utterly impossible to turn round, except by common consent.

This unpleasant state of affairs within the galera furnished an excellent excuse for descending frequently, and footing it onward during the greater part of the journey. The curate was of the same mind ; so we soon engaged in conversation. He was quite a handsome man of thirty, dressed in a round jacket and Andalusian hat, and retaining no other badges of his clerical office except breeches and stockings of black, with silver buckles at the knee and shoe-tie, and a silk stock streaked with violet. He was evidently a very good scholar ; and, though he knew very little about the present state of the world, could tell all about the days of antiquity. What, however, contributed most to render his company agreeable, was the extreme amenity and courtesousness of his demeanour. The regular clergy in Spain, and especially in Andalusia, are remarkable for the amiability of their manners ; a quality which they acquire by constant intercourse with society, and by close attention to all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable, as the only means of riveting and extending their influence.

Tio Jorge, likewise, furnished much amusement when he occasionally alighted to stumble up a hill ; for there was something very peculiar and original in his way of thinking. It seemed that he had contracted to carry the load of officers to Seville for a certain stipulated sum, which he now found, or pretended to find, deficient. This he endeavoured to make up by keeping them upon a low diet ; doubtless not without a view to the benefit of their health ; for they lay close all day, talking, singing, or sleeping, and taking little exercise. The officers in return passed alternately from jest to abuse ; and the old man retorted in the same strain, growling quite as loudly. As I was not obnoxious to the charge of having held him to a hard bargain, he took a pleasure in telling me his griefs ; nor did he fail to revile the officers, in a smothered tone, for their devotion to the priests and to royalty. He asked me if there were any chance that the English, who were then upon the Portuguese frontier, would march into Spain ; ten thousand "casacas encarnadas," or red-coats, would, he said, be sufficient to rally the whole country. I thought so too ; with this difference, however, that where one Spaniard would go over to the English, there would be two ready to knife them. "What a fine thing," he added, "would it not be, if the English were to blockade the whole of Spain ! There would then be no coasting-trade ; every thing would have to be carried inland. If they come, too, they will have a great deal of stores to carry ; a Spaniard will go barefooted through the bushes, and march all day upon a crust of bread ; but your Englishmen will only fight upon a full belly. To be sure they are heretics, and a little brutish withal ; but then they pay well. They give you few good words, but they count down the hard dollars."

As for the zagal of our galera, he was no other than the son of Tio Jorge ; Juan by name, which the soldiers, in consideration of his youthful years, converted into Juanito

and Juanico, when they wished to speak kindly, and into the "diminutivos despreciativos," or depreciatory diminutives of Juanillo and Juantonito, when they wanted to jeer him. The boy was indeed somewhat obnoxious to raillery, for he was quite as odd and oldfashioned as his sire. Though only in his fourteenth year, he had already filled the office of zagal nearly two years; and now walked almost every step of the way, cracking his whip and reasoning with the mules, from morning till night, notwithstanding the inconvenience of locomotion upon knock-knees and crooked feet; for the lad was his father's son, every inch of him, nay, to the very toes; a thing not always self-evident in Spain. Nor should I forget to mention the humblest of our whole party, a young Gallego, who did little offices about our vehicle for the privilege of having his bundle stowed in it, and of walking the whole day within the sound of our bells. This young man was wandering away from home, as the poor of his province are wont to do, in search of employment. They usually stay away ten or twenty years, and when they have accumulated a few hundred dollars, return, like the Swiss and Savoyards, to die quietly in their native mountains. He tendered me his services in the capacity of squire; but, though I afterward employed him in Seville, I declined the offer, from the consideration that it was quite as much as I could do to take care of myself. I afterward met him in the street at Cadiz, where he had got a place, having found many countrymen there in the service of the merchants, who employ them as porters, and trust them to the utmost extent, even to the collection and payment of moneys.

As we journeyed onward, I looked in vain for any remains of the wonderful palace of Azhara, constructed by the third Abderahman upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, a few miles below Cordova. The Arabian historians, translated by Conde, tell us that its walls and arches were sus-

tained upon no fewer than four thousand three hundred columns of marble. The pavement was composed of variegated marbles, cut in squares, circles, and diamonds; the walls were impressed with regular figures and inscriptions, intermingled with fruits and flowers; while the beams which sustained the ceilings were elaborately carved, and the ceilings themselves everywhere painted with gold and azure. Every apartment had one or more fountains of crystal water, constantly falling into basins of jasper, porphyry, and serpentine. In the centre of the great saloon was a large fountain, from the midst of whose waters rose a golden swan, which had been made in Constantinople, and over the head of the swan hung suspended a very large pearl, which had come as a present from the Emperor Leo; probably Leo the Philosopher, Emperor of the East. The curtains and tapestry were all of silk, embroidered with gold. Adjoining the palace were extensive gardens, planted with fruit-trees and flowers. They contained also groves of laurel and bowers of myrtle, which enclosed numerous baths and glassy sheets of water, in which the branches of the overhanging trees, the clouds, and azure sky, were seen again by reflection. But the great wonder of Azhara was the favourite pavilion of Abderahman, in which he used to repose after the fatigues of business or the chase. It stood upon the summit of a little knoll, whence the eye overlooked, without obstacle, the palace, the garden, the river, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. The columns which sustained it were of the choicest marble, and surmounted by gilt capitals, while in the centre stood a porphyry conch, which served as a reservoir to a jet of quicksilver. Whenever the rising or setting sun sent his rays upon the falling drops and ever-undulating surface of this wonderful fountain, they were reflected and dispersed in a thousand directions, with magical effect. This description of Azhara may seem exaggerated

and fanciful ; it may indeed be so ; but when one has seen the Court of Lions at Granada, which, in a quadrangle of one hundred and twenty-six feet by seventy-two, has one hundred and twenty-eight columns, and which, in addition to a single fountain of thirteen jets, has sixteen others, which may be discovered simultaneously ; or has wandered through the halls of the Alhambra, gazing with wonder upon the curious painting and gilding of the ceilings, and upon the surrounding walls, everywhere elaborately impressed with fruits, flowers, and inscriptions ; and finally, has witnessed the ruin wrought in the old palace by the lapse of little more than three centuries, there is little in this description to stagger the credulity. The fountain of quicksilver will appear the least wonder of all, if we remember that the mine of Almaden, in the neighbouring Sierra, produces annually twenty thousand quintals of that precious mineral

During the whole day's ride, the country through which we passed lost nothing of its beauty ; indeed, I had scarce ever witnessed a fairer scene than broke upon me when, after toiling up a hillside behind which the sun had just sunk to rest, we at length attained the summit. Before us stretched the storied Genil, winding its way at the bottom of a deep and verdant valley, too soon to lose itself amid the waters of the Guadalquivir. The river was traversed by a time-worn bridge, at whose extremity lay the city of Ecija, long a border fortress between Moors and Christians, and famous in many a roundelay. The walls which had once teemed with spears, with crossbows, and with fighting men, were now fallen or overgrown with ruins and brambles ; the clang of the trumpet and the shock of chivalry were exchanged for the low of herds, the bark of house-dogs, and the mournful toll of the angelus.

In modern times Ecija has founded its reputation chiefly upon a band of robbers, who lived and exercised their dep-

redations in and about the city ; rendering the name of the Seven Little Ones of Ecija, *Los Siete Niños de Ecija*, not less famous and formidable than that of the Forty Thieves. I knew a young noble of Ecija, a cadet in the king's body-guard, who was taken by them when a child, on his way to Madrid in a galera. He said they made all the passengers get down to search among the load, and, seeing that he was quite small, and a good deal frightened, they took him out and laid him on the grass by the roadside as carefully as though he had been a basket of eggs. It is a singular fact, that though these bandits were often pursued, and sometimes one or more of them were killed or taken, yet their number ever remained the same ; it was still The Seven Little Ones. After years of successful depredation, the fraternity has but quite recently disappeared. This long continuance is partly attributed to their not having wantonly murdered any of their unresisting victims ; but chiefly to the singular regulation, which they religiously observed, of dividing their spoil always into three equal portions. One of these portions was conveyed to certain *alcaldes* of the vicinity ; another to a convent of friars, who protected and concealed them ; while the remainder only was retained as the share of the Little Ones.

The second night of our journey was passed at *Carmona*, which is situated upon the pinnacle of a mountain, overlooking a rich and varied view of the valley of the *Guadalquivir*. This city was quite famous under the Romans, and was for a short time the capital of one of those petty kingdoms which sprung up in the decline of the Arabian domination. Besides Ecija and Carmona, we met but a few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms nor houses other than the public *ventas*. Though the soil was everywhere fertile and capable of nourishing a numerous population, yet it was in general very imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of

nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a high degree of prosperity under the Romans and Saracens, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the division of property; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors, to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. Hence the soil has to support not only the labourer who cultivates it, but likewise the idle landlord, who lives at court, spending his income there, and contributing nothing towards the business of production. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia. Other causes are found in the odious privileges of the mesta, in the exorbitance of the taxes, and in the vexatious system of raising them; in the imperfect state of internal communications, and in the thousand restrictions which check circulation at every step. Not to mention the clergy, the convents, and the robbers, have we not already causes enough of ruin and desolation?

Early on the third day of our journey from Cordova, a more careful cultivation announced our approach to Seville, which we presently discovered in the plain before us, conspicuous by its lofty and far-famed Giralda. Towards noon we entered the suburbs of the city, and kept along the road which follows the arches of the aqueduct. In passing the front of the tobacco-manufactory to reach the southern gate, I noticed on our left the naked carcasses of six horses, which a noisy congregation of crows and dogs were hastening to devour. These were the victims of a bullfight that had taken place the day before. At the gate we were made to stop and deliver our passports. Here, too, we were encountered by the wife of Tio Jorge, a withered and dark-skinned old woman, who came forth to meet her husband; bringing in her hand a thing rolled in a bun-

dle, which proved to be a diminutive baby, the child of their old age. Tio Jorge, when they had entered the galera, took the infant into his arms, and leaving Juanito between the head mules, which he guided with much dexterity through the narrow windings of Seville, he fell to kissing it with great earnestness, chuckling with pride and self-complacency as he gazed upon it; indeed, he seemed to have forgotten the mother, the mules, and Juanito, in his fondness for this imperfect production.

My first intention had been to take lodgings during my short stay in Seville in a posada which had been recommended to me by a friend; but the curate counselled me to go with him to a boarding-house, as I would there find more comfort, more retirement, and at the same time more society. I readily agreed to do so; and, leaving our baggage, we went forthwith in search of one. We had not gone far, with our eyes on the look-out for the required sign of "*casa de pupilos*," when, coming to a barber's shop, we walked in to make inquiries; for the barbers here, even more than elsewhere, know every thing. It was a barber's shop in Seville; and though the young man who rose to receive us, instead of the dangling queue and silken gorro of the genuine *majo*, his janty jacket and breeches covered with gilt buttons, his gaudy sash, well-filled stocking, and neat shoe-tie, was plainly dressed in an embroidered roundabout of green, with linen trousers, yet the towel thrown over his arm professionally, the brazen basin, scalloped at one side, which hung from the wall, ready to receive the neck of the subject, and to remind one of the helmet of Mambrino, but especially his vivacious air and ready civility, as he hastened to hang his guitar by its flesh-coloured riband upon a peg in the corner, announced the compeer of Figaro. So soon as he had learned our will, he stepped forth into the street, with the springy tread of one not unused to go forth in the fandango, proceeding to explain to us where we might

find what we were in search of, and asking us to take the trouble to go a very little way in this direction, and then give a "vueltacita—a very little turn" round the left corner, when we would find ourselves in front of a house kept by a widow lady, where we could not fail to be "a gusto." We thanked him for his advice, and having accepted his invitation to return to his shop when we should again require his service, professionally or otherwise, soon reached the house in question.

The outer door was opened as usual, and, on knocking at the inner one, it was presently jerked by a string from the corridor of the second story, so as to admit us into the central courtyard. "Pasen ustedes adelante, Señores—Please to pass onward!" was the next salutation; and taking the speaker at her word, we made a turn to avoid a noisy fountain, which stood in the centre of the court, and ascending the stairs, wheeled round the corridor to the front saloon. This room was an oblong, with two balcony windows on the street, which were shaded from the sun by awnings, or rather outer curtains of red and white stripes, placed alternately. The walls and rafters were newly whitewashed, and the tile floor looked cool and cleanly. Its furniture consisted of a marble table, surmounted by a looking-glass, besides an assortment of rush-bottomed chairs, the backs of which were prettily painted with French love-scenes. There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women, the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess, who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five-and-twenty; the next might be eighteen, a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy, Moorish complexion, and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Eciija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendours of the Holy Week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the sim-

plicity, and the prattle of the child, in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice, and figure of a woman. She looked as though she might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija; but had been awakened to new and unaccustomed feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sung, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste; for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, lest we should fare worse, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterward regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with a favourable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favourable mention. With these and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted; delighted with their looks, their words and actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from grandissimo to poquito and chiqui-ti-ti-to. Every thing is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana; she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

There was one thing, however, in my situation in this family, which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window towards the street, and a door opening into the courtyard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bedchamber, and the bedchamber of the old lady and of the

three niñas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall between my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling ; nor, indeed, more than two thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool ; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear every thing that was going on next me. We used to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly every night before going to sleep ; and presently I used to hear the old lady snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour, and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the cracking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbours turned over ; or, maybe, on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision to a sense of disappointment.

But to return to graver matters: Seville is by far the largest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. Nor is it surpassed by any province of the Peninsula, except perhaps Valencia and Granada, in fertility and abundance. It has mines of silver in the neighbouring Sierra, and produces everywhere generous wines and fruits of delicious flavour. The wheat of this kingdom, though unequal in quantity to the domestic consumption, is of the very finest quality. Whether the wheat of Spain has a superior degree of excellence over that of other countries or not, the bread always seemed to me sweeter and better than any other. This is especially the case in Seville, where the bread is unequalled for beauty and relish. It is not much raised, nor spongy ; but rather solid, with a close grain and rich colour. It re-

tains its freshness a long while; indeed, I have tasted some a week or ten days old, that had been sent as a present to Gibraltar, even then far better than the best I had ever eaten out of Spain. Oil is, however, the staple production of this kingdom. It has a strong taste, from the way in which it is purposely prepared. The pickled olives of Seville are the largest and finest in the world.

Seville, the capital of this kingdom, is situated chiefly on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, and has a bridge of boats connecting it with the suburb of Triana. This is a very old city; so old, indeed, that its foundation is ascribed to the Lybian Hercules, who makes a great figure in the fabulous history of the Peninsula. This is even set forth in an ancient inscription over one of the city gates. "Hercules me edifico; Julio Cesar me cerco de muros y torres altas; y el Rey Santo me gano con Garci Perez de Vargas—Hercules built me; Julius Cesar surrounded me with walls and towers; and the Sainted King gained me, with the aid of Garci Perez de Vargas." The sainted king was no other than Saint Ferdinand, who took Cordova from the Arabs; and as for Garci Perez, he was a right valiant cavalier, a second Cid, who, not only with word and voice, but also with lance and buckler, did many wonders in the siege of the city. Notwithstanding this very positive assertion, the origin of Seville is involved in a great deal of learned doubt, and certain antiquaries rather opine that it was built by Hispalis, whom Hercules left governor of Spain when he had subdued his enemies, and who called the new city by his own name. Others again will have nothing to do with either Hercules or his lieutenant; but ascribe the foundation of the city to the Phœnicians. At all events, Hispalis was a very important place in the time of the Romans. Pliny tells us that it was one of the four chief tribunals of Bætica; and we read, at an earlier date in the Commentaries, that when Cesar had gone to Cadiz, after

the capture of Cordova, the head of the elder of the two sons of Pompey, who had been made prisoner near Gibraltar, was brought to Seville and exposed on the walls, in order to strike terror into the turbulent spirits of that city. In the time of the Emperors the importance of Hispalis became somewhat eclipsed by Italica, which stood upon the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir, at the distance of five miles. It again recovered its preponderance, however, under the Arabian dominion; and, indeed, rose to a degree of wealth and greatness that it had never yet known. By the aid of the improved systems of rural economy, introduced by that industrious people, the country attained the highest state of development of which it was susceptible, and the population of the city alone is said to have risen to four hundred thousand souls. On the dismemberment of the kingdom of Cordova, Seville became the capital of an independent state, surpassing all the other petty kingdoms in extent, population, and power, and forming the largest fragment left from the wreck of that once mighty empire. Though almost constantly involved in wars with its Moorish or Christian neighbours, its prosperity continued to increase, and industry and the sciences to flourish in its walls, until the fatal period when Ferdinand, having made himself master of Cordova, at length turned his attention towards the conquest of Seville. Force and fortune followed the banners of the saint. The odds were fearful, and Seville soon opened her gates to the conqueror. The capitulation granted the inhabitants the privilege of preserving their property, and of remaining each in the quiet possession of his dwelling. One hundred thousand souls rejected the alternative, and, disposing of their property as best they might, passed into voluntary exile. Some went to Xerez; some to the Algarves; some to Granada; while others, sharing the adverse, as they had shared the more

prosperous fortunes of their prince, Cid Abu Abdala, passed with him into Africa.

Though occasionally the residence of the Castilian court, Seville continued fallen and unworthy of its former rank until the discovery of the New World, when it became the exclusive depot of the commerce to the colonies. So rigorous, indeed, was the monopoly enjoyed by Seville, that all ship-masters, from whatever ports of Spain they might have sailed, were compelled to bring their return cargoes to Seville, under pain of death. This valuable trade, and the concentration of wealth, population, and power which must have ensued, raised Seville to the highest rank among the cities of the Peninsula. Now, however, that these exclusive privileges have been long removed, and the other ports of Spain admitted to an equal participation in an expiring trade, Seville has dwindled from her former magnificence. Her population scarce amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and twenty-five hundred silk-looms alone survive the wreck of ruined industry. As for her commerce, it is now reduced to a petty trade with Barcelona and some other Spanish ports, with occasionally a foreign arrival. Seville may even be said to have fallen far below its fair value; for, situated as it is, near a hundred miles in the interior of a country where the productions of the temperate harmonize with those of the tropical climes, and which, for natural riches, knows no superior in Europe, and upon a noble stream, which might easily be rendered navigable again for large ships, it is eminently calculated to hold a high station as an agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial metropolis.

Seville is by no means a handsome city; nay, so far as mere beauty is concerned, it may scarce be admitted to the rank of mediocrity. It is flanked on every side by ragged gates and towers, which bear the impress of every age from a period anterior to the Christian era; and its streets

have been rendered narrow, crooked, and irregular, by the long residence of the Saracens. Notwithstanding all these defects, it is not entirely destitute of the grandeur belonging to a great city. Among a countless number of churches, chapels, and oratories, one hundred convents, and other public edifices in proportion, all of which offer some interest in the way of architecture, paintings, or historic associations, there are a few which attract more particularly the attention of the traveller. Among this number is the cannon-foundry; an immense establishment, where have been cast some of the most beautiful brass pieces in the world. It is still in operation, though Spain is no longer troubled with the task of fortifying the many strongholds of the New World. The tobacco-manufactory is in the outskirts of the city. It is a noble pile, of quadrangular form, and very solid construction, which, with the deep trench that surrounds it, and the drawbridge that rises every night and insulates it completely, give it the appearance of a fortress. Here is prepared the tobacco sold exclusively by the government in Spain. This oppressive system causes an extensive contraband trade, with much misery and more vexation. As for the establishment in question, it produces a revenue to the crown, which might be raised at half the expense in some other way. It further furnishes a semi-sinecure to a swarm of idle officers, and a vast seraglio to some dozen or two of old fellows, who strut round with cigars in their mouths, superintending the labours of many hundreds of young women, whom they search minutely every night as they go over the drawbridge, to see that they have no tobacco concealed. The Lonja, or Exchange, is the most regular and beautiful building in Seville; in it are collected all the documents relating to the Indies, and here is also seen the only original portrait of Columbus. It was deposited here by his descendant, the Duke of Veragua, as the most proper place for the preser-

vation of a thing so precious; for the Lonja is indestructible, the ceilings being vaulted and the floors paved. It is to be deeply regretted that this painting was found in the family gallery in a defaced condition, and having been retouched, the reality of the resemblance has become a matter of learned disputation. The Alcazar, often the residence of the Castilian kings, and the favourite abode of Peter the Cruel, is a most singular edifice, composed of a confused pile of Gothic, Arabic, and modern constructions. The inhabitants find a favourite promenade in the equally singular gardens which lie adjacent; once the lounging-place of the lovely Eleanor de Guzman, Maria Padilla, and the ill-fated Blanche of Bourbon.

The Marine Academy is pleasantly situated without the walls of the city. This institution was founded by Ferdinand Columbus, to educate a number of young men, with the view to their becoming masters of merchant ships. They pass several years in making a good theoretical study of navigation, and in learning seamanship from a number of very good books, aided by a little antique frigate, suspended upon a pivot in one of the rooms, which they tacked and veered for me with surprising dexterity. The absurdity of this system is self-evident. In the merchant service, the future master must learn the science of navigation while he is yet in a subordinate station, either in the intervals of his voyages, or, better, from his superiors during their continuance. This is the mode practised in the United States, whose ships sail more safely, more expeditiously, and more economically, than those of any other nation. In the military marine, where a higher order of professional excellence is required, where the skill of the thorough-bred sailor must be added to the science of the mathematician, and the gentlemanly accomplishments which raise a national character in the eyes of strangers, the necessary education can scarcely be acquired except in an

academy, where theory should go hand in hand with practice, and where daily studies on shore should be alternated by daily exercise on board ship; not a ship moored head and stern, like the school of practice at Toulon, nor built upon terra firma, or rather on the tops of trees, as at Amsterdam; but a genuine little ship, that could loose her sails, and lift her anchor, and turn her back upon the land at pleasure. The periodical vacations, everywhere found necessary to relieve the mind of the student, might consist in little coasting-voyages, which should at the same time be rendered parties of pleasure. This would furnish the young men with much minute information concerning their native coasts, which older sailors, engaged in the ordinary business of the profession, have no means of acquiring. Nor should the adventurous aspirant after naval glory shun to launch out into the ocean, and learn thus early, in his little bark, to brave the element destined hereafter to become the scene of his triumphs.

But by far the most conspicuous monument of Seville is the cathedral. It is indeed famous in all Spain, where the three principal temples are thus characterized; "La de Sevilla, la grande, la de Toledo, la rica, y la de Leon, la bella." In Andalusia it even receives the disputed appellation of patriarchal. And, indeed, whether we consider its extent and proportions, or its pomp and ceremonial of worship, it is certainly one of the noblest temples in all Christendom. The extent of the church itself is four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty, with a central nave rising to an immense height. The endowment of this temple accords with the magnificence of its construction; for, so late as the last century, the archbishop received the handsome income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with a corresponding provision for two hundred and thirty-five canons, prebendaries, curates, confessors, musicians, singers, and levitical aspirants. Nor will this number of

dependants appear extravagant, if we remember that they have to officiate at no fewer than eighty-two altars, and perform five hundred masses on a daily average.

The exterior of the cathedral presents a grotesque grandeur, produced by the combination of three utterly different species of architecture. The church itself is of Gothic construction, partly erected at an earlier period than the eighth century. The sacristy is entirely in the modern taste, while the court and garden adjoining, with the thrice famous Giralda, date from the dominion of the Arabians. This wondrous tower of Giralda was built towards the close of the twelfth century, in the reign of Jacob Almanzor, by Algeber, a famous mathematician and architect, to whom the invention of Algebra has been attributed, and from whom it has been said to derive its name. Though this science is known to have existed many centuries before, yet it is very possible that he introduced it among his countrymen; for it first became known in Europe through the Arabian Spaniards, who cultivated mathematics so successfully, that when Alonso the Wise arranged the celebrated astronomic tables, which still bear his name, he got most of his calculations from the astronomers of Granada. Nor is there any good reason why Algeber may not have reinvented the science; for these things are not the accidental offspring of a single brain, but real, existing combinations, growing out of the state of science, and waiting the grasp of the master mind who leads the van of discovery. The Giralda originally rose to an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet, and was surmounted by an iron globe of prodigious size, which, being splendidly gilded, reflected and almost rivalled the brilliancy of the sun. Immediately beneath this ball was the gallery, whence the muezzins convoked the faithful to their stated devotions. The ascent of the tower is effected by a spiral stairway, without steps, and of such gradual inclination that a person walks up with scarce an effort,

as he would ascend a gentle hill. In more modern times, the globe has been removed, and a small tower of inferior diameter has been erected above, making the entire present height of the whole construction three hundred and sixty-four feet, more than two thirds of the higher pyramid. This immense and misshapen mass terminates in a colossal statue in brass, of a female, intended to represent the Faith. This is the famous Giralda, or weathercock, one of the great wonders of Spain, and the subject of many a poetic allusion. It is certainly a little singular that any good Catholic should have thought of setting the emblem of his faith up for a weathercock, to turn about with every change of wind; though the different destinies which have ruled Seville, and the widely different religious usages with which this same tower has been associated, all point to the possibility of variation. As I walked up the winding hill which leads to the tower, it was evident to me that two cavaliers, accoutred with spear, shield, and helmet, and mounted upon their war-horses, might easily ride side by side to the top of the tower, as is said to have been done on more than one occasion. And as for the Knight of the Mirrors, though he told Don Quixote many a lie, he was at least within the bounds of probability, when he recounted his adventure with the giantess Giralda. From the gallery at the top of the tower, too, one may estimate the difficulty and danger of the fearful feat executed by that wild warrior, Don Alonzo de Ojeda, as related by Irving in his *Life of Columbus*. The view from this immense elevation is necessarily a fine one. The huge cathedral below, and round about it the city with its many churches, its hundred convents, its Alcazar and Amphitheatre; without these, the ancient walls and time-worn turrets of Hispalis; the masts, yards, and streamers of the vessels in port, and the leafy promenades that offer shade and shelter for the daily and nightly exercises of the Sevillans, and, in the remoter portions of the

panorama, a vast tract of level country traversed by the winding Guadalquivir, all combine to furnish a delightful picture.

But to return to the interior of the cathedral; it is very rich in paintings, statues, and relics, and contains the tombs of many cavaliers, whose names are deservedly dear to the Spaniard. Here rest the remains of Ferdinand Columbus, a great benefactor of Seville; of Maria Padilla, the guilty mistress, or, as some say, the unhappy wife of Peter the Cruel. Here, too, may be found all that could die of Saint Ferdinand, by whom the cathedral was conquered and consecrated; a man, according to Father Mariana, who was endowed with all the personal gifts and mental acquirements that any one could desire; of whom it was doubted whether he excelled for goodness, greatness, or good fortune. So pure, indeed, were his manners, that they won him while living the surname of Santo, and caused him after death to be regularly enrolled upon the list of the beatified. One of his saintly qualities was his detestation of heresy, which was so great that he personally performed the drudgery, on more than one occasion, of carrying wood to the bonfire of an unbeliever.

A far finer sight, however, than all these marble heaps that cover the bones of the departed, is found in the many beautiful paintings that adorn the walls and chapels of the cathedral. They are above all praise. It is, indeed, only in Seville that one may properly appreciate the school of Seville; a school which would take precedence of all others, if the successful imitation of nature were made the standard of excellence. This school owes its chief celebrity to Murillo, who was born in Seville, like his great master Velasquez, and spent the greater part of his life in painting for the churches, convents, and hospitals of his native city. Scarcely is there a public edifice there that does not contain something from the pencil of this great man. The

Hospital of Charity, near the bank of the river, is especially rich in these precious productions. Among the number are the return of the Prodigal Son, and Moses smiting the Rock in Horeb. The men, women, children, and even the beasts of the thirsty caravan, are drinking with a joyful avidity, that gives almost equal delight to the spectator, brought, by the aid of genius, into the presence of the scene. Here too was originally placed the wonderful painting of Saint Isabella healing the sick, which was carried to Paris by the French, and unjustly retained by the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, when subsequently restored after the second fall of Napoleon. This is to be regretted, for it is now considered by many a disgusting picture ; whereas, if contemplated in the Hospital of Charity, which doubtless furnished the originals of those loathsome wretches who still live and suffer after the lapse of nearly two centuries, the beholder would only be alive to the perfection of the copy.

Campana's famous Descent from the Cross now hangs in the cathedral. It is a noble painting, not unlike nor altogether unworthy of being compared to the great masterpiece of Rubens. Murillo greatly admired it ; indeed, he begged that he might be buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, where it then was, and directly opposite the painting. He used to come almost daily to gaze upon it ; and when once the sexton asked him what he was seeking, he answered, "I am waiting until they shall have finished taking down that blessed Saviour from the cross—*Estoy esperando que acaben de bajar de la Cruz a ese bendito Señor!*"

As we shall have occasion to recount a few unpleasant tales of Don Pedro, sometimes called *El Justiciero*, but more frequently the Cruel, it may not be amiss to tell one in his favour, connected with this same cathedral. It is, perhaps, the only occasion on which Peter leaned to the side of mercy ; and the opportunity of being witty and offering a courteous retort may have had much to do with

It. It chanced that in his day there lived in Seville a canon of the cathedral; not the only one who took pleasure in recommending himself in every way to the notice of the fair; but, more than any other canon in Seville or in Spain, nice in his dress, and devoted to fashion and refinement. Wonder not, reader, after all that we have said of the priests' dress in Spain. It is possible to refine, even in the fashion of a long hat or a sable capa. The part of his dress, however, that gave our canon most trouble, was his shoes. History does not tell us whether his anxiety was occasioned by the desire of improving a handsome foot, or disguising an ugly one. Be it as it may, scarce a shoemaker could be found in Seville to satisfy his mercy. At length, having tried almost every Crispin in the place, he met with one who gave satisfaction to others, and hoped to be able to please him. The canon was on tiptoe with the hope of being fitted to his fancy; but when the shoes were finished, and found to be deficient in some one of many required excellences, the rage of the holy man became proportioned to his excited expectations. He fell upon the shoemaker, and, beating him with his own hammer, struck him so many blows that they proved fatal. The poor shoemaker fell dead at the feet of the incensed churchman. This unhappy stroke, though it may have brought relief to the hard toil of the mechanic, was a terrible blow to the affections of a wife, four daughters, and one son, then but fourteen years old, though the eldest of this hapless family; nor only to their affections; they had lived upon the narrow pittance of his earnings, and having soon exhausted the small sum which he had been able to lay by, misery and starvation began to stare them in the face. Meantime complaints had been made to the chapter of the cathedral. The canon was heard in his defence, and was sentenced for his crime not to appear in the choir nor take part in the service for a whole year.

Miserable as was his condition, the son of the murdered man did his best to provide bread for his mother and sisters ; but it was no easy task. Weary and disconsolate, he seated himself one feast-day, when it was unlawful to work, upon the steps of the cathedral. A great procession was to take place in honour of some saint, and presently it came sweeping by in all the pomp and magnificence of Roman ceremonial. Among the canons there was one singular for the elegance of his attire. The young man, noticing him on that account, to his horror discovered that it was the murderer of his father. Goaded on by revenge and despair, he drew his knife, rose, and, rushing upon the murderer, stabbed him to the heart. As this was a double offence against religion, having been committed upon a churchman engaged in a church ceremony, it fell under the cognizance of the ecclesiastical court. It was the same chapter which had punished the canon, that was now to sit in judgment on his murderer. This offence was a terrible one, and the perpetrator was condemned to be quartered alive. The affair came to the knowledge of Peter, who assumed to himself the jurisdiction in the case ; inquired the youth's trade, and finding he was a shoemaker, solemnly forbade him to make shoes for a whole year.

The amusements of Seville are sufficiently numerous ; for the people of that city are famous, all the world over, as a light-hearted, laughter-loving people, eternal scratchers of the guitar, and dancers of the waltz and bolero. They have a tolerable company of comedians, and a very good Italian opera. Here, however, more than elsewhere, the bullfight constitutes the leading popular amusement ; and the amphitheatre of Seville, said to be a very fine one, is looked up to by those of Madrid, Ronda, and Granada, in the light of a metropolitan. The right way to turn a bull with a lance, or fix a banderilla, or deal the death-blow, is always the way it is done in Seville, " Asi se hace en la

Plaza de Sevilla! There is, however, another amusement, which, though not so passionately beloved by the people of Seville, is nevertheless more frequently enjoyed; for the bullfight seldom comes more than once a week, and costs money, whereas the paseo takes place daily, and may be shared by the poorest citizen.

There are several pleasant promenades in and about the city. You may wander through the orange-grove of the old Alcazar; or cross over to Triana, and take a look at the convent of the silent Carthusians; or, following the receding tide, as it floats along the quay, you may mingle in the motley group of sailors and landsmen there assembled, until you pause to contemplate the famous Golden Tower, a venerable pile, which has been thus gazed on by Sertorius and by Cesar. Thence, turning your back on the Guadalquivir, you may seek the shade of the neighbouring alameda. Here you find a throng of soldiers, citizens, and peasants; with priests and friars, no longer so grave as in Madrid and Toledo; perhaps, too, a light-hearted Frenchman from the garrison at Cadiz, who has come in search of a little amusement, moving about as if he had lived all his life in Seville, and already on the best terms in the world with some dozen of newly-made acquaintances; or else, an Englishman from Gibraltar, come to see the Holy Week, buttoned to his chin in his military frock, between which and his slouched foraging-cap he looks defiance upon the multitude. Here, too, are hosts of gracious Sevillanas, with pretty nurses not a few; and groups of boys and girls following in the train of their parents, with each a water-dog, or a pet lamb adorned with bells and ribands, and laden with a pair of miniature panniers, which the little ones fill with grass, and thus make their favourite carry home his own supper. I have nowhere seen such a fondness for this innocent animal as in Seville; it is quite as common an inmate of the house as the

dog, and it is by no means rare to see a full-sized merino, thus grown up in family favour, following its master about the streets to his daily avocations. This simple bias would go far to intimate an amenity of disposition, difficult to be reconciled with a taste for the sanguinary sports of the arena. While the children, caring little for the thoughts of others, abandon themselves without restraint to the frolic of their disposition, the full-grown, on the contrary, scarce seem to live for themselves. With them, all is deference, courtesy, and submission on the one side, met by a winning display of charms, of graces, and fascination. Little do these happy mortals remember, that the ground which they now tread with so free a step has been stained by the crimes of Peter the Cruel, has heard the reproaches of the murdered Abu-Said, or rung with the wailings of Doña Urraca de Orsorio !

It was in this very alameda that Peter gave his last audience to the King of Granada. Abu-Said had usurped the throne of Granada to the exclusion of the rightful king, the virtuous Muhamad. Peter became the ally of the exile, and, having collected his troops, marched with such of the Granadians as remained faithful, to replace him upon his throne. The efforts of the two armies were successful, and they soon arrived beneath the walls of Granada. But when Muhamad found that his subjects did not rally to his standard, as he had hoped ; when he reflected upon the horrid evils that must befall Granada should he prove victorious, his heart bled for the miseries of his disobedient people ; he begged Peter to return and leave him to his fate, since of the two he preferred the loss of his crown to the ruin of his country. Peter yielded to his request, and Muhamad retreated within the walls of Ronda. But his mercy and moderation did more for him than a thousand battles ; they gained him the hearts of his people ; and the usurper, finding his power on the wane, sought aid in turn

from the court of Seville. He dismissed the Grand Master of Calatrava, whom he had lately made prisoner, with many other Castilians, not only without ransom, but even loaded with presents for their master. Not content with this, he set out in person for Seville; and came into the presence of Peter, making a splendid display of riches and magnificence; for, not only the garments of himself and followers, but even the housings of their Arabian horses, were everywhere glittering with gold and jewels. The gracious reception of Peter filled the heart of Abu-Said with the happiest anticipations. But this dazzling show of wealth is said to have caused his ruin. Peter had not beheld it with indifference; for, calling together his counsellors, it was at once decided that Abu-Said was a usurper, and deserved death. That very night, when all the Granadian cavaliers had sunk to sleep with the most pleasing impressions of Christian hospitality, they were traitorously assailed and murdered. The next day their bodies, bloody and despoiled, were carried into the open field, without the gates of the city. Abu-Said was conducted to the spot; and when he had been allowed awhile to contemplate this scene, and read his own destiny in the fate of his followers, the Castilian king drew nigh. Abu-Said had scarce time to exclaim—"Oh Pedro! what a return for so much confidence!—how shameful this victory!" ere the dagger of the assassin had found its way to his heart!*

It was here, too, that when the valour of the Black Prince had restored him to his throne, he burnt to death the aged Doña Urraca de Orsorio, because she had given birth to Don Alonzo de Guzman. Alonzo had espoused the cause of his relative, Henry de Transtamar, the natural brother of Pedro, and son of the ill-fated Leonor de Guzman, who had already driven the monster from the throne, and who was yet destined, with his own hand, to avenge himself and the

* Mariana.—Conde.

world upon so ruthless a murderer. The old age and the sex of the unsuspecting mother of Guzman were no protection against the fury of Don Pedro. She was bound to the stake, and the fagots were kindled around her. But this outrage upon the sex was doomed to redound to its honour, and to show that there is no limit to the self-devotion of woman. Scarce, indeed, had the flames caught the attire of Doña Urraca, than her waiting-maid, the faithful Isabel Davalos, unable to support the cruel sight, sought the only relief for her outraged feelings in sharing the tortures of her benefactress. She rushed into the fire, and, unmindful of her own person, sought to preserve a little longer the dress of her mistress from indecent discomposure. Though herself unbound, she would not escape from the flames, but clung tighter to Doña Urraca, and shared her agony!

The last afternoon of my stay in Seville was spent in a short excursion to the ruins of Italica. I made it on foot and alone, for the want of a better conveyance and better company. The distance is about five miles; and when I had travelled three of them, through a country flat, marshy, and poorly cultivated, though susceptible of the highest improvement were the land held under a different tenure, I found myself in front of the convent of San Isidro. An aged friar of the order of Mercy, who was walking under the trees that stand on the knoll in front, attended by two very good companions on a promenade, his staff and snuff-box, readily answered my inquiries concerning the convent and Italica. It appears that San Isidro owes its foundation to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, better known in Spanish annals by the appellation of Guzman El Bueno. His remains, with those of his wife, now repose within these walls, raised by their piety. Guzman was born to a high rank among the nobles of Castile; but he rose far above all the cavaliers of his time in valour, prudence, and such unshaken integrity, that it procured him the surname of the Good.

It chanced that in his time the fortress of Tarifa was taken by surprise from the Moors. From its remote situation, and its being nearly surrounded by Algeziras and other frontier fortresses of the King of Morocco, it was a place rather to be razed than defended ; but Guzman, being ready to make every sacrifice to promote the interests of his faith and nation, readily undertook to maintain it for his king, and was accordingly appointed governor. Soon after, Prince Juan, who claimed the cities of Seville and Badajoz, in right of the will made by his father Alonzo the Wise, to punish the disobedience and rebellion of his oldest son Don Sancho, having been repeatedly conquered by his brother, was at length forced to flee from Spain, and take refuge in Africa. There, he boasted to the King of Morocco, that if he would furnish him with a few troops, he would soon put him in possession of Tarifa. The king, being very anxious to recover so important a fortress, readily put him at the head of five thousand horse, with which, and the garrison of Algeziras, the siege was soon formed. But the place was so stoutly defended by Guzman, that the efforts of the assailants were all rendered unavailing. Thus baffled, Juan had recourse to an expedient, the idea of which had doubtless given confidence to his promise of success.

It chanced that among the followers of the prince was the only and much-beloved son of Guzman. The boy had either fallen into his hands by accident, or else had been intrusted to him to train up ; for we read that it was the custom in those days for noble youths to enter the service of princes, which, if they had merit, furnished them with a ready introduction to honour and office. Profiting by this circumstance, Juan now sent a herald to invite the governor of Tarifa to a parley ; and, when Guzman appeared upon the rampart, he caused his little son to be led in chains beneath the walls. When the father had been allowed awhile to contemplate this dear object, towards which his

heart yearned, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a threat from the renegado prince, that if the place was not forthwith surrendered, the boy should be put to an instant and cruel death. Guzman was indignant at this vile threat, so full of outrage to the feelings of a father and the honour of a Castilian, from one who so far degraded the royal and the Christian name as to war against his own country, and in the ranks of infidels. He rejected the proposition with disdain, and declared that if he had a hundred children, it were but just that he should hazard them all, rather than, by staining the fair name of Guzman, to bequeath them a heritage of ignominy. To his words he even added actions; and, glowing with scorn, he drew his sword from the scabbard, and hurled it from the ramparts, that if the prince had the mind, he might not lack the means of perpetrating such an atrocity. This done, Guzman turned away to where his wife, ignorant of what was passing, was waiting to sit down to dinner. He had not, however, been long with her, ere he was aroused by a loud uproar upon the ramparts, caused by the horror of the garrison at the murder of the unhappy boy. Scarce, indeed, had Guzman returned to the wall, when the severed head of his child was thrown over by the Africans, and rolled bleeding at his feet. This was a sad sight for a father, and he the father of an only son. Yet did Guzman sustain himself, supported as he was by the courage of a great soul, and by the sense of having acted nobly. Losing the father in the patriot, he concealed his emotion, lest his followers should sink into despondency; and smoothing his brow, he merely said, "I thought that the enemy had got possession of the city;—*Cuidaba que los enemigos habian entrado la ciudad;*"—and then returned to his wife, having now another and more painful motive for dissimulation. This Guzman the Good was of the family which has since become famous under the title of Dukes of Medina Sidonia. The ill-fated Leonor was his lineal descendant.

When the good monk had told me all about Guzman and San Isidro, where masses are daily said for the souls of the founders, he pointed out the direction of Italica. Having taken leave of him, I pursued my way, and presently passed through a miserable collection of hovels, called Santi Ponce. To the left, and a little farther on, are the hills upon which, like Rome of old, once stood Italica, a city of great wealth and magnificence under the Roman domination. Its total decline and utter desolation can scarce be accounted for by the proximity of Seville, and by the variation in the course of the Guadalquivir, which now takes its way many miles to the left, though it formerly bathed the walls of Italica. An amphitheatre, which may still be distinctly traced between two hills, is the only lingering remnant of so much greatness. Having proceeded up the ravine in which it lies, I came to a place where a boy was busy turning water into earthen jars balanced in a wooden frame upon the back of an ass. The spring at which he filled them stood opposite to the amphitheatre, and issued from the side of a hill. On entering the aperture, I found that it was the work of art, apparently the remnant of an aqueduct, constructed to convert at pleasure the neighbouring arena into a lake for the display of naval races and engagements. The boy lent me the gourd with which he took up the water, and, having drunk, I clambered to the top of the ruin. This amphitheatre is not a large one, its greatest diameter being only two hundred and ninety feet, and the lesser two hundred. Its form and extent are now all that one may discover; the seats and facings of hewn stone having all been removed to build the Convent of San Isidro, or make a breakwater in the Guadalquivir. The benches, which had been often crowded with their thousands, which had rung with the approving shouts of so many happy and exulting Italicans, now offered nothing but a succession of hillocks and chasms, overrun with weeds; while the arena

below, fattened for centuries upon the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, was covered with a heavy crop of wheat, which each instant changed its hue, swept by the passing gales as they entered the arches of the amphitheatre. Thrown, as I was, alone upon this deathlike solitude, it was scarce possible to realize that the city, which now neither owns a house nor an inhabitant, was indeed that *Italica* which furnished Rome with three of her mightiest emperors; nay, that the very amphitheatre where I now stood, the native of a new-born land, had been oft graced by the presence of Trajan, of Adrian, and Theodosius; of Trajan, the disciple of Plutarch, "*Trajanus Optimus*;" he of whom the Romans spake, when they were used to exclaim at the inauguration of an emperor—"May he be happier than Augustus! may he be better than Trajan!"

On my return homeward, I remembered that there was a convent of Carthusians on the bank of the river above Triana, and turned aside to seek admittance. After much knocking at the postern, a surly old porter came to reconnoitre me through a little trap; but he refused to let me enter, or even to go himself to ask permission of the prior. The season was one of solemnity, and the devotion of these sons of Saint Bruno could not suffer interruption. I turned away in disappointment, and walked quickly along a narrow path which skirted the bank of the river. The rapidity of my pace soon brought me up with an officer who was walking at a slower rate in the same direction; and as the path chanced to grow narrower just there, he politely stood aside to let me pass him. He was dressed in an oilcloth cocked hat, with a red cockade covering the whole side of it, which was in turn partly concealed under two broad stripes of tarnished gold lace. His green coat, with a strap on either shoulder, and his legs, which were bent to the saddle, together with the height and heaviness of his tread, announced a captain of cavalry. Instead, however, of a sabre, he car-

ried nothing but a yellow walking-cane ; and as for his cheek-bones and mustaches of black and gray, they were quite as hollow and as crestfallen as those of Don Quixote. He was evidently a poor officer, a very poor officer. Poor as he might be, however, the courtesy with which he stood aside, putting out his cane to keep himself from falling into the Guadalquivir, while with his left hand he waved for me to pass on, was at least entitled to an acknowledgment, and this was in turn a fair introduction to the discourse which followed.

He soon learned that I was a stranger, an American, and had been disappointed in seeing the convent. He too had failed to gain admittance ; but his errand had related to something else besides mere curiosity. It appeared that he was an indefinido, and, when I asked him if he had made himself obnoxious during the constitutional system, he said no, he had ever been true to his king, perchance to the prejudice of his country. He had long since been regularly purified, and was now ready to go whithersoever the king his master might be pleased to send him. But no orders came for him to go upon active service, nor had he and many others in Seville received any half-pay for nearly a year. What could he do ? It was too late in life for him to begin the world anew ; he could not work, and he glanced at the soiled embroidery of his uniform. He had to struggle along, with his wife and two children, the best way he could. A relation, who had a place in the cathedral, had done something for them, and the prior of the Chartreuse had been very charitable. His necessities, however, had outgrown these scanty supplies, and he had gone again to-day to the convent to seek relief from pressing want, but he had not seen the prior. Meantime, he did not know where he was to find bread for his wife and children. The threadbare dress of the veteran, his meager countenance, the contending sense of pride and poverty there expressed, and the

tearful eye that proclaimed the triumph of the last, were so many pledges of the faithfulness of his tale. Doubtless, he had not overcome his shame, and made me privy to his poverty, for the sake of being pitied. I did what I could for him, though it was rather in accordance with my means than with my own will or his necessity. The old man was grateful. He begged me to stay a day or two in Seville, and promised to procure me the sight of the Cartuxa, and of whatever else was still worthy of being seen. He now walked quicker than before, and seemed as anxious to reach his home as he had lately appeared unwilling to go there.

In this way we gained the bridge of boats, which now, as in the time of the Moors, connects the banks of the Guadalquivir. Some modern antiquarian has pretended to find at Seville a tunnel under the Guadalquivir, similar to the one now attempting at London, and said to have been the work of the Saracens. No such means of communication between the opposite banks is mentioned by the Arabian writers, translated by Conde; and we well know that the destruction of the bridge of boats by Saint Ferdinand led to the immediate surrender of the city. The setting sun had already withdrawn from the surface of the stream, and was shedding his last rays upon Seville; gilding her antique towers and gateways, and shining through the spars and rigging of a dozen petty feluccas, that lay at intervals along the quay. The tale of the poor officer, the season, and the sight, were all of a melancholy cast. Could this, then, be the same Seville that had witnessed the departing ships of Columbus, Ojeda, Cortez, and Magellan, and acted such a brilliant part in the conquest and colonization of the other hemisphere; which long received the undivided tribute of a virgin world, and was thronged by the ships and merchants of all Europe, bringing their richest productions to barter for the gold of the Spaniards? In the various revolutions of the moral as of the physical world, may she not

hope again to recover her lost magnificence, or is she indeed destined to wander back to the condition of Italica?

I had come to Seville with expectations greatly raised, and had met in some measure with disappointment. Instead of the delightful situation of Cordova, the at once protecting and cooling neighbourhood of the Sierra Morena, and the pleasing alternation of hill and dale that there meet the eye, here, if you except a highland in the direction of Italica, the surrounding country is flat and marshy, which, in connexion with its partially drained and poorly cultivated condition, furnishes the fruitful source of fevers. Indeed, were it not for the thousand interesting associations that hover over Hispalis and Seville; had not Saint Ferdinand taken the city, and Peter the Cruel delivered Leonor de Guzman into the hands of his mother and her rival, and stabbed the Moor, and burnt Doña Urraca; had Algeber forgotten to build the Giralda, and Ojeda to stand upon it with one leg, while he flourished the other in the air for the gratification of Isabella, I would not give a pin to have seen it. But it ill becomes the merchant to speak disparagingly of his merchandise, or the voyager to undervalue his; so I will even send the untravelled reader away regretful and envious, by quoting an old proverb quite common in Spain: "He who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder—"

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto Maravilla."

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE TO CADIZ.

Departure from Seville—Steamer Hernan Cortez—The Guadalquivir—Bonanza—Disembarkation—Scene of Perplexity—Drive to Santa Maria—Embarcation—Bay of Cadiz—The Quay—The City—History—Present Condition—Cadiz from the Observatory—The Gaditana.

THE clock had scarce struck four on Monday morning, the twenty-third of April, ere I heard a knocking at our outer door. I was on the alert, as a man on the eve of departure is apt to be, and readily conjectured that it could be no other than the porter, who had promised to call me, and carry my portmanteau to the steamer that was to start that morning for Cadiz. Having dressed myself by the aid of a small lamp that was burning in the vestibule, I bade farewell again to my female friends on the other side of the partition, who had been waked by the tumult, and who, although I had received their hearty well-wishes the night before, were still nowise niggard of their commendations to God and to the Virgin. This, if it was attended with no other advantage, at least served to send me away from Seville with the happiest impressions.

On gaining the street, I noticed that the porter avoided the direct route, and, passing close to the cathedral, took a broader street that lay to the right. Having asked the reason of this, he told me that several passengers, while going to the quay a few mornings before, had been waylaid and plundered. Quite as much interested as himself in avoiding such a rencounter, I assented, and having passed the gate, we proceeded along the quay, and arrived safely on board the Hernan Cortez. The coolness and mist of the morn-

ing, and the darkness that precedes the dawn, made the deck unpleasant, and furnished an inducement to dive below in search of better weather. Though this was the only steamer known in the country where the discovery first met with a successful application, it had been built in England, and, if not so gorgeously decorated as is usual with us, possessed every thing that one might desire in the way of comfort. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen were stretched at full length upon the settees and benches, or else sitting round a dim lamp that stood on the table before them, engaged in a sleepy, scattering conversation. Politics being a proscribed topic among Spaniards, they talked of pleasure. The performers of Seville were compared with those of Cadiz ; the bolero and bolera were discussed, and various opinions were put forth upon the stars of the opera. Commerce, of course, came in for a share of notice among commercial men, and all joined in deploring its unequalled depression, though no one did more than advert to the cause. From Europe they passed to America, to Cuba, Mexico, and the United States, where some of them had been. It was delightful to hear my native land spoken of by Spaniards in the language of unprejudiced eulogy ; the equal footing upon which foreigners are admitted into it ; the way in which commerce is left to take care of itself, and the merchant to dispose of his capital as he pleases ; and the singular liberty, enjoyed by both citizens and strangers, of coming without any passport, and of going from city to city, and from state to state, without asking the permission of any one ; and yet, with all this freedom, there was far more security than at Cadiz ; a robber or a murderer was inevitably brought to justice. This led them to speak of a robbery which had lately been committed upon Ximenez, a merchant of Cadiz. Several thousand dollars had been taken from his counting-house, and the persons who had been engaged in it, from being poor people, were now seen leaving off their labour,

and enjoying a momentary affluence; yet there was no taking hold of them, no convicting them of the theft, though every one knew them to have committed it. These gentlemen evinced an intelligence and a knowledge of what was passing in the world, which I had nowhere met with in Spain. It was the first time since I had crossed the Pyrenees that I had found an occasion of conversing with Spaniards about my own country, in my own language.

When the light began to break in upon us through the cabin windows, and dawn the feeble glimmering of the lamp, we were tempted to return to the deck. As the sun rose, the mists gradually floated away, disclosing a scene in which we looked in vain for the beauties of Andalusia. The Guadalquivir below Seville passes through a plain, and divides itself into three branches, which reunite before it empties itself into the sea, near the port of San Lucar. These lowlands are almost entirely without cultivation and inhabitants, if you except a few herdsmen who tend the cattle and horses that graze in large droves upon the meadows. As there are no dikes, the river sometimes overflows its banks, and covers the country with devastation. Towards the mouth, the meadows give place to sand-banks thrown up by the sea, and covered with pine woods that furnish abundance of charcoal. On the right the course of the stream is bounded by a single continuous hill, which is a minor branch of the Sierra Morena, holding out to the last, and dying only in the ocean. In the east, of the two hundred towers of Seville, the Giralda alone still lingered above the horizon.

Having asked some questions respecting the navigation of the Guadalquivir, I was informed that it was no longer navigable to Seville for vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, but vessels of three or four hundred tons may enter the river. This, however, is now a matter of little importance, since few vessels of any class are found to profit

by it. The Guadalquivir abounds in excellent fish. The shad, so much esteemed in America, makes its annual visits here. Among the group of sailors, from whom I gathered this information, was a man of lofty person and noble countenance, but very meanly dressed in a dingy cloak of brown, and a round hat slouched over the face. He seemed to know much about the country, and expressed himself with an elegance and fluency which enhanced the beauty of the graceful language in which he spoke. His accent had nothing provincial, and I felt sure he could be no other than a Castilian. I found, however, on the contrary, that he was not even a native of Spain. He was born in Caraccas, and his conversation showed he must have been among the first of his own country; but he had come early to Spain, and taken employment under the government, and meantime the revolution had broken out in America. The government, not having the means of compulsion, had sent him and two associates to try the alternative of negotiation, but he returned without effecting any thing. He said nothing about his present occupation; but it was evident that, whatever it might be, it was not congenial with his feelings or early education. Doubtless, he had taken the generous side in the dissensions of the Peninsula, and was now expiating the sin of a political heresy.

As we descended the stream, the breeze gradually came in strong from the ocean, and made it evident that we should not be able to reach Cadiz in the packet, for the sea is said to be rough on the bar. Under these circumstances, it was determined that we should put into Bonanza. As we entered this little port, we passed through a fleet of fishing and coasting vessels that were riding at anchor. One of the seamen of the packet, who belonged to Huelva, pointed out a felucca among the number which was commanded by a descendant of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who bore so conspicuous a part in the first voyage of Columbus.

As we went by the little felucca, which might be noticed among the rest for its neat order and compact rigging, a fine-looking young man stood up to see us pass. This was no other than Pinzon, with whom the sailor exchanged a shout of recognition. He told me that Palos, which witnessed the departure of the adventurous enthusiast and the glorious return of the discoverer, is now so dwindled that it scarcely owns half a dozen fishing-boats. Huelva has been increased by emigrants from Palos, and the Pinzons are among the number. There are four families of them. They are not wealthy, but are much respected, and are very proud of their ancestor, whose papers and journals they preserve with religious reverence. Well may they be proud of Martin Alonzo; for the honour of having acted the important part he did in the discovery of another world, is not less a subject of honest exultation than the proudest achievements of a Cid, a Guzman, or a Gonsalvo.

A boisterous scene awaited us at Bonanza, whose peaceful and pleasant name might have led us to look for better things. Scarce, indeed, had our anchor dropped, and the packet tended to the tide, before we were surrounded by boatmen from the shore, offering to land us; for to have taken the packet alongside of the wharf would have been a dangerous infringement of their rights. Here ensued a scene of bustle and clamour for precedence, which drowned entirely the hiss of the escaping steam. On reaching the wharf, new troubles awaited us; crowds of hungry porters seized upon our trunks, while custom-house officers stopped us at the gate to examine their contents, and see what we might be smuggling from Seville to Cadiz. These trials passed; yet another set met us on the beach, where a number of calesas were drawn up to carry us to Santa Maria, which stands upon the bay of Cadiz, opposite the city. The drivers, accoutred in the genuine breeches and many-coloured jacket proper to caleseros, rushed round us,

smacking their whips and praising their mules and horses ; or calling our attention to the softness of the cushions, or to the painting of a ship or a saint which adorned the back. Among the passengers was a British colonel with his lady. He could scarcely say yes and no in Spanish, and yet was surrounded on every side by these clamorous mortals, talking to him as fast as they could, and at the top of their lungs. The boatman demanded an additional peseta, the custom-house officer thrust out his hand for a fee, and the porter sat upon his portmanteau, as if determined to maintain possession until fully remunerated ; while the caleseros called his attention to their vehicles. The poor man understood not a word of it ; he only knew that there was a general conspiracy to cheat him, and was determined to resist the injustice, instead of submitting quietly to the operation. He was a stout, well-set man, with a fiery complexion, which seemed no unfair indication of his character ; for he looked as though he would willingly have whipped off the head of every sinner of them, casting his eye first on his sword and then on his wife, the recollection of whom recalled him always to the more pacific use of words. He talked to them in no very good French, then attempted a word or two of Spanish, which the fellows repeated by way of ridicule, and at last fell to cursing them soundly in plain English. They were not to be intimidated. They called him " God damn," and insisted upon having the money. In this situation a fellow-passenger came to his assistance, with an offer of interpreting for him. By a little lowering of demands on the part of these worthies, and an increased anxiety to get forward on the other, the matter was presently arranged, and the colonel set out for San Lucar in a calesin, doubtless drawing sundry comparisons between England and Spain, which were by no means favourable to the latter. By this time all the other passengers had gone away, and left me alone to fight it out for

myself. There were, however, several calesines untaken ; so, putting myself up at auction, I presently sold myself to the lowest bidder, and hurried away, aiding the driver in beating the horse soundly, that we might overtake the rest of the caravan. This was a matter of no small importance ; for, though the country was sandy and open, we were now attended by not less than six horsemen paid by the proprietors of the packet ; and I had always found that the danger from robbers was in proportion to the strength of the escort. It appeared, indeed, from what had been said on board, that the caleseros are connected with the robbers, and sometimes lag behind, that they may take advantage of an angle of the road to pick up a straggler ; at others, the banditti seize boldly upon the inn that stands upon a hill midway between San Lucar and Santa Maria, and have a regular combat.

We reached the port of Santa Maria at sunset, and without any adventures. We were extremely anxious to pass the night in Cadiz, rather than in the indifferent inns of Santa Maria, but the tide was now too low to leave the river ; and though one of the boatmen endeavoured to get us on board of his felucca, with a view of making sure of us for the morrow, yet the representations of the landlord of the posada, who was anxious to have our company, connected with the experience of some of the party respecting the danger of crossing the bar, induced us to wait until morning. After a poor dinner, which was a little qualified by some genuine Sherry, one of my fellow-travellers proposed a ramble, to which I gladly assented. On leaving the posada we struck into a path leading along the bank of the small stream which flowed beneath our balconies, and the mouth of which forms the little port of Saint Mary. This is the Guadalete, upon which stands the famous old city of Xerez, near which was fought, eleven centuries since, that celebrated battle between the Arab

Taric and Don Roderick, the last of the Goths, which decided the fate of Spain. An old tradition says, that Roderick, having lost the day, escaped to Portugal, where he died in obscurity, upon the authority of which Southey has undertaken to resuscitate him. The Arabians assert that his head was sent to Damascus, and the Spanish chroniclers will have it that he was drowned, like many of his followers, in this same stream of Guadalete, and that a part of his royal apparel was found upon the banks. Xerez is also celebrated in Spain for its fine horses, and, all the world over, for the excellence of its wine. Santa Maria is the depot of this product; the first qualities are much finer, and far more expensive, than the best wines of Madeira. Having rambled through the pleasant paseo, which lies northward of the town, and admired some fine specimens of the black-eyed beauties for which Santa Maria is famous, we returned to the posada.

The next morning we rose at an early hour, and found ourselves as badly off as we had been the night before; for the tide had flowed and ebbed again, and was now once more at the lowest. The masters of two of the feluccas had however been wiser than their brethren; for during the night they had moved them without the bar. Several caleseros, who had concerted with the boatmen, had their calesines drawn up at the door, and offered to convey us round to the feluccas. The idea that the tide would be at the same point again the next morning had not occurred to us in the evening, and our host had neglected to remind us of the fact, lest he should lose our society at breakfast. As the matter stood, there was no alternative but to take the advice of the posadero and the boatmen, whose feluccas were at the quay, that we should wait the flowing of the tide, or of the caleseros and the boatmen from without, who insisted that we would arrive two hours sooner at Cadiz by employing them. The most expeditious way of esca-

ping from these perplexities seemed the best, and we, one and all, determined to go round with the caleseros. This arrangement, and its general adoption by the whole party, did not at all suit the views of the watermen, who were thus left without employment. When persuasion and arguments failed, they called us fools for paying away so much money uselessly, and, after growling at the caleseros, they presently began to quarrel with them. When we started off, they even caught hold of the backs of the calesines to stop them. This brought them sundry strokes with the whip, followed up by others upon the rumps of the horses, which soon relieved us of the embarrassment, and sent us away in a hurry with the curses of the watermen, leaving an open quarrel between them and the caleseros to be afterward settled over a pot of wine, or more summarily decided by the arbitration of the knife. This was not the last source of vexation ere we reached Cadiz.

When we got to the beach opposite to the feluccas, several fishermen volunteered their services to carry us on their shoulders to them. When this service had been rendered, they demanded an exorbitant remuneration, which some of us consented to pay, but which an honest Catalan, who had laboured hard to earn his money, and thought that what had given so much trouble in collecting was at least worth taking care of, absolutely refused. He was a very robust, portly man, and had made quite a ludicrous figure in coming off, mounted upon the shoulders of the fisherman. He said not a word about the price then, but kept cautioning him against letting him into the water, and promising what a world of money he would give him if he arrived safe. As the water grew deeper and began laving the skirts of his coat, he tried to work upward on the fellow's shoulders, and puffed and blew as if he were already swimming. The difficulty over, however, he seemed to think less of it, and beat the fisherman down to the half of his demand. This produced a new

riot, and sent us on our journey in a squall. The occurrences of the day, and all that I saw of these people at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga, convinced me that the lower classes on the coast of Andalusia are the most quarrelsome, cheating, and vindictive rascals in the world. It suggested to me the source of a sweeping prejudice which I had formerly felt against all Spaniards; for in the colonial sea-ports, the Spaniards whom I had met, and from whom I had received my impressions of the national character, were all either from the ports of Andalusia, or descendants of emigrants from that section of the Peninsula.

There was scarce a breath of wind in the bay of Cadiz, and the inward and outward bound vessels stood still with flapping sails, or only moved with the tide, while a boat might be seen rowing under the bow of each to keep it in the channel. This being the case, we did not loose our sail, but the rowers took to their oars to toil over to the city, which lies eight miles from Santa Maria. They did not sit still and sweep the oar by the mere muscular exertion of the arms, shoulders, and back; but rose to each stroke upon their feet, sending the oar through the water by the weight of the body, as they let themselves fall towards the benches. Our sailors ridicule this clumsy operation; but if this mode of rowing be less graceful than ours, it is certainly much less laborious. We had not gone far from the beach ere we came to the outer bar of the Guadalete. Here, upon a signal from the master, who stood up at the helm, the rowers all rested on their oars, and taking off their hats, uttered a short prayer for the souls of the mariners who had been drowned there. This done, they crossed themselves, replaced their hats, and renewed their rowing, their conversation, and their songs. Formerly it was the custom to take alms in passing, to have masses said for the ransom of such souls of drowned sinners as still continued in purgatory. The master of the felucca told me that there

had been many, very many drowned there. Scarcely a year passes without its victims ; for the surf comes in so treacherously, that after rowing over a smooth sea, a wave is seen rising behind, at first small, but gradually increasing, and driving the boat sidewise before it, until it comes surging over, filling the boat, and rolling it and the passengers into the quicksands. When I looked at the smooth surface of the sea, as it now glided by us in ripples, I could not help reflecting upon the many miserable men that had there sunk never again to rise ; many an unhappy being balancing between sinking and swimming, whom a single one of these useless oars and planks that lay at the bottom of our boat would have kept upon the surface ; nay, whom a thread might have sustained until the arrival of succour.

In about two hours we reached the quay, one of the noisiest places in the world, and passed thence to the nearest gate, where numbers of custom-house and police officers were standing ready to search and examine every one who came in. We got off with a gratuity, not smuggled secretly, but openly administered into the hands of the functionary. This admitted us into the Plaza de Mar ; an open square which lies just within the sea-gate, and which was crowded with an odd collection of people. Here stands a market-place for the sale of all sorts of provisions ; fruit, eggs, and vegetables, ice, barley, and lemon water ; American parrots trying to make themselves heard in the uproar ; singing-birds in cages or unfledged in the nest, opening their yawning mouths to receive the food offered them on the end of a stick, as a substitute for the parent's beak. And here, most strange of all, are sold grasshoppers, confined in little traps, to enliven the bedchambers of the Cadiz ladies with their evening chirp, doubtless the solace of the single and solitary. In addition to the noises sent forth by the venders of all these commodities, and by the commodities themselves, there was a fearful jabbering in every tongue of Europe.

Frenchmen were making their court to the pretty serving-maids and gipsies who frequent the market ; Germans, Dutchmen, English, Italians, and even turbaned and bearded Moors, with their grave and guttural declamation, added to the confusion.

Cadiz is situated at the extremity of a peninsula, which makes out into the ocean northwestward from the Island of Leon. South of this peninsula is the open ocean, stretching away towards the Mediterranean Straits, while on the north is a deep bay, formed by the peninsula itself and the Spanish coast, running in the direction of Cape Saint Vincent. The open bay furnishes a harbour which is not always secure ; for the northwest winds sometimes bring in a heavy and dangerous sea ; but the inner port, where the navy-yard is situated, is at all times safe and commodious. This admirable station for the pursuits of commerce attracted the attention of the earliest navigators. So long ago as eight centuries before the Christian era, the Phœnicians, having founded Carthage, and pushed their dominions beyond the pillars of Hercules even to Britain, were induced to establish several colonies on the coast of Spain, where the abundance of silver and gold attracted them, even more than the fertility of the soil and the amenity of the climate. Of these colonies, Gades was the principal. Being more-over anxious by every means to strengthen their influence over the minds of the wild and warlike Spaniards, they erected a magnificent temple to enclose the two famous pillars of brass raised by Hercules when he came to Spain, about thirteen centuries before the Christian era. The existence and character of these pillars, and of the man who reared them, are surrounded by fable and mystery. The most probable account of them is, that one Osiris, an Egyptian chief, having passed into Spain to rescue that country from the tyranny of Geyron, succeeded in conquering and slaying the tyrant in the plain of Tarifa. He afterward be-

came reconciled to the three sons of Geyron, and left them at liberty ; in return for which indulgence they caused him to be assassinated. Osochor Hercules, the son of Osiris, as soon as he was able, passed into Spain to avenge his father's death. Having arrived with his army before the walls of Cadiz, he is said to have offered the Geyrons, that, since their quarrel was a private one, they should spare the blood of their followers, and decide it by single combat ; and he himself would meet the three singly, until he or they should be slain. The Geyrons gladly accepted the challenge, but the force of Hercules prevailed, and the three brothers were slain. In conclusion, he pacified Spain, built Cadiz, and raised the famous pillars, which are supposed originally to have had some connexion with the patriarchal religion, like the pillar raised by Jacob, and those, likewise of brass, erected by Solomon within the temple of Jerusalem. The word Hercules is conjectured to have been a cognomen added by the Phœnicians, to denote a great voyager or conqueror. Hence it is that we have so many of that name ; the Grecian, the Tyrian, and the Egyptian, each with his distinctive name of Alcides, Agenor, and Osochor. From all these wonderful men, who no doubt once existed, the Greeks formed a single hero, to whom they have ascribed, with due amplification, the achievements of the whole number. Thus the twelve labours of Hercules, for which the life of one man is manifestly inadequate, have been made up ; the slaughter of the Geyrons being one of them, and, for consistency's sake, Hercules was converted into a god. Osochor the Lybian, who raised these columns, is he from whom the god takes his attributes of the club, and the garment formed from the skin of a lion ; no unfit guise for a savage chief famed for his courage and prowess.

Such was the estimation in which this sacred temple was held by the Carthaginians, that Hannibal, when he had taken Saguntum, and was about to march towards Rome at

the head of one hundred thousand men, though himself an open scoffer at all religion, would not, from respect to his superstitious followers, undertake the expedition without having first made his vows in the temple of Cadiz. So immense were the riches of the temple, that they served to bear the expenses of the second Punic war, and may, indeed, have had something to do with Hannibal's pious visit. Julius Cesar, too, though he had made Varro disgorge the sacrilegious plunder of this temple, yet, when he had gained the battle of Munda, himself took great treasures from it, which doubtless helped to pave the way to his assumption of supreme power. Among the wonders of the temple were the belt of Teucer, and the golden olive-tree of Pygmalion. The only statue which was allowed a place in it, except that of the god, was a colossal image of Alexander. It was in the presence of this very image that Cesar, when he came to Spain as questor, sighed and even wept to recollect, that at an age when Alexander had conquered the world, he had yet done nothing worthy to be recorded.

It may be asked, What remains are there to bear witness to the existence of this wonderful temple, and to the past grandeur of Cadiz, the city which once sent forth the Carthaginian Hanno to explore and colonize Africa? Even the site of the temple remained a problem in modern times, until the year seventeen hundred and thirty, when its ruins were discovered under water, near the Island of Santi Petri, in consequence of an unusually low tide. This fact, in connexion with some accounts concerning the former extent of Cadiz, prove conclusively that it has been greatly wasted by the attacks of the sea, which, while it abandons the Mediterranean coast of Spain, is daily gaining ground on the side of the Atlantic. I had an opportunity of observing this for myself; for, while I was at Cadiz, a portion of the beautiful wall which surrounds the city had fallen in, in

consequence of the encroachments of the sea, and in many other places it was undermined and in a tottering condition.

Cadiz also contained many Phœnician, Greek, and Roman inscriptions and other antiquities. Among them was an odd epitaph, found upon the tomb of some man-hating cynic, who thought he had fled to the end of the earth. It ran thus, "Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered himself, by his will, to be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him!" All these memorials of the past vanished in 1597, when Elizabeth sent her favourite Essex, with two hundred ships and fifteen thousand men, including seamen and soldiers, to avenge the insults of the haughty Philip, and his Invincible Armada. Lord Effingham commanded the fleet, accompanied by all the gallant spirits of the day; Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was not known until after it put to sea, and thus it arrived off Cadiz without any intimation. Essex, when he had prevailed upon the cautious admiral to make the attack, was informed that the queen, careful of his life, had ordered that he should keep himself in the centre of the fleet. He promised to do so; but no sooner did he see Sir Walter Raleigh leading boldly into the inner harbour, under a dreadful fire from the batteries on either side, than, throwing his hat overboard, he gave way to his impatience, and pressed at once forward into the thickest of the fire. The inner harbour was full of ships newly arrived, and laden with bullion and the precious commodities of America. These were run on shore by the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina; and when he saw the headlong valour of the English was about to prove successful, he caused them to be fired. Leaving this scene of conflagration, Essex got possession of Puntalis, and, no

longer ruled by any will but his own, marched with his soldiers along the narrow causeway which leads from Leon to Cadiz, and, regardless of the batteries that swept his ranks, stormed the city sword in hand. The Spaniards fought as usual, from house to house, and many of the English were slain; of the Spaniards many more, not less than four thousand, but none in cold blood. When the resistance ceased, the town was given over to plunder, and the generals having taken their stations in the town hall, the principal inhabitants came to kiss their feet. The priests and nuns were dismissed unconditionally; but the rest of the population were compelled to give hostages for the payment of a stipulated ransom. This done, the treasure was embarked, the inhabitants were driven from their homes, and the city was delivered to the flames. Thus perished Cadiz, and with her the statue of Alexander, and every trace of her pristine greatness. The plunder is said to have amounted to eight millions of ducats, while six millions were destroyed with the fleet. The loss by the universal conflagration, like the misery consequent upon it, is of course inestimable.

Upon the later glories, and still later misfortunes of Cadiz, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The commercial prosperity of the city, the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner of the Peninsula untrodden by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the constitution of the year 1812, by the Spanish Cortes, under the fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in this same Island of Leon by Riego and Quiroga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast-off fetters of the South Americans; and finally, the gloomy drama of 1823, are all things of yesterday in the recollection of every one. But it may not be amiss to take a view of Cadiz, as it now presents itself to the attention of the stranger. Its population has been lately set down at sixty-

two thousand ; but it is doubtless much lessened since the fall of commerce, if any opinion may be formed from the number of vacant houses to be seen everywhere. To the standing number of the inhabitants, however, must now be added an army of ten thousand French, who have their quarters in and about the city. These add much to the life and gayety of the place, in both of which particulars it would without them be very deficient. They are the soul of the theatres, the public walks, and the coffee-houses, where soldiers and officers meet as on a neutral ground, captains going with captains, lieutenants with their equals, and corporals with corporals, and where all ranks are equally conspicuous for correct deportment and civility. I have often been amused with the conversation of the common soldiers and sub-officers. Sometimes they admire the beauty of a female whom they have just passed, or who is walking before them, speaking critically of whatever is pleasing and lovely in her face or figure, and talking, perhaps purposely, in a high whisper, that they may be overheard, as if by accident, by the object of their admiration ; not so loud as to embarrass, yet just loud enough to please and flatter. Sometimes, too, and much oftener, they talk about the prospects of war, and gaining glory and advancement ; the corporal declaims upon "*la tactique militaire*," and sighs for "*quelque peu de promotion*," the height of his present ambition being to win the half silver epaulet of the sergeant-major, or to become a sub-lieutenant, and reach the first step above the rank of *sous officier*. Even in their cups and revelry these light-hearted fellows continue to amuse ; and when sometimes they sit too long over the heady wines of Spain, forgetting that they have not to deal with the "*petits vins*" of their provinces, instead of passing insults, which among them can never be washed away except by blood, instead of drawing their swords, or belabouring each other with their fists, which they never do, whether drunk or sober,

they seem, on the contrary, overcome with a rare kindness, and the most drunken fellow of the company is taken with the fancy of assisting his companions in their helpless condition. Should a sudden reel of this officious assistant, or the twisting of his spur or sabre, bring a whole group to the ground, instead of coming to blows, they laugh at the accident, and fall to hugging and kissing each other. Hardy and intrepid upon the field of battle, the social sentiment is strong in the breast of the Frenchman; frank, generous, and loyal, he is a stranger to jealousy and suspicion, he is ever ready to give his hand to a friend, and lay his heart at the feet of the nearest fair one.

On the Sunday which I passed in Cadiz I was so fortunate as to witness a military mass, performed for the benefit of the souls of the soldiery. At the proper hour the general arrived and took his seat, attended by his staff, and the veteran colonels of the different regiments, their breasts decorated with stars and other insignia. Presently the advancing troops were heard, and by-and-by they entered the church with clang of drum and trumpet; the arches resounding to the stern orders of the commander, and the pavement rattling with their descending muskets.

The veteran sapeurs, with their bearskin caps, their long beards, white aprons, and shouldered axes, march boldly up the steps of the altar, and seem ready to take heaven by holy violence. The drums are silent; the din of arms ceases; not a whisper is heard; and the solemn service commences. At length, the host is elevated to the contemplation of the multitude, a bell rings, and the soldiers, with uncovered heads and arms reversed, kneel humbly upon the pavement. At that moment a gently swelling burst of music is heard resounding in the dome, dissolving the soul into tenderness, and soothing it with the promise of reconciliation.

Though no nation and no soldiers are calculated to in-

gratiate themselves like the French, yet a yoke, whether it be made of wood or iron, is always heavy to the wearer. There are many abuses consequent upon this military occupation, injurious alike to the nation and the city. The French government, it seems, openly countenances the contraband introduction of goods from France, with the view of giving enlarged outlets to the national industry. Thus whole cargoes of flour, provisions, and even fancy goods, are landed under the pretence of being stores for the army; for it is one of the stipulations in the treaty between the two nations, that all stores for the use of the auxiliary armies may be introduced from France free of charge. The government is doubtless unwise in encouraging these practices, or at least in employing its military and naval officers in such service; for any slight advantage that may be thus gained by the monopoly of a lucrative trade, is more than counterbalanced by the moral injury which it produces upon the military character. The best proof of this is found in the result. The French ships of war stationed at Cadiz, instead of cruising about to gain that nautical experience which the officers so greatly need, remain almost constantly in port. The officers pass the greater part of their time in the gayeties of the shore, or employ themselves in smuggling valuable goods into Cadiz and the environs; nay, to so shameful an extent is this thing carried, that I have even heard of their going on board an American ship, newly arrived from the Havana, to offer their assistance in landing any Spanish cigars that the captain might be anxious to send on shore without encountering the vexations of the custom-house. This sickly and demoralizing contraband, with an occasional arrival from the colonies, and a coasting-trade, frequently interrupted by the South American pirates, comprise the whole commerce of this once flourishing mart. The empoverishment consequent upon such a decline, in a place entirely destitute of agricultural re-

sources, is sufficiently obvious ; and the evil has been increased into tenfold misery by the proscription of many patriots, a class more numerous and respectable in Cadiz than elsewhere, the confiscation of their property, and abandonment of their families to starvation and ignominy. This misery speaks for itself. Scarce, indeed, may one go forth into the streets, by day or night, without being pursued by crowds of beggars, and not unfrequently by women decently dressed, who still preserve a semblance of their former elegance, though begging their daily bread.

The decline of Cadiz is however so modern a disaster, that it still continues to maintain its beauty. It is entirely surrounded by a fine wall, washed by the sea, within which is a rampart, forming the complete circuit of the city, and affording a continuous walk, which commands a broad view of the ocean without, as of the bay and distant land, and the narrow isthmus leading to the Isla. Within this rampart lies the city, beautifully laid out in squares and fine streets with sidewalks, crossing each other at right angles. The houses are very beautiful, as well as admirably adapted to the climate. They are built in the style which was introduced by the Arabs, and is now general throughout Spain ; being of two stories, with a square court in the centre, and a double gallery, supported on columns of marble, running round the interior. In summer an awning is spread over the area of this square, and being sprinkled with water from time to time, the place is always kept cool. The sun is never permitted to enter this pleasant retreat, where the evening tertulia is held ; where the chocolate is served, and the lover is admitted to touch his guitar and pour out his passion in the eloquence of song, or to listen to a sweeter melody, and catch the spirit of wit and merriment from the frolic sallies of some bewitching Gaditana. The windows on the street reach from the ceiling to the tile floor, so as to leave a free passage for the air. Each has a balcony,

furnished with a green veranda, through the lattices of which you may sometimes catch sight of a fair tenant, sitting amid plants and flowers, covering a handkerchief with the elaborate embroidery which the Spanish ladies love, while the rose, the geranium, and the lavender encompass her with perfumes, and the canary which hangs above keeps constantly greeting her with his song.

There is nothing remarkable at Cadiz in the way of paintings and public buildings. The convents and churches are in smaller numbers and on a poorer footing than elsewhere; for they and commerce do not seem to have flourished together. There are, however, several benevolent institutions which do great credit to the public spirit of Cadiz; such are the almshouse, where several hundreds of poor people are maintained at the public expense, doing what they can towards supporting themselves, and receiving pay for what they earn over and above their own maintenance; and the Academy of San Fernando, where the fine arts are gratuitously taught, with even greater skill than at Madrid. Such also is the Society of Friends of the Country, similar to that of Madrid. The patriotic individuals who compose it have here established a garden for the cultivation of valuable foreign plants and other productions. Among other things that may be seen in this garden is the cochineal bug. The eggs of the female are put into a little piece of gauze, and pinned to a leaf of the prickly pear. When hatched, the insects crawl through the apertures of the gauze, and spread themselves over the plant, which furnishes them with food. When they have gained the full growth, and are bloated with blood, which furnishes the dye, they are knocked with a knife from the plant into some liquid which destroys life. They are then packed up in their natural state, and become a marketable article. These insects were for a long while considered the seed of some Mexican plant; but the agricultural societies of Cadiz, Se-

ville, and Malaga, are now busily employed in distributing them gratuitously among the cultivators. As the plant and insect thrive well in this genial climate, and require very little trouble and attention, this most precious of all dyes, which furnishes the manufacturer with his scarlet crimson, the landscape-painter with his carmine, and the frail and palefaced with their rouge, is likely to become both cheap and abundant.

The best view of Cadiz, to give a general idea of its situation and appearance, is from the top of the signal-tower. Thence the eye takes in a prospect which, to those but little accustomed to ocean scenery, must indeed be enchanting. If you look eastward, your eye follows the narrow causeway leading to Leon, takes in the batteries that defend the inner harbour, and discovers the verdant coast, whitened at intervals by many villages. Medina Sidonia, founded by the Phœnicians of Sidon, rears itself in the distance; and farther yet may be faintly seen the cloud-covered mountains of Ronda. Returning seaward, you follow the line of the bay and point to Puerto Real, Santa Maria, and Rota, taking in the fleet that floats in the roads, and the ships that everywhere cover the sea, where wave succeeds wave in dwindled perspective, until far in the west it is seen to blend its blue outline with the kindred azure of the sky.

Nor does Cadiz itself lose any thing when thus seen from above. Instead of an awkward medley of tile roofs and chimneys, the tops of the houses are terraced, and covered in some instances with orange-trees and flower-pots. Almost every house has its towering kiosk, where in the cool of the evening the wealthier classes repair, to enjoy the view and fly kites, for which diversion men, women, and children have an equal bias. Even the great Ferdinand caught the kite-flying infection; for while the greater Angouleme, the Pacificator of Andujar, was debauching the easy virtue of

the Trocadero, and buying the privilege of having his deeds of arms emblazoned upon the arch reared in honour of Napoleon, Ferdinand was flying his royal kite, and smoking pure Havanas, indifferent to the result of a contest which was merely to decide whether he was to be thenceforth the servant of the constitution, or the slave of the clergy.

But let me not forget the Plaza de San Antõño, nor, least of all, the shady Alemeda ; for these are the nightly resort of all the fashion and beauty of Cadiz. No one who has been there has ever dared to gainsay the charms of the Gaditana ; none to deny that, of all the creatures in creation, she is the most lovely, the most enchanting. She is, for the most part, tall, slender-waisted, and delicate ; yet no one who had an eye to the healthy fulness of her cheek, and roundness of her limbs, and to the assured precision and elasticity of her step, would ever accuse her of leanness or flaccidity. As for her ankle, it is round and springy, and is seen to tenfold advantage through the silken network of her stocking. Her well-turned foot, ready at each step to abandon its little slipper, is taken up and put down again naturally, and without affectation, yet with an exquisite grace. Her *basquiña*, once a petticoat of mohair, but now a silken gown, is festooned with cord and tassels or golden bells, and loaded with lead so as to fit closely round a form to which the climate allows the encumbrance of but a single additional garment. While the right hand opens and shuts the fan, or waves it with wondrous volubility in signal of recognition, the glossy, taper fingers of the left, sparkling with gold and precious stones, confine the floating sides of the mantilla, and assist in concealing those charms the *basquiña* alone is scarcely able to cover. The rich folds of the mantilla give a spread and dignity to the bust, yet do by no means conceal the jet black festoons of her hair, her round and sunny cheek, her coral lips, and those black and brill-

iant eyes, now full of animation and fire, now ready to dissolve with tenderness. Nowhere does the material woman reach the perfection of Cadiz ; nowhere does she attain so rare a grace. There is, indeed, a charm in every look of the Gaditana, a harmony, a fascination in each well-poised movement, that at once captivates the entranced beholder, and fixes him in bondage for ever.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO GIBRALTAR.

A Levanter—The Tartana—Sail from Cadiz—Return—Land and take Horse—Leon—Sacred Salt Pans—Veger—Mountain Tract—Night Ride—Solitary Venta—The Nightingale—Morning Scene—Robber Recollections—The Rock—First View—Contrast of Soldiery—The Mouth of Fire—Gibraltar.

ONE of my first cares on reaching Cadiz had been to find a vessel bound to Gibraltar. For this purpose I was referred to one Signor Maccaroni, a pains-taking Italian, who kept a petty shop near the Plaza de Mar, for the sale of seamen's clothing. As a collateral branch of trade, he received the consignment of small craft, commanded by his countrymen, into whose hands the chief coasting-trade of Spain is now fallen ; for vessels are no longer able to sail, even coastwise, under Spanish colours, from the numbers and boldness of the South American pirates. I found in the signor a thin-legged, meager-faced little man, snuffed to death, and wasted with the cares of business. When he had learned my desire, he told me, in modified and sweetened Spanish, and in a great hurry, that he had something that would suit me exactly ; that there was a tartana which he had just been clearing at the custom-house, and that if

the levanter stopped blowing, it should set sail, God willing, the next morning. We were yet talking the matter over, when the skipper of the tartana entered, a stout, double-fisted, hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, and eyes screwed up to a focus from much looking at squalls and levanters. We soon agreed concerning the price, and the skipper, who had been reconnoitring the heavens, added that the clouds were rising in the west, and there was a prospect of wind from that quarter. The clouds, however, rose to little purpose; they were driven back again by the levanter, which continued to blow on, all prognostications of the weatherwise to the contrary notwithstanding. This state of things continued, day after day, for nearly a week. It is quite bad enough to suffer from impatience and disappointment under any circumstances; and in a levanter, where mingled languor and irritability come over the whole creation, the case becomes intolerable. He who has been at Cadiz at such a time will never forget his sensations. They are well described by Fischer, in his interesting letters on Spain. "When the solano blows at Cadiz, the wind comes pregnant with suffocating vapours from the African desert; the atmosphere has the appearance of bluish vapour, and seems fairly on fire; and the sun, as seen through it, looks large and broken; the sea becomes calm and smooth, the water so warm that the fish come panting to the surface. The air is close and burning, like the atmosphere of an oven, and the birds show their uneasiness in it by flying in a lower region; dogs hide themselves; cats seem in a rage; mules gasp and stagger; fowls become restless; and pigs roll over in the dust. In man it produces tension of the nerves, renders circulation slower, and excites to excess and voluptuousness; the imagination is bewildered; the senses inebriated; and all abandon themselves to a resistless instinct, which is excited by solicitation and authorized by example."

Every thing, however, has its end, and so has a levanter. At length the wind became calm in the night, and with the morning sun a breeze sprang up from the west, bringing with it the refreshing air of the ocean. Our captain went round, beating up the quarters of his passengers, and before the ebb tide began to make at noon, we were all snugly deposited upon the deck of the little tartana. She proved to be a vessel of about thirty tons, with one large lateen sail, a jib and jigger, which last was planted upon the tafferel, and took care of itself without assistance from the crew. As for the cabin, it was about six feet long, with two beggarly births, which served as benches; one of which was assigned to a female passenger, the other to me. A little table constituted the only furniture of the cabin, and a coloured print of the Virgin, from a picture of Raphael, its only ornament. This formed a sort of shrine against the rudder-case. As we were sailing under the auspices of her ladyship, and indeed bore her name, the little bark being called the Virgin of Carmel, so soon as I discovered her presence, I hastened to make my obeisance. Among our passengers was a rough-spoken, but shrewd and sensible Catalan, who was going to Lisbon, but who, not being able to sail direct, from the existing non-intercourse growing out of the fear of constitutional contagion, had obtained a passport to return to Catalonia, intending to shape his course according to his own fancy when he should find himself in Gibraltar.

Besides the female passenger who shared the cabin with me, there were several other women who sat in the hold. There was also a Moor of Tetuan: he was a middle-sized, good-looking man, wearing a large white turban over a red cap; a pair of big cloth breeches that were put on with a drawing-string and sash; and a neat blue jacket, slashed at the sleeves and covered with embroidery. A loose haick or cloth overcoat, without cape or collar, completed his cos-

tume. He had traded many years to Spain in a petty barter of fruit, slippers, and other productions of his country, and spoke the language well, though with an addition to the strongly guttural accent which is proper to it, and which doubtless had its origin from the intercourse with his countrymen during the period of their domination. He was an intelligent, liberal fellow enough, and, with the exception of his dress, which was completely national, he looked less like an Arab or Moor than many Spaniards to be daily met with in Andalusia. Indeed, his ancestors were of Granadian origin, and his name of Muhamad Bueno, as I saw it endorsed on his passport, had certainly as much of Spanish in it as of Arabic. He seemed, too, to have a strong feeling of pride for Andalusia, and boasted much of its luxuriance and beauty. He spoke of its mild temperature ; its pleasant sky ; of the regularity of the seasons ; of the valuable mines contained in its mountains ; the fertility of the soil, and the variety and abundance of its productions ; its excellent wheat, delicious fruits, the beauty and perfumes of its flowers, and the value of many plants, which now grow unknown and ungathered upon its mountains ; but above all, he seemed to remember the freshness and abundance of the waters, which trickle everywhere down the sides of its mountains, slaking the thirst of men and animals, and quickening the earth with fertility and beauty. His countrymen, though now they could scarce procure the privilege of passing like strangers over its soil, had once introduced many plants and trees before unknown, and which now form its greatest riches, as well as the system of cultivation still practised by the Spaniards. Though Muhamad seemed a familiar, amusing fellow, he was yet a strict observer of the tenets and prescriptions of his faith. After making a sparing meal of some fried fish, which he brought with him in a straw pannier, he washed his hands carefully over the side of the vessel ; and at

sunset, turning his back upon the west, he bent forward in a reverential posture, and seemed busied in his devotions.

As soon as the skipper arrived on board, he hastened to remove his beaver hat, high-heeled boots, and a long blue coat, which, to use a sea-phrase, sheeted close home to his ankles. These, being snugly deposited in a chest, were replaced by a broad-brimmed tarpawling, a pair of canvass trousers, which had stiffened to the shape of his legs, and a well-worn jacket, that had little to fear either from tar or tallow. This done, the captain hopped upon deck, quite himself again, and began bustling about to hoist the boat in and lash it to the deck, prepare the sails and rigging for evolutions, and shorten in the cable. The remaining time until high water was employed in writing the log; a task which was executed under the direction of the captain by a young Spaniard of broken-down appearance, whose cachuca might have bespoken the victim of some political heresy, the cap being the badge of the Constitutionals. As for the skipper himself, though his appearance and conversation would have promised better things, he could not write a word, not even his own name, though Italian, and made up of vowels. The scribe was not the only Spaniard of our crew; they were nearly all of that nation, the vessel itself being owned in Cadiz, though sailing as the property of the Genoese captain. Nothing that I had yet seen in Spain furnished so complete an illustration of her fallen fortunes. Here was the property of a nation which in the last century claimed the rank of the second naval power in the world, forced to skulk and take refuge under the banner of a petty Italian state.

When the ebb began to make, we loosed and spread our sails, weighed anchor, and turned to windward, until the lighthouse, which stands upon the point of rocks west of Cadiz, was completely under our lee. We then bore away to the south with flowing sheets, and when the sun sank

behind the well-defined horizon, Cadiz, with its snow-white dwellings, its many belvideres and lofty light-tower, grew low and trembled as we rose and fell upon the waves, and seemed ready to merge into the ocean. Thus we went quietly forward; the wind was light, and the sea was covered in every direction with vessels large and small, intersecting each other's tracks, as with various intent, though with equal assiduity, they sought or abandoned the port, or stood for the entrance of the Mediterranean.

Having discussed the leg of a capon and some Seville bread, seasoned with a bottle of Manzanilla, sent me by a friend, while the captain and crew were busy with the humbler fare of oil, vinegar, garlic, and red herrings, I continued rolled in my cloak and reclining upon the deck until a late hour, beguiled by the interesting conversation of the Moor, and the well-sung song of our Italian captain. At last, overcome with sleep, I sought out my berth below. It was filthy enough, and by no means exclusively my own; yet the dash of the water as we cut it with our prow, the roll of our little bark, and the flapping of the sails, all promoted drowsiness, and soon put me to sleep with the prospect of waking the next morning at Gibraltar. But this world is one of disappointment, more especially the watery portion. Not long after midnight I was roused by the quickened roll of the tartana, the shifting of sails, rustling of cordage, and noise of feet upon deck, as the seamen obeyed the orders of their commander. The women, too, in the hold, as well as my fellow-passenger in the cabin, who had eaten heartily of the provisions the evening before, were now paying the customary forfeit, retching, sighing, and bewailing their fate, in a way to excite the pity of any one but a sailor. Gathering myself up, I projected my head above the companion, when the mystery was soon solved by the doleful note of the captain, as he stood at the helm, looking reproachfully at the wind, and crying, "Levante!

levante!" The fact was, that though there had been a light western breeze on our departure from Cadiz, yet the wind and sea still continued to come from the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, as there is uniformly a strong current running into the straits, I took it for granted that there would be nothing to hinder us from proceeding in our bark, which, though small, was better adapted to encounter head winds and stormy weather than the deckless caravels, in which the countrymen of our captain had started three centuries before, from nearly the same point, in search of a new world. The result showed that I had not made due allowance for the creeping caution of Mediterranean mariners; for, on returning to the deck at sunrise, I found that the captain had been frightened back by the size of the waves. The direction of our prow was changed from south to north, the bold headland of Trafalgar was fading from view, and the white dwellings of Cadiz were again rising above the horizon, like the marble monuments of a graveyard. The disappointed and unwelcome feeling with which Cadiz now broke upon me, excited the comparison. The evening before I had parted with the place in an excellent humour and with the happiest impressions, admiring its beauty, and exclaiming with the poet—"Adieu! fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!"—But now, at the expiration of a dozen hours, I was ready to send it to the devil.

As we beat out of the harbour the night before, so now we had to beat in again. Every one on board looked unhappy; the women had gone through their sea-sickness to no purpose; the captain seamed his forehead into such a fearful frown, that the number of wrinkles were doubled, and even the face of the philosophic Moor had grown longer by a fathom. I was no stranger to their feelings; and when I landed upon the wharf, encountered anew the persecutions of the aduaneros, passed through the Plaza de Mar, and by the shop of the little Italian, who was aston-

ished to see me, and assailed me with a volley of irritating questions. I really felt miserable. Every one seemed to be looking at me, and pitying my disappointment. I felt unwilling to meet the friend whose kindness had rendered my stay at Cadiz so agreeable, and of whom I had taken leave for at least the half-dozenth time. I was almost ashamed even to return to the inn, though an innkeeper seldom grows tired of exercising hospitality.

Determined to encounter robbers, murder, and every other evil, rather than trust again to the uncertainty of the elements, I procured a couple of horses and a guide the next morning, and after breakfast set out from Cadiz, bag and baggage. The horses were sturdy, active beasts, with long and shaggy manes and tails; an indication of their having, like their compatriot Rocinante, the further advantage of being horses at all points. I was mounted upon the lighter beast of the two, with a large Spanish or rather Moorish saddle, high before and behind, with broad stirrups of sheet iron, which, being pointed at the corners, served the additional purpose of spurs. The bridle was single, with a heavy curb-bit, by means of which one could bring the horse from a gallop back in a twinkling upon his haunches. A pack-saddle being placed upon the back of the other animal, my trunk was secured upon it crosswise, and behind it sat the guide, directing his horse, though a spirited animal, by means of a halter. As for my guide and only companion in this expedition, he was a stout and fine-looking Gallego, of about forty years, who had begun by being a porter in Cadiz, and, having got together a little money, had bought horses, and now served as a guide to travellers wishing to pass to Seville, Ronda, Gibraltar, or Malaga. Though dressed in a jacket and tight breeches and leggins, after the manner of Andalusia, he still preserved a memento of Galicia in the colour of his dress, the favourite green of his native mountains. He proved to be a faithful, active,

sprightly, and well-disposed fellow, so that I soon felt at home in his company.

Leaving Matagorda and the notorious Trocadero on the left, together with Fort St. Louis, built by that sturdy old cruiser Dugay Trouin, we came over a Roman causeway to the Isla de Leon, memorable as the birthplace of the second constitution. This place, called also the city of San Fernando, contains the principal observatory of Spain, where the Nautical Almanack and Ephemeris are still calculated and published for the benefit of navigators and astronomers. Carraca, too, which lies in the neighbourhood, and opens upon the bay of Cadiz, was once the first arsenal of Spain, and the great stronghold of her naval prowess. There was little left to indicate its character and uses. Instead of the eighty ships of the line which Spain could have sent to sea at the close of the last century, only one was now to be seen. It was, as my guide told me, one of those brought from Russia in the year 1820, to carry out the expedition destined to re-establish order in America, and which chose rather to turn its attention to the redress of domestic grievances. As it lay abandoned, without anchor or cable, with a single mast standing, and careened against a mud-bank, it furnished a fit, yet mournful emblem of national decline.

Having passed through a sandy tract, which, like Cadiz, seems a sort of neutral ground, in dispute between land and water, and destined, if we may judge from experience, to fall entirely under the dominion of the latter, we at length crossed the arm of the sea which insulates the Isla, and trod upon terra firma of a less equivocal character. In looking back from this point, many conical heaps of salt, produced by the evaporation of seawater, may be seen rising like tents upon the even surface of the shore. Salt being, as well as tobacco, one of the government monopolies, is sold at so high a price to the natives as even to check the use of it to a certain extent. At the same time the

people of the neighbourhood may see foreigners take it away by the ship-load, and for a mere trifle. The Spaniards neither understand nor admire this odious distinction. They are willing to pay a good high price to government for their scanty pittance of tobacco, because it comes from abroad ; but this measuring out of salt, a produce of their own country, by the quart to Spaniards, and by the bushel to Englishmen, is an economical subtlety altogether beyond their comprehension. They perhaps find some cause of consolation in the pious name bestowed upon the salt-pans, from which they receive their supply ; for here ships, shops, boats, and coaches, have by no means the exclusive appropriation of the Virgin. What think you, reader, of the "Salina de Maria Santisima?" and what of the "Salina del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesus?"

Chiclana, through which we next passed, is a pretty, pleasant place, which, in the better days of Cadiz, originated in the wealth of her merchants, who built summer-houses here, to which to retreat from the dust and drudgery of the shop and warehouse. Hence its honorary surname, Aranjuez of Cadiz. Leaving Chiclana, our road passed over a sandy country, covered at intervals with pine forests, and broken into hill and dale. It became still more irregular, the mountains higher, and the ravines deeper, as we advanced, gaining greatly, however, in fertility. This was especially the case at Veger, where we halted to dine and refresh our horses during the heat of the day. Veger is one of the most singular places in Spain. It stands with an imposing attitude upon the very pinnacle of a precipitous mountain, which rises to the sudden height of near a thousand feet above the little stream, with its corresponding valley, by which it is almost encircled. Without rises an amphitheatre of still higher mountains, which everywhere bound the horizon, and isolate this little spot within a world of its own. The situation is impregnable ; and this, as

well as the singular fertility of the surrounding country, must have rendered it a chosen hold of the Moors, an agricultural and pastoral people, who, while they sought out and fortified the strongest posts to check invasion and perpetuate their conquest, were ever alive to the natural beauties of the country. It was evidently an important city in their time, judging from the many remains of towers and defences which still crown the crest of the hill, and from the now deserted caves dug into its steep side, to aid in lodging a redundant population. The whole slope from the tower down to the valley, though very precipitous, forms a continuous vineyard, which is reached, when the vines are to be pruned or the fruit gathered, by zigzag steps and terraces. As for the valley below, it is a perfect garden, planted with fields of wheat and groves of orange, the chosen abode of the nightingale.

While our dinner was preparing I was near being arrested in my journey, through the ignorance and stupidity of a custom-house officer, who, in examining my trunk for money or other articles of contraband, happened to fall upon a bundle of despatches, which even Cacaruco had spared, and which he seemed determined that I should carry no farther. In vain did I explain to him that they were for the government of the United States, and sealed with the seal of the American minister; he had never heard either of the country or the individual. Equally in vain did I show him a duplicate passport from the minister of the interior, ordering all whom it might concern to help me forward in my journey, headed by a long list of titles and honorary distinctions, and followed by his signature, and, what was of far greater consequence, his rubrica, or flourish, which was tied and twisted most inextricably. Our readers may not be aware that in Spain a signature is not valid without a flourish. Of the two, a signature without a flourish is worth less than a flourish without a signature. The

cause of this peculiarity is, that the flourish is thought to baffle forgery more effectually. Hence there is a great deal of refinement in the invention of rubricas, and occasionally a little dandyism. The rubrica was however of no avail on this occasion, and I should certainly have been arrested, unless some more sensible person should discover that I was neither spy nor conspirator, and send me off with the comfort of an apology, had I not hastened to make use of a nostrum which I carried in my pocket, and which at once quieted every qualm of the functionary.

Relieved of this troublesome fellow, and refreshed by food and repose, we set forward at four from Veger, and passed along the little stream, which is navigable for small vessels nearly to the foot of the mountain. When we turned aside from it the country became broken, rugged, and almost uninhabited. This was especially the case in crossing a mountain which lay in our way, and to which we came at nightfall. Here ragged oaks and equally ragged cork-trees completely beset our path, and seemed to dispute possession of the niggard soil. There was now, as throughout the journey, no road, but a variety of diverging paths, of which the guide chose the most direct. Though the descent was sometimes so steep and intricate that the path seemed completely closed a few feet in advance, yet our horses picked their way along with infinite sagacity and without any hesitation. But if they took care of themselves, they left us to do the same. We had now to lie flat upon the saddle, to escape the branch of a tree; now to lift a foot or swing both legs on one side, to avoid the contact of a rock.

Descending this inhospitable mountain, we reached at nightfall the level country below, seemingly fertile and rich in natural productions, and needing only the seconding efforts of man to become a perfect paradise. We found it, however, but little cultivated, and abandoned to cattle and brood

mares, with here and there the hut of a herdsman. Of their neighbourhood we were always notified at the distance of a mile or more by the snuffing and neighing of our horses, who seemed often disposed to wander from the beaten track in search of company. My steed, who found he had to deal with a stranger, was especially wrong-headed and obstinate; indeed, he required much jerking of the bridle and forcible persuasion from the sharp corners of my stirrups, to curb his licentiousness and bring him back to a sense of duty. We paused at several of the huts that lay in our way, to light a cigar or beg a glass of water; and the guide would take such as were of his acquaintance aside, and talk with them in a low tone, inquiring, as I presumed, whether the road were open and free from *salteadores*. Other huts, whose tenants were in bad odour among the muleteers, were passed at a gallop, to prevent the trunk from being discovered and avoid investigation, which might prove troublesome. As we dashed by, we could see all that was going on within; the fagots heaped up and crackling in the huge chimney which rose from the centre of the building, the women busied with the evening meal, and the swarthy, skin-clad peasants, with neglected beard and shaggy hair, sitting within the threshold, their bright eyes gleaming from the reflection of the fire, whereas they could only catch an indistinct glance at our figures as we darted through the glare of the doorway.

Towards ten o'clock we began to ascend a second mountain, and when near the top halted at an obscure stopping-place, where we were to pass the night. It was a small cottage, built of stones and mud, and thatched with straw. It consisted, as usual, of a single story, with the earth for a floor, and the sooty roof for a ceiling. The chimney rose from the centre, the side upon which it opened served as a kitchen and eating-room, and the other half of the dwelling was screened off for a general bedroom. Opposite was a

shed for the horses. Diego, upon whom fell all the cares of providing for the journey, hastened to order such food as might be found in our humble caravansary. This was not very choice ; some bacon, broiled before the fire, and a huge earthen basin containing eggs and garlic, floating about in the oil which had served to fry them. A ride of fifty miles, the mountain air, and the evening breeze, had prepared me to assist in despatching this pittance. That business disposed of, Diego sought out the stable, stretched himself beside his horses, and went to sleep to the music of their jaws, as they discussed their barley ; and I, before throwing myself on the less inviting bed prepared for me in the adjoining room, wandered out to take a draught of the fresh breeze, perfumed as it was by the thousand aromatic plants that grow wild upon the mountains of Andalusia.

There I found an inducement to linger much longer than I had anticipated. I had been already delighted during the day's ride, especially after sunset and the commencement of twilight, by the singing of nightingales, which abound in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. On this occasion there were two perched upon neighbouring trees, in which were doubtless the nests of the females. They sang alternately, and evidently waited for each other ; the one only commencing some time after the other had finished. Thus they exercised a degree of deference and politeness towards each other not always observed in the colloquies of more reasonable creatures. Their prevailing note was, as usual, that sweet and swelling strain, which, beginning in a low whistle, passes from rapid quavers to well-articulated modulations, and grows fuller and fuller for a few seconds, until it reaches the pitch of force and melody, thence declining to a close by an equally happy and harmonious gradation. This pleasing contest reminded me of Pliny's animated, and perhaps rather imaginative, description of this little

musician ; how the young ones are taught by the old, listen attentively to their lesson, and strive to repeat it ; how the more experienced songsters dispute among themselves for the palm of supremacy, and grow obstinate in the contest, the conquered at length losing his life, and rather renouncing his respiration than his song. I had passed nearly two years in Europe, and from living chiefly in cities, had missed hearing this bird until now. A friend had told me, in reference to the received opinion of its mournful, melancholy note, " You will find it a lively, sprightly bird, and its song the joyful outpouring of a hearty, happy individual." And so indeed it proved. I at once became enamoured of the little songster, who has all the vivacity, the fulness of tone, and melody, without any of the confused jumble, of our self-complacent bobalink. When, some months afterward, having in vain sought to steal unseen upon him in the bushes which resounded with his melody, I at length caught sight of the rusty little songster, in a cage which furnished his coyness with no concealment, I wondered, with the naturalist, that so small and mean a body should supply so loud a voice, such a fund of spirit and earnestness. On this occasion the music of the nightingale fell upon my ear with the charm of novelty ; it beguiled me of the repose required for the renewal of our journey ; and when I at length found myself in the filthy and over-tenanted sleeping-room, and upon the comfortless bed that had been assigned me, I thought it was but a poor exchange for the calm starlight without, the sweet breath of the mountain, and the song of the ruisenñor.

The next morning we were in motion at an early hour. Several countrymen, who had passed the night in the same cottage, and who were going to San Roque, willingly availed themselves of our company. If our road had been rough and even dangerous the day before, it became still more so this morning, in crossing the higher ranges of

mountains, which here form a barrier between the waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Precipices towered high around us ; rocks were piled on rocks, while between lay ravines of yawning depth, whose horrors were magnified by being imperfectly seen through the ragged branches of the cork-trees. As we wound through these mountain defiles, our little party found a doubtful pleasure, as usual, in recounting the robber-stories by which the rocks, and trees, and occasional crosses were consecrated.

During ten years that Diego had travelled this road, he had been attacked three times by banditti, and robbed twice. Once, when he had ridden nearly through a narrow pass, and heard himself called upon by the robbers in ambush with the usual war-cry of " *A tierra, ladron !*" he had turned his horse short round, and calling to those who followed to do the same, hurried away at a gallop. The exasperated marauders jumped at once from their concealment, and taking aim as he fled, greeted him with a volley from their carbines. One of the balls took effect in the haunch of his horse, the other in his own thigh ; but he got away by dint of hoof to the nearest dwelling, and in another fortnight he was again in the saddle.

The year before, he had been plundered at the bottom of the ravine to which we were approaching by carboneros, who had been making charcoal in the neighbouring woods, and had prepared to close their campaign by besetting all the paths, and taking every one who passed during the day. The Gallego had been allowed to cross the ravine in security, and had entered the path beyond, when he heard a sudden rustling in the bushes, and footsteps behind him, accompanied by the usual salutation. Trusting to his former success, he pressed the flanks of his horse, and struck forward. But he had scarce galloped a few steps, when he found a fellow directly in his path, pointing his gun right at his eye, and seemingly in the very act of pulling

the trigger. There was no alternative. He stopped his horse, threw himself upon the ground, and lay flat upon his face, in hopes thus to deprecate the rage of the robbers. The goodness of his horse, and a new jacket and hat, with a pair of worked leggins, which he had bought the last time he was in Seville, pleaded strongly in his favour, and he was permitted to go away barelegged and hatless.

When I thought what a loss this must have been to my poor Gallego, I could not help reflecting what small inducements there were in Spain to industry and economy. In that country there is neither truth nor reason in the commonly received adage, "honesty is the best policy." Another of our party had been caught in the same scrape, and had been stripped to the skin and beaten into a jelly, for having attempted to conceal a few reals which he had with him. Nay, they tied his hands and feet, and left him at a distance from the road, where he might have died of heat and hunger, had he not been relieved by some good Samaritan, who happened, as he passed, to catch the sound of his lamentations.

When we came to the scene of these operations, we wound slowly down amid the rocks and trunks of trees, until we reached the muddy brook which ran at the bottom of the ravine; thence we ascended again in the same order, the Gallego taking the lead. When he had got clear of the worst impediments, he struck forward at a gallop, leaning his body over the portmanteau, and looking with a hurried glance from side to side, as there occurred an opening in the woods. There was a wild excitement in these little risks, which gave an interest to whatever I saw, and prepared me to appreciate the more quiet beauties of the country, and the security inspired by the neighbourhood of man, as we left the region of the mountain, and descended into the smiling valley which receives its torrents.

After breakfast we left the pretty village of Los Barriors,

one of the favourite resorts of the people of Gibraltar, who often fly to the mainland from the dust, and bustle, and business of the Rock, in search of purer air and a less equivocal verdure. On crossing a hill we came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean. The Bay of Gibraltar lay open before us, Algezirias and the land beyond stretching away to the right hand, while, farther on the left, the solitary rock itself rose from the ocean, at the extremity of the long sand-beach, into which the mountains gradually decline, seagirt on every side except towards the Andalusian coast, with which it seems united only for some mischievous purpose. The ships in the bay, though distinct and conspicuous, seemed mere points in the comparison.

There is something singularly formidable in the appearance of the Rock, whether seen near or from a distance. In looking at it from the east and west, many persons have discovered in its form the rude outline of a crouched lion. Nor do you need the remembrance of its natural and artificial strength, nor yet of the lion's being the emblem of Britain, to help you out with the association. The precipitous bluff, which rises perpendicularly more than a thousand feet above the neutral ground, furnishes by no means an unreal resemblance to the head of that fierce and frowning animal; the rugged ridge may represent his mane, while the gradual decline to the south, and the abrupt termination in the sea, all serve to perfect the comparison.

Having crossed the Guadarranque, we rode over the site of Carteia, a city founded by the Phœnicians, connected in fabulous history with the name of Hercules, and famous in Roman annals. Having declined and become desolate under the ruinous domination of the Goths, its materials are said to have been carried away by the Arabs for the building of Algezirias and Gibraltar. Nothing but history and a half-forgotten tradition, not a single habitation, nor even so much as a stone, remains to proclaim its existence.

Could the gallant but unhappy son of Pompey, when driven from the gate of Carteia, have looked forward to this utter annihilation, he might have found ample revenge for his cruel and heartless persecution.

From Carteia we followed the sand of the seabeach, left hard by the receding tide, and clattered merrily along. Diego sang for joy to be so near the end of his journey. With myself, the prospect of meeting friends, and hearing from others, furnished no inferior motives for exultation. We were detained at a group of ruinous buildings, which forms the Spanish barrier, until our passports could be examined, and Diego should pay a dollar or two of his little earnings for permission to leave his Catholic majesty's dominions; and this he had to do every time he came to Gibraltar.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which every thing presented as I passed the narrow interval which separates Spain from Gibraltar. It so happens that the very poorest of the Spanish troops are stationed here, and that every thing connected with the public service denotes more than usual ruin and dilapidation. The soldiers on duty were ragged, their *schaikos* often stretched out of shape, and kept from falling over their eyes by a handkerchief thrust between them and the forehead, until they projected in front like the self-sustained pent-house of a Dutch dwelling. Some wore shoes and gaiters, others hempen sandals. In this neglected garb, however, you could see a well-made and sinewy, though starved form, a weather-beaten face, and black and bristly mustaches, which, with the keen eye of the poor soldier, denoted a fund of military spirit. Besides these troops, groups of beggars, vagrant gipsies, squalid unwashed men, and half-naked women, paralytic and rickety wretches, whom their own want and others' avarice had condemned to grope into the earth in search of quicksilver, until they were converted

into monsters of deformity, and fitted to gain their bread by working upon the disgust of mankind, here surround and pester all who pass, and seem purposely placed to greet strangers and do the honours of the country.

How different every thing within the English lines ! I first came to a drawbridge of neat construction ; then a guard-house, with a snug lodge for the person who is charged with the service of watching those who enter and depart, and who sits comfortably under cover. Beside this man, and to secure him obedience, stood a British soldier, as stiff as a statue ; his coat, cap, and shoes, all brushed to perfection ; his trousers, ruffles, plume, and belts, as white as washing and pipeclay could make them ; and his musket, where not coloured, reflecting the sunbeams like a mirror. Though his form was less muscular and his eye less martial than those of the poor Spaniard without, he was nevertheless larger and better fed, had been caned into good looks, and was ready, by the force of discipline, to do any thing and go anywhere.

On a nearer approach to the fortress, I paused for a moment to look upon its rugged front with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration. Here the whole art of defence has been exhausted. The entire face and foot of the mountain is covered with defences and bristling with cannon. The level ground below, the slopes and ridges, and every inequality of surface, have been converted into batteries. Even the precipice itself, where nature, having precluded all approach, refuses a foothold for a single warrior, is perforated with yawning portholes, suspended near a thousand feet above, and ready in a moment to be converted into mouths of fire. All these cannon pointed at the place upon which I stood, their tompons out, to denote preparation, and a readiness to be lit up in a moment into one vast blaze, as terrible as the thunder of the heavens.

After passing through several parallels, where all denoted

the most perfect state of order and preparation, I came to the neat market recently erected without the gate, and the general landing-place of man-of-war's-men and merchant sailors of every nation in Europe. Here one may see Jews, big-breeched Moors, wily Greeks, spluttering Dutchmen, and flippant Frenchmen; smooth-tongued Italians, long-waisted and red-capped Catalans, and English sailors, with their neat tarpawlings and blue jackets, reeling shipward. As you penetrate into the town, all denotes the stir and bustle of commerce, and an immense business confined within narrow limits. Goods are constantly landing and embarking, and carts and wagons passing in every direction. The people no longer moved slowly, as in Spain, nor loitered about the corners; every one had something to do, every one was in a hurry. Salutations were abrupt, and ceremonies dispensed with. "How do!" was the word, without waiting for an answer. Even the Spaniards residing here seem to have caught the impetus. Instead of their long "How are you?" and "God guard you!" I now heard nothing from them but a sudden "Abur!" as they were forced against and bounded away from each other in the crowd. The officers of the garrison, amid all this bustle, seemed the only men of leisure. They sat on horseback, dressed in their neat red Moorish jackets, with foraging-caps covering their faces, often equally red; their horses drawn up in the middle of the street, to the obstruction of the drays, or planted at the only crossing-place for footmen. Others monopolized the sidewalk, driving the trader into the street, while elsewhere a couple, as if mutually unwilling to sacrifice dignity by coming towards each other, carried on their conversation for the public benefit from either side of the street, saying very flat things, with arms folded or a-kimbo, and in a very pon-honourish tone, as though each were talking through a quire of paper. Here was music, too, and marching, and ladies, and every

thing that can be seen in the whole world, reduced into a narrow compass. There was much in all this to please, and yet there was much that was displeasing. I now saw again, in the appearance of many of the moving multitude, those indications of intemperance to which I had been long a stranger; swollen and unwieldy bodies, surmounted by fiery faces, mottled with blotches and carbuncles. Everywhere along the main street stood open tap-rooms, the ready reservoirs of all this intemperance. The well-rubbed bottles glistened upon the shelves, with each its silver label, while the alternate glasses were surmounted by lemons, to make the poison palatable to beginners. It was long since I had seen any thing like this; and it pained me to remember, that had I been transported as suddenly into my own country, I might have met with objects equally hateful and disgusting. The contrast brought into strong relief the frugal, temperate habits, the sinewy conformation, and manly bearing of the Spanish peasantry; nor could I help reflecting that, if their case called upon us for commiseration, there was also some room for admiration and for envy.

CHAPTER X.

GIBRALTAR.

The Rock — Early History — The Saracens — The Spaniards — British — Spanish Efforts to Retake — Late Siege — Advantages of Possession — The Town — The Crazy Greek — Amusements — Parades — The Alameda — Europa Point — Moorish Castle — Excursions — Signal Station — Tower of St. George — View — St. Michael's Cave — A Ship.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea, at the southern extremity of Spain and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct sections by a lofty ridge, which, beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher until it has reached an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, thence declining gradually and terminating in Europa Point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, like the bluff point at the north, which faces the Spanish lines, or else so steep and craggy as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town, as well as many isolated dwellings. On this side are the only landing-places.

This formidable spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long, and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. On every other side it is surrounded by water; and its coasts are so rough and precipitous, that it can be approached only in a very few places.

The entire eastern half, as we have said, is utterly inaccessible. To the west there is a deep bay extending completely over to Algeziras and the corresponding peninsula, which runs out to form the northern point of the Herculean Straits. This is the harbour of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead, whence vessels are often forced from their anchors, and driven high and dry upon the shore.

Gibraltar, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea of unknown waters which none had ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an early period the attention of the ancients. The strangeness of its situation with respect to the adjacent country, the deep, dark cave, which is still an object of wonder in modern times, and its total difference in form and figure from the other parts of the known world, doubtless aided the imagination of a superstitious age in inventing the fable which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of still earlier antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules, having conquered the Girons, as we have already seen, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the strait, until a great mountain rose up on either side in honour of his victory. These are the ever famous pillars of Hercules. This wild fable was doubtless invented after the real pillars erected at Cadiz were destroyed or forgotten, and the *ne plus ultra* was added to signify that Calpe and Abyla were the ends of the earth.

Though Calpe thus early attracted the attention of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, by whom it was visited, and who built several cities in its immediate vicinity, there is no account of its having been made the site of a settlement until the time of the Saracenic invasion. This took place in the year 711, when Musa, the lieutenant of the calif in Africa, sent Taric ben Zeyad, with five

hundred chosen horsemen, to test the possibility of effecting a conquest, to which the distracted state of Spain, the faction of the exiled sons of Witiza, and his own proximity, so strongly invited him.

Taric crossed the strait with his little force, and, attended by the treacherous Count Julian, governor of Gothic Mauritania, overran the neighbouring coast without resistance; for the strongholds had gone to ruin, or been destroyed to prevent internal treason, by the orders of Witiza. Loaded with booty, his little troop returned in triumph to Tangiers. The success of this expedition corroborated the representation of Count Julian, and seemed ominous of more important results. Taric was again despatched with a numerous fleet. He had already gained a name by extending the Mussulman dominion in Africa against the barbarous natives, as well as the no longer victorious Visigoths. The easily-acquired spoil of those who had shared in the first expedition procured him abundance of ready volunteers, and twelve thousand veterans of hand and heart were chosen from the number. He now arrived at Algeziras, one of the frontier fortresses belonging to the government of Count Julian; and, crossing the bay, disembarked upon the narrow isthmus which joins Calpe to the continent. One of his first steps was to fortify the Rock, by constructing a wall to prevent all entrance from the continent, and building a strong castle to secure his retreat, should he be defeated by the Goths. This castle and part of the wall still remain, and an inscription found on the principal gate fixes the time of its completion at the fourteenth year after the coming of Taric.

Leaving a garrison in the unfinished fortification, Taric prepared to meet the approaching hosts of Theodemir and King Roderick. The Saracens were at first dismayed at the number of their enemies. But when they would have fled to their ships they beheld them in flames, fired by the

order of Taric himself, who thus gave an example which has been since followed in another hemisphere. Several battles paved the way to the final victory of Xerez, as that did to the conquest of a whole nation of slaves, who had little to lose by a change of masters. A new language now pervaded the Peninsula, and cities, mountains, and rivers were named anew by the conquerors. Calpe received the name of the successful general, in commemoration of his victory. It was called Gibal Taric, the Mountain of Taric. It was also called Bab el Fetah, Gate of the Entrance, and was looked upon as the key to the Peninsula. Hence the symbol of the key, which, with a castle, still constitutes the arms of the fortress. Those of the Saracens who first came with Taric to the conquest, are said to have adopted this symbol and worn it upon their banners. And hence it is that a sculptured key is found in so many places among the ruins of the Alhambra at Granada, where many of the followers of Taric are supposed to have settled.

Gibraltar continued in the hands of the Saracens until the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Christians had already won back their whole territory except the kingdom of Granada. It then fell into the possession of the King of Castile, who, having made an ineffectual attempt to take Algeziras, contented himself with the capture of Gibraltar, at that time a place of little importance. When Ferdinand entered the town in triumph, a very old Moor, as Father Mariana informs us, addressed him in the following words, which give a lively idea of what his countrymen must have suffered by the gradual and exterminating march of the Christian conquest :—" What misery is mine, brought upon me by my own sins or by an evil destiny ! My whole life have I wandered an unhappy exile, forced to change my abode at every step, and make a spectacle of my misfortunes in all the cities of Andalusia. Thy great grandfather, San Fernando, drove me from Seville. I fixed my-



self in Xerez ; this city was conquered by thy grandfather, Don Alonzo, and for a similar reason I was forced to move away to Tarifa. Don Sancho, thy father, gained Tarifa ; it was lost to me and mine, and I sought a last refuge in Gibraltar, thinking that at length, in this extremity of Andalusia, I had also found the end of so many misfortunes. The thought deceived me ; I am forced again, old as I am, to seek out a new country and a new home. I am resolved to pass into the middle of Africa, that I may see, if by so remote an exile it be possible to find shelter for the close of my old age, and spend in quiet the little of life that may yet remain to me."

Twenty-four years after, the Emperor of Morocco sent his son over with a large force, and got possession of Gibraltar, at a moment when the Castilian king was employed in quelling a domestic rebellion. Gibraltar now became an important place, and was so well fortified as to resist a siege, laid by Don Alonzo in person, who was forced to withdraw. He returned again, however, in 1344, and blockaded Algeziras, of which he at length possessed himself, though the place was stoutly defended by the Moors, "who threw," says Father Mariana, "balls of iron, with great explosion, and no little injury, into the tents of the Castilians." The historian adds, that this was the first occasion on which any mention is found of the use of cannon in Europe ; but though this may be true with respect to the Spanish chronicles, yet in the Arabic histories translated by Conde, and which bear far greater internal evidence of truth than even the history of Mariana, mention is made of the use of cannon by the Saracens in the year 1257, in the defence of Neibla, as also in 1324, at the sieges of Baza and Martos, and a few years after at the fatal battle of Rio Salado. Algeziras being in possession of the Christians, Alonzo marched against Gibraltar ; but the King of Granada coming to the assistance of the Africans, the siege was

raised and a truce made between the three kings. But Don Alonzo could not conquer his desire to recover Gibraltar, for he knew it might serve at any moment for the introduction of new hordes by the Emperor of Morocco. He therefore took advantage of some dissensions which subsequently arose in Africa, to attempt the reduction of the fortress. He encamped with a powerful army before the place ; but well knowing the impossibility of entering it by force, he caused it to be strictly blockaded by sea and land. Famine soon began to make havoc within the garrison, and it was already a question of surrendering, when a more fearful calamity, the plague, made its appearance in the camp of the besiegers. So great was the mortality among the Christians, that the chief captains counselled the king to raise the siege ; but he would not consent to give up the object of such long and earnest desire when just within his grasp. He determined to continue the siege, and becoming the victim of his perseverance, took the plague, and died in the camp. The Castilians now prepared to march homeward with the body of their king ; and it is recorded, that such was the admiration of the Moors for Don Alonzo, on account of his generous treatment of the inhabitants of Algeziras many years before, that they said, when he died, there did not remain his equal in the whole world. They were well pleased to be relieved from the pressing wants and dangers of their condition, and suffered the Castilians to bear away the body of Don Alonzo without attempting any annoyance.

Gibraltar continued in possession of the Emperor of Morocco until 1411, when the King of Granada marched against the place, and took it by blockade and starvation. A half century afterward, a civil war breaking out in Granada, the greater part of the garrison was withdrawn, to strengthen the party of one of the competitors for the throne. Information of the weak state of the place was at once con-

veyed to the governor of Tarifa, by a Mussulman who had embraced Christianity. The governor chanced to be Juan de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, a descendant of Guzman the Good, and son to the brave Count of Neibla, who had been drowned some years before in an ineffectual attempt to possess himself of Gibraltar. Glowing with the desire to avenge a father's death and add something to the name of Guzman, he hastily assembled an army, and appeared before the fortress. Notwithstanding the weak state of the garrison, and the unlooked-for appearance of the Christians, the inhabitants fought valiantly in defence of their homes, and only surrendered to the superior force and obstinacy of Guzman.

Gibraltar, thus fallen into the hands of the proper owners, the possessors of the adjacent country, continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, as of the Spanish territory. Charles V., aware of its importance, caused its fortifications to be enlarged and modernized, until it was esteemed impregnable. There is still a gate standing which bears the arms and inscription of that great prince. Gibraltar had been captured from the Granadians in consequence of a civil war and a disputed succession, and under similar circumstances it was afterward lost to Spain. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling in 1704 for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison, having only one hundred and fifty men to manœuvre one hundred guns, was pounced upon and became the prey of a third party. The taking of Gibraltar was the consequence of a failure ; for Admiral Rook, having been sent to Barcelona with troops under the command of the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, had failed to effect the object of his expedition. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public, he called together a council, in which it was determined to attack Gibraltar. The fleet having arrived in the bay, eighteen hundred English and Dutch were immediately

landed upon the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the enemy, who were scarcely in numbers to lend each other encouragement, much less co-operation, were driven from their guns. The governor was again summoned to surrender; and now, conscious of his own weakness, and dreading an assault, from the intrepidity of the English sailors, who mounted the mole sword in hand, he felt that nothing remained but submission. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men and millions of money, was purchased by the British with the trifling loss of sixty killed and two hundred and twenty wounded.

The new dynasty, sensible of the importance of this loss, set at once about repairing it. An army was assembled before the fortress, and a heavy cannonade opened. But the British returned ball for ball, and the Spaniards, finding that force was hopeless, determined to try the effect of stratagem. They came to the desperate resolution of surprising the garrison, even in the presence of the British admiral, who was in the bay at the time. Five hundred volunteers offered their services, and made a vow never to return alive, except as masters of Gibraltar. To prepare themselves for a too probable death, they began by confessing themselves and taking the sacrament. In the dead of the night, this truly forlorn hope was conducted by a goatherd round the back of the Rock to the south, and thence to Saint Michael's Cave, which they reached unperceived. In the many concealments of this singular place, they continued all day undiscovered. When night had again returned, and all the garrison, except the customary guards, were buried in sleep, they sallied out, and scaled the wall of Charles V., surprising and cutting to pieces the Middle Hill guard. Here, by the aid of ladders and ropes, they drew up a party of several hundred which

had been ordered to sustain them. It had been concerted that these brave soldiers, if they succeeded in the preliminary parts of the attack, should be supported by a party of French troops, while a feint attack was to be made in some other quarter, to divert the attention of the besieged. They had effected the most difficult and dangerous part of the service with complete success ; but some misunderstanding had taken place among the commanding officers, and the intrepid Spaniards were abandoned to their fate. They and their achievement were sacrificed to some petty point of military etiquette. They waited in vain for the feint attack and for succour. Meantime the alarm had been given in the garrison, and a body of British grenadiers, marching up to the top of the rock, fell furiously upon them, killing some, driving others over the precipice, and taking the rest prisoners. Such was the fate of this gallant enterprise, conceived and conducted with equal ingenuity and hardihood, and which needed but a little well-timed co-operation to have become completely successful.

The Spaniards, though soon afterward at peace with England, continued to keep a watchful eye upon the garrison, and seem at various times to have meditated a surprise. At length, in 1726, they assembled an army of twenty thousand men, under the Marquis de Las Torres, at Algeziras, whence they marched round the bay, and established themselves in front of Gibraltar. The Spaniards continued gradually to advance towards the garrison, answering the remonstrances of the British general by saying that they were on their master's ground. At last, when they had almost reached the point of the Rock, the batteries opened upon them, and the fire was quickly returned. When under the cover of the rock, the Spaniards commenced a mine, intending to blow up the northeast corner of it, and thus, if possible, to destroy at a single explosion the garrison and its defences, filling up the trenches, and opening in the

confusion a road for the assailants. Some consider the idea ridiculous, to attempt even the partial destruction of such a mountain. The Spaniards, from their making the attempt, must have been of a different opinion. The thing, whether possible or not, was never executed; for the operations of the assailants were soon terminated by peace.

In 1760, Gibraltar had wellnigh fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, without any exertion on their part. A conspiracy was formed in the garrison by two regiments, which had been long on the station without a prospect of relief, to surprise and massacre the officers and all others opposed to their designs; then to plunder the place, secure the military chest, and purchase themselves a retreat into Spain by the surrender of the fortress. The number of the conspirators amounted to nearly a thousand, and they might, perhaps, have executed their purpose, had the plot not been discovered in the course of a drunken quarrel.

But all the efforts made to recover this important fortress become insignificant when compared to the siege which it sustained during the great war set in motion by our struggle for independence. This famous siege lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the allies, assisted by the young Count of Artois and the Duke of Bourbon, who had come to learn the art of war in a contest which occupied the attention of all Europe. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliot, with equal courage and good conduct. The rounds from the allied batteries sometimes amounted to a thousand a day. The total of rounds on both sides amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns were exhausted, and new inventions in the science of destruction date from the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were the ten floating towers of the allies, which mounted in all two hundred guns, and were so cunningly contrived that they were both

ball and bomb proof, and had nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency, the expedient was tried by the British, of heating shot in furnaces, and discharging them red hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls and place themselves in the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight the floating castles, which in the morning had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral-piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these seagirt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within; surrounded by a treacherous element, and their escape cut off by the British flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity was a choice of deaths. This terrible siege is full of incidents such as this; and, were they recorded with equal genius, it would scarce possess inferior interest to the retreat of Xenophon, or the campaign of Moscow.

If Gibraltar has defied the efforts of the Duke de Crillon, backed by two princes of the blood, it has also resisted the will of Napoleon. It still continues in possession of the British, and doubtless will so continue, if not lost by some such accident or surprise as have already wellnigh delivered it into the hands of the Spaniards, until Britain shall descend from her present greatness to a rank more commensurate with her natural resources, or Spain recover her proper preponderance among the nations of the earth. It may be questioned, indeed, whether Britain would not be the better for the loss. She is sure of an enormous expenditure for the support of four thousand men, and for the repairs of the works; while in time of peace she draws no peculiar advantages from it, as the port is free to every flag, and other nations enjoy all the benefit of the establishment

without paying any portion of the expense. The facility which the situation of Gibraltar furnishes for the introduction of contraband goods into Spain, and the use made of it to smuggle large quantities of British manufactures, are considered among the greatest advantages derived from the possession. But how enormous must be the value of the goods introduced, to make the individual profits equal to the national expense! Gibraltar is said in time of war to command the entrance of the Mediterranean. But the command of the Mediterranean belongs to the strongest fleet; for the width of the Straits, which varies from ten to twenty miles, renders the batteries of both Ceuta and Gibraltar ineffectual to prevent the passage of ships. It is rather useful, therefore, as a place of refuge than of annoyance, and would, consequently, be more valuable in this respect to some other power than the one which possesses the mastery of the ocean. Indeed, if we look back upon the history of the last century, during which Britain has possessed Gibraltar, while it may be easy to compute the millions of the hard-earned money of her subjects here expended, it would perhaps be difficult to point to a single instance in which its possession has yielded any commensurate advantage. Here is a direct and positive expense encountered with a view to a very remote and barely possible benefit.

The present town of Gibraltar is situated on the western side of the Rock, extending a half mile southward, and beginning just within the lines, which open upon the mole and isthmus. As the level is barely wide enough to give room for a single principal street and two or three smaller ones, the town has extended itself up the steep acclivity; so that ranges of buildings, reached by flights of steps, are seen towering above each other with a highly picturesque effect. In the centre of the town stands a fine Exchange, erected at the expense of the merchants. In the upper story is a beautiful room, kept in the most perfect order,

and provided with a well-selected library, and with journals from all parts of the world. It was truly delightful to me, on being introduced by a friend to the privileges of this room, to pass from the solemn silence of Spain and her single gaceta, to a complete knowledge of all that was passing in the world. The Exchange, with the courthouse, and a fantastic church, with Moorish columns and arches, now building, are the only remarkable edifices of Gibraltar. The private dwellings are by no means what they should be. Though in a southern climate, they are built in a northern taste, close, and snug, and compact, instead of being open, with courtyards and lofty ceilings, and long windows and balconies for the enjoyment of the air.

The Convent, so called from its having been the abode of monks in more Catholic times, is the residence of the lieutenant-governor; for the governorship of Gibraltar is one of those sinecure offices given in Britain to men whose fortunes are already princely, that they may revel more luxuriously upon the sums wrung from the hands of honest industry. General Don, the present lieutenant-governor, has grown old in the command of Gibraltar, and much of the neatness and exact order and discipline observable throughout the garrison, is attributable to his taste and activity. In the Convent is a small church fitted up for the use of the garrison. It is the same with the chapel of the ancient convent, and is of Gothic construction. The scene presented in this little chapel on Sunday is very characteristic. The collection of red coats, and gold lace, and epaulets; the staid and humble demeanour of the citizen, admitted by peculiar privilege into the military sanctuary, and the pert look of his pretty daughter; the unruffled robes and holyday devotion of the regimental chaplain, and the well-brushed sergeant officiating as clerk below, were all worth seeing, did not one pay dearly for it by the infliction of a long sermon from a well-bred clergy-

man of the established church. The music on these occasions, from a chosen band selected from all the performers in the garrison, was always excellent.

The population of Gibraltar is about twenty thousand, consisting of people of all nations, brought together by the facilities which the place possesses for trade. For, situated as it is at the entrance of the Mediterranean, it affords a convenient entrepôt, whence valuable cargoes may be distributed over the adjacent coasts. There is also an extensive demand for the subsistence of a large population entirely dependant upon external supplies. Though this mixed society must be detestable to the permanent inhabitant, it offers a singular and amusing study to the stranger. Often have I been diverted during a lazy hour in gazing from a window of the library upon the assembled multitude below. The high-handed hauteur of his majesty's officer, as he lounges at a corner, in utter scorn of the busy crew of bargainers; the supple cit, who bows breast low to him in hope of a nod of condescension, ere he turns to cheapen the beans or coffee in the hands of some still humbler broker; the less supple bearing of a rough skipper, accustomed to bang and bully, a little king upon his own quarter-deck; the sullen demeanour of the turbaned Moor, who sits crosslegged at a shady corner; and the slipshod Jew, who sells slippers or oranges, or offers his services to officers, merchants, sailors, or Moors, as a beast of burden, furnish a singular medley. These Jews come from Barbary, where they settled in great numbers at the time of their expulsion from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. Many of them are traders and very rich, living in great state. These assume the European costume, and lose every thing of the Jew but his characteristic physiognomy; but the greater number serve in menial offices as labourers. They wear loose bag-breeches, reaching below the knee, a tunic, and a haik or capote of cloth or of bed-

ticking. This garment is very large, with sleeves and a hood. It is put on like a shirt, without any opening except for the head and hands. Their garb is, indeed, much like that of the Moors, except that instead of a turban, which in Morocco would be taken away from them, head and all, they cover their shaven crowns with a close scullcap. They are an ill-formed race, with a bent and abject bearing, immense projecting eyes, and fleshy swollen ankles, that receive no protection or support from the large slippers which they drag after them over the pavement. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than is furnished by these poor oppressed Israelites, and the well-turned, gayly-dressed mountaineers, who come for contraband goods from the Sierrania of Ronda. These noble-looking fellows are alike free from haughtiness and humiliation; bred among the mountains, and passing half of their lives in the saddle, with their good carbines beside them, they are accustomed to avenge their own wrongs, and own allegiance to none but their village curate, the girl of their heart, and the Virgin Mary.

Not the least singular figure to be seen upon 'change at Gibraltar was an old Greek captain, who made a voyage to America many years ago, carrying a cargo of wine, which went to a bad market. On his return to Gibraltar, with a Flemish account of the proceeds, the poor Greek was thrown into prison, whence he only escaped with the loss of his reason. He still continues in Gibraltar, wanting both means and inclination to get away from the scene of his misfortunes, and living rent free in a little hovel upon the flat roof of the theatre. Nor will he associate with any creatures except with dogs, of which he has a whole family. In the night season, while the strumming of the orchestra below, the rant of the players, and the rattle of the castanet, come faintly to him, he sits upon his doorsill and holds communion with his friend the moon. And when the

noontide heat drives him from his hovel, he seeks the shade below, and moves from side to side, with the motion of the shadows. Poor fellow! well do I remember to have seen him in my boyish days; and many a time, when I have been plodding the weary road to school with dictionary and Julius Cesar hanging heavy at the end of my strap, have I come upon the track of the Greek, and followed him, street after street, filled with wonder at his outlandish garb and the bigness of his breeches. It chanced one hot morning, as I was emerging from my lodgings, that he was sitting in the shade of the doorway. The place was private, and I found some excuse for opening a conversation. But I made a bad choice in putting him in mind of America; for he presently grew enraged, swore like a trooper at the American merchants, calling them, in no very genteel Spanish, all the rogues he could think of. He vowed that he would go to Greece, fit out a ship, and sink every American he met. Gathering himself up out of the dirt, he drew his red cap over his brow, and strode off, followed by his dogs, as if bent on the immediate execution of his purpose. He was a fine-looking veteran, with a muscular frame, a manly face, and long red mustaches; upon the whole, he would have made no contemptible figure on the deck of a rover. But, poor fellow! his imbecility will defend us from his revenge; for he will never be able to tear himself from the society of his faithful dogs, nor from his friendly hovel on the top of the theatre.

The diversions of the garrison consist in rambles about the Rock, and in balls, theatres, and operas, often performed by distinguished Spaniards, who here starve and languish in exile. Pic-nics, in which parties are formed to go into Spain in carriages and on horseback, and make a feast in a cork-wood or under the poetic shade of an orange-orchard, furnish also a favourite diversion. There are also many pleasant excursions on foot and horseback within the

circumscribed extent of the Rock. Such is that to Catalan Bay, a little fishing settlement planted upon the shore, immediately under the overhanging projection of the mountain. I chanced to be caught there one day in the rain with a couple of my countrymen, and we had an opportunity of experiencing the insecurity of this singular nestling-place. Hardly had we taken refuge in the tavern and drawn our horses in after us, for there was no stable, when we heard a rumbling noise as if the mountain were sliding down upon us, and presently a crash of rafters. We all ran out, some with hats, some without them; the huts of Catalan Bay poured forth their inmates, boys and girls, men and women; the fishermen left their nets, which they were hanging over their boats upon the beach, and crowded round in the confusion. The fact was, a piece of the Rock had detached itself from above, bounded down the declivity, and dashed through the roof of a house; but no one was hurt. So we joined the fishermen in thanking God, and, when the rain abated, took horse and rode home.

But a far pleasanter promenade is to sally out of Charles Fifth's gate, at the south, in the direction of the Alameda. Here you find the beautiful parade-ground for the exercises of the soldiery, and may, perchance, be present at a drill. Nothing can exceed the exact precision with which the British troops perform the exercise. The Prussians and Austrians, though famous for their tactics, can by no means compare with them. The French pretend to nothing of the kind; depending on the military spirit and native ardour of their conscripts, on their inborn sense of honour, and reckless impetuosity.

The din of war, the bustle, marching, and display, connected with the garrison, are among the greatest resources of the stranger in Gibraltar. Twice a day there is the parade of relief, with music morning and evening, and frequently between them the trumpets sound "The Roast

Beef of Old England," proclaiming dinner, or on Sunday invite to church by the sweet tune of "Hark, the merry Christ Church bells," repeated at every corner. The bands are not so good as those of the Spanish or French guards, nor the selections of music at all comparable; but the concerts of bugles, playing the merry or mournful airs of Scotland, are truly exquisite. No accordance of instruments can be more perfect, and, when heard in the still night, no strains can be more harmonious, more heavenly.

On passing the parade-ground, you enter the delightful gardens which, in very defiance of nature, have risen within a few years upon the declivity of the Rock. Much of the soil which supports the trees and shrubbery has been brought from the mainland. Though the area of the Alameda is small, yet it is in a manner multiplied by the winding of the walks up and down the slopes, and by the judicious distribution of alleys, steps, light latticed fences, trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Towards the commencement of the gradual slope, which begins at the foot of the mountain, are two airy pavilions of great taste and beauty. From the highest you command a charming view, rendered still more lovely by the contrasted gloom of the overhanging precipice. First you dwell upon the softened features of the slope on the left, with the white summer-house perched upon it, imbosomed amid shady fig-trees, with here and there an orange or a stately palm, growing beside the peach and lanced aloe; the productions of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, all harmonizing in this congenial clime. Below, the beds of grass or flowers are enclosed by hedges of geranium, covered in May, when I saw them, with the most beautiful blossoms, while the walks between are enlivened with moving multitudes of men, women, and soldiery, with here and there the head and shoulders of a Highlander emerging above the verdure, and gliding by with nodding plumes and waving tartans. Still lower is

the line wall, with Gibraltar on the right and the pretty Rosia on the left, and then the sea-green surface of the bay, and the ships which enliven it, coming, going, or at anchor. Where the land again alternates beyond are seen the white buildings of Algeziras, protected by verdant mountains, which stretch southward to form the Straits, seeming to meet the African shores, which rise black and gloomy in the distance.

And yet, will it be believed? the Alameda, like our own beautiful Battery, is but little frequented except upon a feast-day. The English avoid it always; on week-days because it is so solitary; and on Sundays, because it is run down by the commonalty. It would seem, indeed, that though they have the talent to create, they have not the taste to enjoy. Occasionally, at the evening hour, one may meet a Genoese in her graceless red cloak, a Provençale duly attended by her gallant, or a gracious Gaditana.

Beyond the Alameda stands the cluster of dwellings called Rosia, with its little mole. The Rock in the immediate neighbourhood, though it has again become precipitous, has a little covering of soil, produced by the successive growth and decay of vegetable matter. This has been planted with gardens and fruit-orchards, where the hardy fig-tree, fond of a precarious foothold, spreads itself most luxuriantly. It is said that the Rock is capable of producing all the vegetables necessary for the consumption of the garrison. If this be the case, it is strange that every eligible spot is not brought under cultivation; for Gibraltar will only be retaken by surprise or by starvation. At present, the supplies are brought from Spain, Barbary, and even from America. Fine fish, and a few vegetables, are the only food from the Rock and its vicinity. In a place like this, where all is preparation and watchfulness, it should be an object to live at all times, as much as possible, upon domestic resources.

South of Rosia, and towards Europa, the Rock no longer allows the intervention of a level, but throws itself into the most broken and fantastic shapes, leaving an occasional Thermopylæ for the passage of the road. Though the surrounding precipices are naked and steril, there are here a few intervening glens, which are filled with flowers and overrun with verdure. These favoured spots have been improved as country-seats by the pretty taste of the English, whose notions of snugness, comfort, and beauty, in rural residences, we by no means equal in America. The dwellings are sometimes fashioned in accordance with the character of the scenery, and out of compliment to the past possessors of the place, into mimic Moorish castles, with terraces, embrasures, and frowning towers. Elsewhere are snug little cottages, nestled closely in a corner, with a grape-vine arbour for a portal, and more than half overrun with honeysuckle and eglantine.

The excursion to Europa is by far the prettiest on the Rock; but yet there are others which possess greater interest. Such is the walk to the old Castle of Taric, which stands midway up the mountain. Much of the structure has been removed designedly, or battered away by the balls of the besiegers, who have also left their marks upon the remaining portion. The spiral stairway, or rather path, like that of the Giralda, is crumbling to ruin, and a fig-tree has fastened upon the battlements; enough, however, remains to form an imposing feature in the picture of the Rock, and to give lodgment to a guard of soldiers and to the public hangman, who lives here out of sight and out of mind. This worthy functionary is occasionally called upon to do justice on a Spaniard, who, forgetting that he is in a land of law, has appealed, according to the custom of his country, to the arbitration of the knife.

A winding zigzag conducts you from the Moorish Castle upwards to the Excavations. These consist of a passage

cut into the solid rock, across the north front, for the distance of half a mile, and which communicates, by means of spiral stairways, with other galleries above and below. It is scarcely possible to conceive the astonishment with which the stranger must ever visit this singular place. He finds himself alone in the very heart of the Rock, with immense cannon ranged round this devil's den, each with its pile of heavy shot beside it, and protruding through portholes which overlook the Peninsula. The dim light that enters beside the muzzles of the cannon, the black darkness behind you, the solitude, the silence, broken only by the prolonged reverberation of every spoken word, all awaken the most singular sensations.

There is, indeed, something exceedingly formidable in the aspect of these batteries, whether seen from within or without. As you look down through the portholes upon the neutral ground, you feel as though all the pigmies below were in your power, to be destroyed at will. And when you are below and look upward, you experience, on the contrary, an inward sense of danger and dependance. These batteries are, however, more formidable in appearance than in reality. A shot from so great an elevation may, it is true, be projected within the works of the besiegers; but then it only strikes in one place, where it buries itself in the sand, whereas the Devil's Tongue, which forms the mole, and is upon a level with the Neutral Ground, sweeps an extent equal to the range of its cannon, and licks up all before it.

The excavations have all been hewn out since the fortress has been in the possession of the British. The labour is certainly one of the most hardy and astonishing of modern times. There is, indeed, much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. Here is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world, raised, by a concurrence of causes, to the rank of a first-

rate power, and occupying all the strongholds of the ocean ; by the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness only physical ; her Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron, stand alone and unrivalled in the world, at the head of whatever is excellent. It is a proud thing to be able to claim a common origin with this singular people ; and when we revert to our own country, where a kinder nature seconds all our efforts, and where a boundless territory leaves unlimited room for development ; when we remember that we have adopted all the beauties of that social system under which Britain has prospered, without any of its deformities, and then, with her experience and our own as data, attempt to picture the future fortunes of our country, the fancy is amazed and bewildered at the splendour of the vision.

On leaving the Galleries, it is usual to pass out by a different opening upon the higher part of the Rock, where you again find yourself in the open air, refreshed by the clear breeze and warmed by the rays of the sun, which enable you to enjoy a widely-extended and delightful view. The path now leads to the Signal Tower, where a party is stationed to observe the vessels that are passing the Straits, descending the Mediterranean, or entering the harbour. They also watch for daybreak and the setting of the sun, which are announced by a gun from a small battery near the summit. The view from the Signal Tower is wide, varied, and commanding ; and as there are fine telescopes there, when tired of gazing generally, you can bring near and analyze the objects which please you, and thus prolong the interest. The Rock and town are spread out directly below ; the ships anchored in the bay show nothing but the decks, presenting themselves as they are represented in the plan of a battle. The coast towards Algeziras, though

seen more obliquely, displays the rivers which it discharges into the bay with all their curves and meanderings, while towards the Straits in the southwest, the bright verdure of the Spanish hills, lit up by the sunbeams, contrasts most singularly with the forbidding aspect of the African shores, which blacken in the distance, overhung by their own shadows. The spectacle of the town by day is full of interest. The crowd of moving objects discernible upon the surface of the bay, in the roads of the environs, or between the roofs of the houses, all produce a singular effect, beheld from this unwonted position. Man is seen everywhere in motion, and seemingly to little purpose. The result of his labours is dwindled into insignificance, and you wonder at the pertinacious vivacity of the little animal, as you would at the busy air of the ant, toiling all day to remove a kernel. At such a time, the ear brings objects much nearer than the sight; the clatter of hoofs, the rumbling of wheels, the firing of cannon, the mixed sound of music, in different directions, of drums and fifes, clarinets, bugles, and bagpipes, produce a singular combination. I did not fail to behold this favourite view by night, though at the risk of breaking my neck in the descent. The outlines of things, of land, and water, and vessels, are then alone discoverable, faintly illuminated at intervals by man's poor substitute for the glories of the sun. On the contrary, the confused hum in which, in the daytime, all individual sounds are dissipated and drowned, is now exchanged for the clatter of a single horseman returning over the rocky road of the Alameda, the shrill note of a fife, or the distant melody of a chorus of bugles; voices, too, and even words, are now clearly distinguishable.

There is, if possible, a still finer prospect from the old Tower of St. George, which stands upon the highest pinnacle of the Rock. Having chosen a pleasant day for the excursion, I toiled to the top and seated myself in the shade

of the Tower, which has been sorely shattered by lightning. The morning was bright, and, in addition to the objects discoverable from the Signal Tower, I could now catch an overland view of the Atlantic, and of the African coast, clearly revealed as it stretches away southeastward from Ceuta. On the other hand rose the Andalusian shore in bold and beautiful perspective, with the Sierra Nevada, seen at the distance of more than a hundred miles, pushing its snowy summit above the surrounding clouds into the region of the heavens. Between these opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, the Mediterranean reposed in its basin, slightly rippled by the western breeze, and stretching from beneath my feet interminably eastward, until it seemed to blend itself with the heavens.

It was impossible to remain alone on this towering elevation, and in the presence of such a scene, without the recurrence of the most exalted recollections. I was standing upon one of the very pillars of Hercules, left behind by Jason and his worthies in that daring voyage which fable afterward converted into a search for the Golden Fleece. It was through that strait, too, that Hanno and Hamilcar went forth to look for other worlds. From this eminence might have been traced the course of the Arab Taric as he crossed the water. There he disembarked upon the beach, and there, like Hernan Cortez in the New World, he destroyed his whole fleet to strengthen and give desperation to the faltering courage of his followers. And that was the same Mediterranean which wafted Hannibal to Spain, Scipio to Africa, Cesar to Pharsalia, Mark Anthony to the arms of Cleopatra, Don Juan to Lepanto, Bonaparte to Aboukir, and Nelson to the Nile.

The Rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, even without St. Michael's Cave; and if it possessed no other claim to attention, this alone would render it remarkable. This cave, like other

similar ones to be seen at the Rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrification cover the vault with stalactites, some of which depend lower and lower, until they reach the corresponding masses of petrification which the dripping water has produced immediately below; these, combining, form perfect columns, while the space between two of them assumes the figure of an arch. The mouth to St. Michael's Cave is very small, and being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages diverge to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above, is very irregular. The stalactites do not furnish any beautiful shades and veins, such as they exhibit when cut and polished, in consequence of the whole interior being blackened by smoke from the torches of visitors. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance, is yet sufficient to illuminate and define with clearness the outline of intervening caverns, columns, and arches. Nature seems here in one of her eccentricities to have imitated art, producing, in process of time, a combination which, in the days of enchantment, might have seemed the work, and passed for the residence, of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of this place has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the credulous of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising to a great distance, on one occasion by a surgeon of the United States navy, who descended by ropes, like Don Quixote in the Cave of Montesinos, a depth of five hundred feet, a wild story is current that the cave communicates by a submarine pas-

sage with Africa. The sailors who have visited the Rock, and seen the monkeys, which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. The more cunning go so far as to think that the descendants of the Andalusian Moors will one day profit by this communication; and, taking the monkeys for guides, pass over to recover the land of their long-cherished predilection. There is, in truth, something very strange in the coming and going of these same monkeys. During nearly two months that I passed on the Rock, I saw them but twice in my daily rambles. Once while a levanter was blowing, and again just before the setting in of one; of which, indeed, their appearance is considered a certain prognostic. They are supposed to live at other times among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern declivity, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistence. When a levanter sets in, the wind drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from the Alameda below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most singular antics. If disturbed by an intrusive step, they scamper off amain, the young ones jumping upon the backs and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very innocent animals, and form a kind of poetical appendage of the Rock, strict orders have been issued for their special protection.

While I was at the Rock, however, two drunken soldiers one day undertook to violate these orders; one of them was summarily punished for his disobedience, without the intervention of a court-martial. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the Signal Tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chase. The monkeys, cut off from their upward

retreat, ran downward ; the soldiers followed, and the monks ran faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular precipice which rises from the Alameda. One of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself ; the foremost and most impetuous, urged on by a resistless impetus, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the walk of the Alameda. The next morning the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb.

There was, however, a more gratifying sight than any that I have mentioned that I saw here. This was an American ship of the line, which had been long expected at Gibraltar, and which I had been extremely anxious to meet. She was said to be, if not the largest, certainly one of the most efficient and formidable, as well as most beautiful ships that ever crossed the ocean. After much weary expectation, the ship was at length signaled from the tower, and, climbing to the top of the Rock, I saw her coming down before a gentle levanter, with skysails and studdingsails, a perfect cloud of snow-white canvass. By-and-by the lighter sails were drawn in and disposed of. Europa was doubled and left behind, and the gallant ship stood boldly into the harbour, with yards a little braced, sails all filled and asleep, and hull just careened enough to improve the beauty of the broadside. As she came closer, and I contemplated her from the more favourable position of the line wall, nothing could exceed the beauty of the spectacle. If, as we are told in the Life of Columbus, " nothing seems to have filled the mind of the most stoical savage with more wonder than that sublime and beautiful trophy of human genius, a ship under sail," what would have been his wild ecstasy, if, instead of the shapeless caravel of Columbus, he had first seen this ship, at least twenty times as large and a

hundred times more perfect! He might not only have believed it to have come from Heaven, but that the Deity himself had deigned to visit his children. Even to a practised eye the sight was a magnificent one. Instead of the heavy poop and other encumbrances which disfigure European vessels of the same class, every thing here was smooth and uniform, calculated to produce an unbroken effect and the most perfect symmetry. So perfect, indeed, are the proportions of this vessel, that her size at a distance would be undervalued; and though throwing a weight of metal little inferior to that of any ship that ever went to sea, her appearance is so deceptive, that she might at a distance be taken for and approached as a frigate. It was only by comparing the pigmy proportions of the men, who moved up and down the masts or threw the lead, with her huge masts and wide-spread canvass, that any idea could be formed of her size, until she entered the road and came near other vessels. A frigate, which had hitherto looked colossal among the merchant-vessels, as the American crossed her stern, was dwindled into a cockboat. And now the wonder became still greater, to see this immense mass playing about in the harbour with the graceful facility of a little schooner; the huge sails changed from side to side, to receive the action of the wind with the changing prow, and at last, when the anchor was cast, were gathered up into festoons and hidden from view, with the facility with which a bird would fold its wings. It seemed as if there had been magic in the whistle of the boatswain.

The immense size of the ship did not, however, become completely palpable to me until I had reached her in a boat, and journeying up the weary side, stood at length upon her deck. The sailors were drawn up before the mainmast, looking with silent respect towards the hallowed region of the quarter-deck. Upon this spacious parade-ground, flanked by a double battery, a company of fine-looking soldiers,

with burnished arms and well-brushed attire, were drawn up to salute the departure of the commander. A splendid band of music, dressed in Moorish garb, was stationed at the stern, and the officers were all collected for the same purpose upon the quarter-deck, in irregular groups of noble-looking young fellows, the present pride and future hope of our country. At length the Herculean form and martial figure of the veteran commodore was added to the number. Here was the master-spirit that gave impulse and soul to the machine; a thousand eyes were fixed upon him, a thousand hats were raised; and as he passed over the side, the soldiers presented arms, and the music sent forth a martial melody. I thought I had never seen any array so soul-inspiring, so imposing; and when I came, from contemplating the whole, to look into the details of this perfect contrivance, this little world, this moving city, and to admire the excellent order and arrangement everywhere observable for health, comfort, and convenience, for annoyance and for defence, I could not but feel the folly of that wish which would look back with longing to the refinements of "the Augustan Age." The Greeks and Romans may have made nobler buildings and finer statues than we are able to produce; yet, to say nothing of our improvement in morals, to leave unnoticed a thousand rare and useful discoveries, and especially that singular invention of our countryman, the proudest production of human ingenuity, by which the elements are made to triumph over each other; what, let me ask, did the Augustan or any other age ever produce to compare with this noble production, in which art itself is outdone, and science altogether exhausted?

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